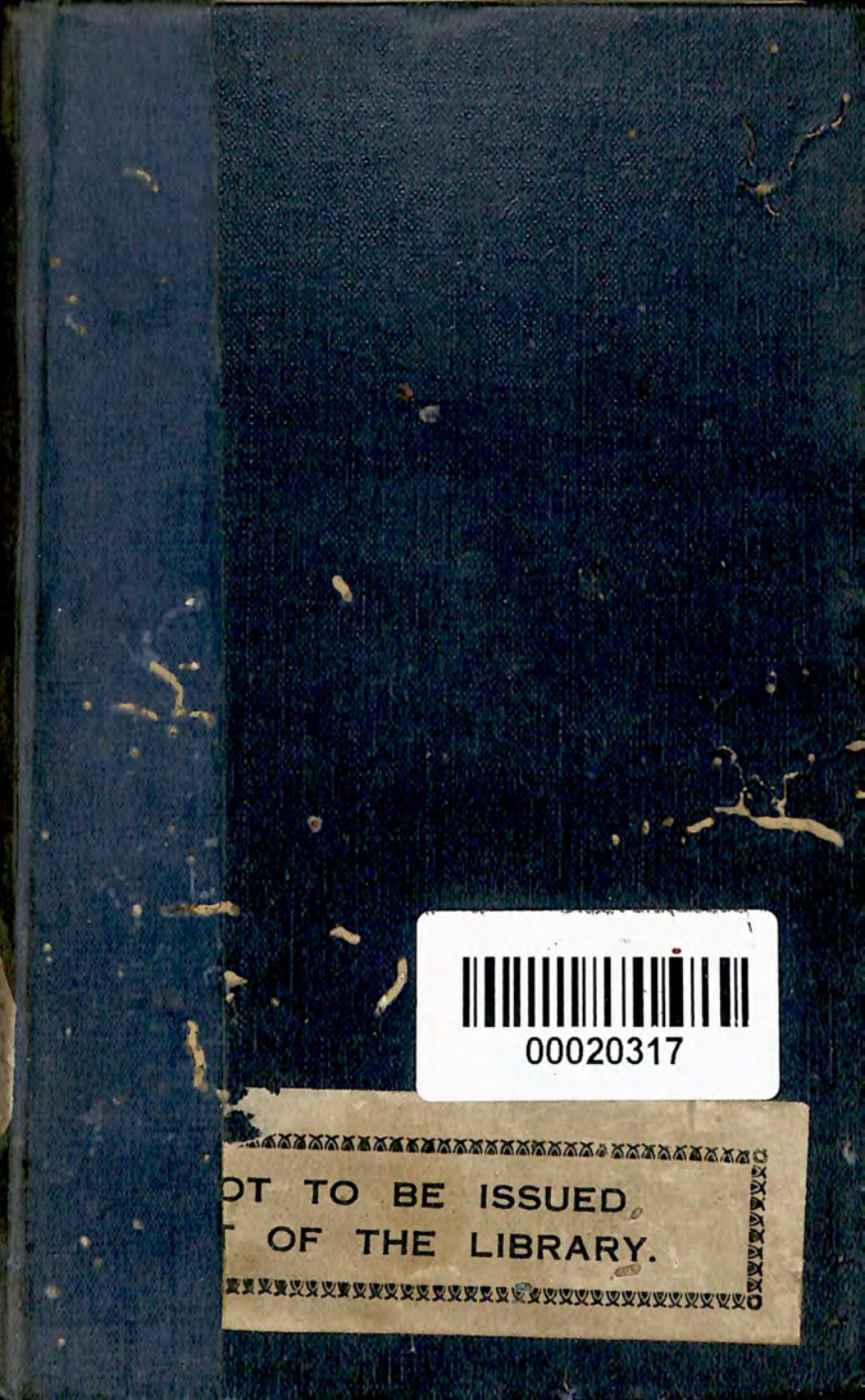

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THE

PRIVATE JOURNAL

OF

F. S. LARPENT, ESQ.,

JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN THE PENINSULA,

ATTACHED TO THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF

LORD WELLINGTON DURING THE PENINSULAR WAR,

FROM 1812 TO ITS CLOSE.

26317

EDITED

BY SIR GEORGE LARPENT, BART.

XX c 12

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

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PREFACE.

THE Letters now laid before the public were addressed by my brother to Mrs. Larpent, his stepmother, and my mother.

They came into my possession as Executor to my mother, and being also the sole Executor to my brother, I consider myself at liberty to use my own discretion in publishing them. With the exception of some matters exclusively private, and connected with family affairs, the letters are published as they were written, and not one word has been added.

Until the lamented death of the Duke of Wellington, I did not feel myself justified in making these letters public. Not that they contain anything in the slightest degree derogating from the exalted estimate so universally entertained of the character of that great man; for, on the con-

trary, they tend to confirm the unanimous opinion entertained of his admirable qualities; but motives of delicacy forbad my offering to the world, during his Grace's lifetime, the many personal anecdotes and opinions with which they abound.

The reader will naturally expect to know who and what the Author was, and give credit accordingly to the statements and observations in his letters.

Francis Seymour Larpent was the eldest son of John Larpent, Esq., of East Sheen, Surrey, by his first wife, Frances, daughter of Maximilian Western, Esq., of Cokethorpe Park, Oxfordshire. His father, from his earliest youth, was employed in the public service. In 1763 he was Secretary to the Duke of Bedford at the Peace of Paris, and subsequently Secretary to the first Marquess of Hertford, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. For many years he was in the office of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and at his death in 1824, at a very advanced age, held the appointments of Secretary to the Lord Privy Seal, and of Examiner of all Theatrical Entertainments.

Francis Seymour was born in 1776. He was educated at Cheam School, under the Rev. W. Gilpin, well known and esteemed as a scholar and man of letters. From school he went to St. John's

College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself, and took his degree as Fifth Wrangler, and was elected Fellow of that College. After studying the law under an eminent special pleader, Mr. Bayley, he was called to the Bar, and went the Western Circuit. Here he formed friendships with several eminent persons, among others with Lord Gifford, the Right Hon. C. Manners Sutton, afterwards Lord Canterbury, Mr. W. Adam, son of Lord Commissioner Adam, and the lamented Francis Horner—friendships which were extinguished only by death. His success upon the circuit was slow, but his character as an able man and a sound lawyer stood high.

In 1812 he was tempted by the Right Hon. C. Manners Sutton, then Judge Advocate-General, to leave his profession, and to accept the situation of Judge Advocate-General to the armies in Spain under the command of the late Duke of Wellington, to remain at head-quarters with his Grace, and to manage the Courts-martial throughout the army.

At the close of the war in 1814, Mr. Larpent returned home with the last detachment of the British army from Bordeaux.

Upon his arrival in England he was appointed Judge-Advocate at Gibraltar; and a new Charter of Justice for that dependency having been framed

various civil, admiralty, and judicial duties were annexed to the appointment of Judge-Advocate. Whilst the new Charter was preparing, Mr. Larpent was appointed to carry on the proceedings of the Court-martial on General Sir John Murray, at Winchester; and was subsequently joined with Mr. King, on behalf of the Government of the United States of America, in the inquiry into the unfortunate transactions which had taken place in the prison at Dartmoor.

These several proceedings having been satisfactorily terminated, Mr. Larpent in the spring of 1815 was, at the recommendation of Lord Commissioner Adam, selected by His Royal Highness the Prince Regent to undertake the delicate and confidential duty of inquiring into the allegations of improper conduct abroad, on the part of the then Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline. This confidential mission was accepted by Mr. Larpent upon the express condition that his appointment should emanate directly from the Administration, and that his duties (to use his own words) "should consist not in acting as a spy upon the actions of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, but in examining and sifting the facts of the case, as stated and discovered by others."

On this understanding, and after interviews

With Lords Liverpool, Castlereagh, and Bathurst, and also with the approval of Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, Mr. Larpent proceeded ostensibly to his appointment at Gibraltar, but really overland by Vienna, to see and consult with Count Munster, to whom he was accredited by the British Government "as its regularly-authorized, though secret and confidential, agent."

However strong might be his own persuasion of the worse than improper conduct of the Princess, he felt the extreme difficulty of obtaining respectable parties to come forward with such evidence as would satisfy an English Court of Justice; and he never hesitated to represent the danger of taking public proceedings against her. Having conducted this mission with such prudence and discretion that its object was never known except to his employers, he proceeded to Gibraltar, and there executed his arduous civil and judicial duties to the entire satisfaction of the Governor, Sir George Don, and of the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

In 1820, upon leaving Gibraltar, he was again employed by the Government professionally in Italy upon matters connected with the unfortunate trial of Queen Caroline; and he communicated direct with the late Lord Gifford, upon

whom as Attorney-General, the management of the proceedings against Her Majesty officially devolved.

In 1821 Mr. Larpent was appointed by Lord Liverpool one of the Commissioners of the Board of Audit of the Public Accounts. In 1824 he was transferred to the Board of Customs; and, in 1826, was appointed to the situation of Chairman of the Audit Board, in which he remained until his retirement, in 1843, from ill health.

He enjoyed his release from active official duties only about two years, dying in May, 1845. He was twice married; first, to Catharine, daughter of the late Frederick Reeves, Esq., of the East India Company's Civil Service; and, secondly, to Charlotte, daughter to George Arnold Arnold, Esq., of Halsted Park, Kent, who survived him, but he left no issue by either.

The favourable opinion entertained of Mr. Larpent's public services will be evident from the following testimonials which he received when he applied to Her Majesty's Government for his retirement, viz.:—

(Copy.) No. 1.

Treasury Chambers,
23rd March, 1843.

SIR,

I AM commanded by the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury to acquaint you that, the First Lord of the Treasury having communicated to the Board your wish to retire from the Board of Audit, their Lordships have been pleased to accede thereto, and will give directions for placing you on a retired allowance of 900*l.* per annum, to be paid to you in the same manner as the retired allowances of the Audit Office are here paid.

In thus acceding to your wishes, my Lords desire me to state, that they feel themselves called upon to express the high sense which they entertain of the integrity, zeal, and ability with which you have discharged the duties of the important situations which you have successively filled, and the deep regret which they feel for the cause which now compels you to retire from the Chair of the Board of Audit.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Signed) G. CLERK.

To F. S. Larpent, Esq.

(Extract.) No. 2.

Downing Street,
March 3rd, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE learnt with great regret that we are about to lose your services in the Audit Board, over which you have so long presided, with equal advantage to the public, and satisfaction to the Treasury. I only hope that you will reap in the improvement of your health a benefit equal to that which your retirement will deprive you of.

(Signed) HENRY GOULBURN.

(Copy.) No. 3.

London, February 28th, 1843.

F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Larpent, and has received his letter, and sends him a copy of a letter he has received from Sir Robert Peel. The Duke regrets much to learn that the state of Mr. Larpent's health compels him to resign the office which he holds. If referred to, he will state his opinion of the services performed by him, while under his command.

To F. S. Larpent, Esq.

Enclosure in the above Letter.

(Copy.)

Whitehall, February 27th, 1843.

MY DEAR DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

I RETURN the enclosed letter addressed to you by Mr. Larpent.

I am sorry to hear that the state of Mr. Larpent's health induced him to contemplate his retirement from the public service.

(Signed) ROBERT PEEL.

To the Duke of Wellington,
&c. &c.

(Copy.) No. 4.

Whitehall, March 3rd, 1843.

DEAR SIR,

FROM my high sense of your public services, I have heard with very sincere regret, on public as well as on private grounds, that the state of your health compels you to contemplate the immediate retirement from the important appointment which you hold, the duties of which you have discharged with great ability and integrity, and with unremitting zeal.

I have been so incessantly occupied by important public business, that I have been unable, since the receipt of your letter, to confer with the Chancellor

of the Exchequer on the subject to which the enclosure in your letter refers, but I will do so without delay, and with every desire to take as favourable a view of it as the state of the law and the usage in similar cases may permit.

I have the honour to be,
Dear Sir,
Your obedient and faithful servant,
(Signed) ROBERT PEEL.

To F. S. Larpent, Esq.

(Extract.) No. 5.

March 22nd, 1845.
60, *Lower Belgrave Street.*

I SHALL feel it due to Mr. Larpent to say at what rate I placed his services.

Never public servant deserved better his hard-earned retirement by honest, zealous, and able services.

(Signed) F. BARING.

I rejoice in having the opportunity afforded me by the publication of these Letters, of recording the public services of an affectionate brother, and of indulging in the remembrance of the many

private virtues which were conspicuous in his upright and honourable career.

I have thought it objectionable to alter the language of the narrative, although aware of the many inaccuracies in letters written in the hurry of a campaign (a mode of life foreign to the writer's habits), and not intended for publication.

I therefore determined to leave the letters as I found them, thinking that the simplicity of the style and the minute details threw over the Journal a charm of truth and reality, which a more studied composition would not have possessed. I have a confident reliance that my brother has related nothing that he did not himself believe to be true, for he was a man of scrupulous veracity, and one not given hastily to record what he had not at the time sufficient warranty to believe to be correct.

The Journal carries the reader, as it were, behind the scenes in the great drama of War. The sufferings of individuals, the hardships endured in a campaign, are scarcely ever recorded by the historian—they are lost in the blaze of glory which surrounds such narratives. In this Journal not only will be seen the miseries which are endured in the attainment of military glory by the soldier, but the still greater miseries of the unfortunate

people, whose country is the scene of military operations.

Such vivid paintings as are here exhibited must, it is to be hoped, make the most reckless politician and the most ambitious soldier aware of the deep responsibility incurred by all who encourage the passion for military glory, except when war becomes absolutely necessary for the defence of our country, its liberties, and institutions, and for the preservation of the independence of Europe.

It was for these objects that the two great wars in which the Duke of Wellington was so pre-eminent were carried on; and the results—the recovery of their national independence by Spain and Portugal, and a peace of thirty-eight years' duration—fully warranted the sacrifices made by Great Britain, exalted her national character, and justified her admiration of the Commander, who, under Providence, was the great instrument of her success.

GEORGE LARPENT.

London, December, 1852.

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PRIVATE JOURNAL,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND — EXERCISES ON SHIP-BOARD — OFF THE COAST — ARRIVAL AT LISBON — RESIDENCE THERE — JOURNEY TO HEAD-QUARTERS COMMENCED — ABRANTES — GENERAL FEATURES OF THE MARCH — SALAMANCA.

H. M. S. *Vautour*, off Mondego Bay,
MY DEAR M——, Sept. 14, 1812. Monday.

IT was very fortunate that I kept to my post at the George Inn, at Portsmouth; for at seven in the morning of Saturday the 5th, I was called from my bed by the Admiral, who told me that, in consequence of the news from Madrid, he had received orders to send a ship of war after the *Pylades*, to endeavour to prevent her landing the money she had carried out to Oporto, and to direct

her captain to take it on to Lisbon. He told me that, if I could get ready, and on board immediately, I might accompany him. Soon after nine o'clock I was on board His Majesty's ship the *Vauteur*, or *Vautour*, or *Vulture*, a fast-sailing brig of sixteen guns—fourteen carronades, twenty-four pounders, and two long nines; the only remaining trophy in our Navy of the glorious expedition to the Scheldt! The Captain, a most open-hearted friendly man, by name Lawless, from the south of Ireland. The vessel is an excellent sailer, and the whole in good order, with a fine crew of a hundred and five men; but the accommodations are very small, as all is made for use, and nothing for convenience or ornament. The Captain's cabin, about ten feet by twelve, he shared with me; one of us hung up in a cot on each side at night, and we lived there when these cots were removed in the day-time; no opening but the hatches at top, no windows at all. I had, however, what was most material, a most friendly, kind reception, and shared every comfort the Captain was possessed of. This consisted of a joint daily, generally fresh, good wine and brandy, vegetables, and, up to this day, good bread, great attention, and a thorough welcome.

Friday the 11*th.*—At eleven o'clock, just as our

time-pieces and observations informed us that we should, we sighted Spain, and had the additional amusement of good charts, and maps, and telescopes, to examine the coasts, besides assisting in the observations on deck, and watching all that was going on. The scene was one of constant activity, not a moment's idleness; the sails were mended; the masts were repaired; the deck was caulked, &c., and made water-tight for the winter; the winter rigging was made ready; the sides of the ship painted. All this, besides the usual routine duty of the ship, was done whenever there was smooth water. One fine calm evening the Captain amused me with a sham-fight, and put the men through their exercises; first at one set of the guns, then at the other; marines and all were at work. He showed me also the effect of a long shot and a grape shot, from the carronades, in the water. These occupations, with a little reading and writing, preparatory to my land journey, filled up the days until dark, when we took to our cots. We first made the land off Cape Adrian, half way between Cape Ortegal and Cape Finisterre, and got in close to the Sisarga Island, about one o'clock on Friday the 11th. We then coasted close in shore all the way to Cape Finisterre, which we reached at dark: the shore was very bold and fine,

but with a barren aspect, and the appearance of an inhospitable and almost uninhabited land. The high tracts towards Corunna, and perhaps about Ferrol, were only just visible at first, but from Sisarga to Finisterre we saw them about as plainly as we should have done on shore.

Saturday 12*th*.—On this morning we found ourselves close off Cape Saliers, having passed Vigo Bay in the night. Thence we slowly crept along shore all that day in sight of the country, buildings, &c., until we arrived at dark within about twelve miles of Oporto, off Villa de Condé. The country very beautiful and picturesque, nearly as bold as the former, but very much built over, dotted with many villages and detached houses, and verdant with much wood; all outwardly very loveable and delightful. Monte Santa Tecla, at the entrance of Minho, is an imposing object, and the whole coast interesting, especially from Viana to Oporto, and most of all about Villa de Condé and Oporto.—Condé, a handsome-looking town, well situated, several large good-looking houses, and an aqueduct, reaching nearly three miles I should think parallel to the shore, through two villages to the hills. The hills were well wooded, and many houses, villas, &c., covered their sides: whether the aqueduct was in use or not we could not discover, but I

saw no breaks in it, viewing it through the glass. We made signals to the pilots to come out from Oporto on Saturday evening, but were too far off; and from the fear of an accident, though within ten miles, were obliged to stand off all night, and try to keep our place.

Sunday the 13th.—Still abreast of Condé, and having no wind, the whole day getting near to Oporto. Several fishermen came on board from the boats around. They all agreed that the *Pylades* had not been at Oporto—tidings which delighted the Captain—but upon the Consul's boat coming off at a signal, when we got near the bar in the evening, we found the *Pylades* had been off the bar three nights before, just the time she sailed before us at Portsmouth, and had landed General Oswald, the medical men, and the money, at nine o'clock at night, and had gone on; and that the money was on its way to the army. We, therefore, put right about again, and got about ten miles from the bar of Oporto, which we had heard roaring many miles off, before dark. Sunday night we were again becalmed, and at twelve to-day (the 14th) we were only in Mondego Bay, near the spot where the *Apollo*, and forty of her convoy, were lost, in 1804. We then met a wind right ahead, and have been beating out ever since. At

three it shifted a little, and we are now returning back, and hope to clear Mondego Point and get in sight of the Burlingas before dark to-night. From about ten miles below Oporto, near Aveiro, to the Mondego highlands, the coast is flat, and we have only seen in Mondego Bay sand-hills and a few huts; and have only heard the surf roaring at a distance of nearly ten miles. We are now about fifty miles from the Burlingas, and about ninety from Lisbon; and hope to be there to-morrow.

Our officers are, the Captain, Lawless; first lieutenant, Soper; the second lieutenant, a fine stout Irishman, who has amused me much, recounting the escapes of his past life;—telling me, for instance, how, on going ashore at London, when a boy, with another midshipman, who had boasted of himself as a great man's son, he found his friend the son of an alehouse-keeper at Wapping:—how, having spent all his money, he was obliged to hire himself to a trading captain from Cork as a cabin-boy, to get a passage to Ireland, where he intended on his arrival to run away to his friends. There were four midshipmen besides, and an excellent, civil, well-behaved crew.

Tuesday 15th, 12 o'clock.—Still about twenty miles from Mondego Point. Almost ever since I finished the last sheet we have been becalmed, and

are now within about a dozen miles of the spot I wrote in about fifteen hours ago: we have also been in a fog, so I have seen nothing. Marshal Beresford, who is lying at Oporto badly wounded, sent out to ask for a passage to Lisbon on board our vessel; we were to fire two guns if we could accommodate him; but the Captain was quite clear he could not in his small cabin, even if we both gave up our berths, which we would cheerfully have done. It was fortunate, however, he did not come on board, as he would have passed three miserable nights, if he had made trial of our scanty accommodation.

Lisbon, September 17*th.*—Two more nights out becalmed—one, off Mondego Bay; one, off the rock of Lisbon: we got in here this morning at seven o'clock. I have been all the morning running about the town. The view at the entrance into the harbour is very beautiful. We anchored at dusk off Cascars Fort last night. The General, Peacock, has given me quarters at the Marquis d'Abrantes' —I dine with the General to day. I am told there is a great mortality in the army; the officers sickly, and a great want of money. I send this by the Captain.

Lisbon, September 20*th,* 1812.—I have now been three days in this town, which is so very like the description of certain ladies whom I have a

right to suppose within your knowledge, as I think their description is in the Bible, and in other good books which you study. All outside show, except in the state apartments of a few individuals, which are certainly very magnificent. Streets very offensive, palaces by the side of ruins, and sometimes themselves in a state of partial decay, though in other parts stately and magnificent in their architectural proportions. There is an aspect everywhere of extreme poverty side by side with some showy indications of wealth; and it is evident that among the lower classes impostors are as plentiful as mosquitos. The heat is extreme—worse than I found it at Paris in August 1802. The evenings, however, are cool, and near the water the breezes are refreshing. They congratulate me, indeed, on the comparative mildness of the season, which is favourable for my journey to head-quarters, which are at Dulmas, in advance of Valladolid.

On landing, I went immediately to General Peacock, the commanding officer. He received me with great civility, and I dined with him that day. As to forwarding me to the army, he said all he could do was to give me a route, which would procure me, at different stations, though at times two or three days distant from each other, rations for bread, and forage, that is oats;

as there are depôts at intervals of from one to three days' journey all the way. I must purchase two mules and two horses. They are high-priced; on an average two hundred and twenty dollars each. Captain C——, of the staff here, has offered to go to the fair with me on Tuesday to buy cattle and all other necessaries for my journey. There is no route except by Ciudad Rodrigo, and, therefore, though I am told that head-quarters may be at Madrid before I arrive, I must go that way. I have received civility from Mr. Grey and Messrs. Brown and Reed. Baron Quintilla was not in town. The envoy asked me to dinner immediately to his country-house at Benefica, and was extremely civil to me, saying that mine was not a common letter of introduction. He asked me again yesterday, but I was unwell, and I declined the flattering invitation. He also offered to carry me in his suite to a bull-fight, twelve miles off; but as this would detain me from Sunday to Tuesday, and interfere with my whole plan, I am obliged, reluctantly, to forego the amusement. I am not here for my pleasure.

When I arrived at the envoy's he was absent, and I had a *tête-à-tête* with General Abadia, who is here on his way to Cadiz, where he is to be high in office. He appeared a clever man, but I under-

stand his loyalty to Ferdinand is dubious, as a letter addressed to him by his wife, who is with the French, asking him when he would fulfil his promise of joining their party, has been intercepted.

This may be all a trick, but there is something suspicious about it. He blamed us very much, saying we had made two great blunders, in not seizing Santona by troops from England, and securing that river communication and post, to land all our men in, instead of Lisbon, and also in not letting the Sicilian expedition seize Tortosa, and maintain a post on that river, the most important and most annoying to Soult. He spoke in high terms of Lord Wellington, but seemed to think much as I did, that the fate of Europe depends upon the conduct of Russia in this conjuncture. The idea seems now that Soult, Suchet, and Joseph have formed a junction. They have above sixty thousand effective men, which I am very sorry to hear; and it is added, that the French now have their old position on the Ebro always in their power. General Carrier was brought in here on Thursday, a prisoner, from Salamanca; he had five wounds, nearly healed, but thought he should lose a finger, and came in to the General whilst I dined there. He seemed to be out of spirits, but said that Marmont was

nearly well, and would resume his command. I hear the French are intrenched near Burgos.

I have obtained quarters at the *casa* of the Marquesa d'Abrantes, a good situation, and a lieutenant-colonel's quarters. Her husband is a prisoner in France. I have a separate door, which leads away to four small rooms to the street; bare walls, painted with military trophies, and the whole kept as quarters. I have in these, two tables, a dozen chairs, a bedstead, a mattress, a worked flounced quilt, some fine sheets, but, of course, no blankets. At first we had nothing else; but I have, by asking, got a silver basin and ewer, some knives and forks, a supply of water, and am more comfortable than I shall be for some time. If I were staying here, these apartments might easily be made very comfortable. The state rooms of this house, looking over about an acre of garden, which is open to the public, are very handsome; and as the marquesa lost her mother last week, about twenty cabriolets a-day have been here to pay respects, &c., and about a hundred and fifty beggars to receive their alms. The English have made everything here very dear. The churches are gaudy, and, in some respects, not a little ridiculous, but still, to my mind, nothing like so trumpery, absurd, and

indeed indecorous, in every respect, as those in Flanders, and in some parts of Switzerland and Piedmont. The Catholics here certainly have the appearance of devotion, and seem more in earnest, much more so than in France, and I think more so than any country I have seen. I am too much oppressed by the heat to be very active; I cannot sleep from it; but it will soon be cooler, and I hope to get seasoned.

Lisbon, September 23rd, 1812.—I was at the fair, in the hot sun, all day yesterday, and have bought two small mules, one small horse, and have agreed for another, a small pony, to carry me. The fair has knocked up me and my man Henry; I cannot sleep. To-day I am better, and have been all day with my almost only friend here, Captain C——, at market all the morning, bargaining for all my travelling necessaries. Commissary P—— agrees to lend me one public mule, so now I hope I am equipped as far as that goes. The General offers to send me with the next treasure, which goes nobody knows when. He refuses me two soldiers to go with me, though I am told that it is really dangerous to go without.

Lisbon, September 26th, 1812, *Saturday.*—Though anything but well myself, and in a constant fever from fleas, mosquitos, &c., we should

have started yesterday with some treasure, but my servant Henry was dead-sick in bed, and could not stir, and my Portuguese servant took himself off at eight in the morning. I hope I have got a German deserter to go as servant instead of the Portuguese; and that he will not carry on the old game, and desert with my baggage. I hear he speaks a little English and Portuguese, and knows the country well.

Sunday.—For one day more I have put off my journey, intending to start with some treasure and two officers on Tuesday. I have been to the Opera-house—a dull, heavy building, about the size of the Haymarket Opera-house; dancing like Sadler's Wells more than the Opera, great activity and force in the buffo style like comic masks—this is the favourite style here. At the Opera I saw Macbeth turned into a pantomime; the death and dagger scene very fine, but the whole effect marred by the mummery of fantastic dancing and skipping witches. I have not had time to see anything except Lisbon and the aqueduct: the latter is certainly a fine work, but not of an attractive shape; round arches would have had a better effect, and the piers want evenness and regularity; it is notwithstanding worthy of the Romans I contrived to-day to go to Belem church, a very fine

specimen of Arabesque, the best thing I have seen here; it is in style between the Saxon and Antique, with a little Gothic intermixed, the ornaments beautiful and in high preservation.

Abrantes, October 6th, 1812.—A day's halt here enables me to send you a few lines to let you know how I go on. I left Lisbon on the 30th September, by two o'clock, with my sick party, and from thence eight miles to Saccavem in about three hours. The road to Saccavem and nearly to Villa Franca is fine; and, excepting that there are no trees besides olive-trees, which appear like apple-trees at a distance, and no verdure, the river and country are picturesque.

Our second night was at Villa Franca, sixteen miles; the third night, Agembiga, twelve: the fourth, Santarem, sixteen. The positions and accounts in our gazettes made this route interesting, but the road is dull and sandy. Suppose a few olive-trees and firs on Bagshot Heath, and you have the scene. Saccavem and Santarem are both fine positions for appearance, and the latter for defence. All the towns are half in ruins, as well as all the single houses on the road to this place nearly. The fifth day we reached Galegao, sixteen miles; sixth, Punhete, twelve miles; seventh, Abrantes, eight miles. I am now eighty-eight miles from Lisbon.

From Galegao to Abrantes the road runs near the river, the verdure increases, there are a few chestnuts, oranges, and larger firs, and in the spring the scenery must be very pretty. Abrantes, on a commanding eminence, is in a very fine situation, and looks over much fine country. As to my manner of travelling, finding my sick men unequal to the fatigue, I applied to the officer of the treasure, and he gave me a soldier, a fine active Tyrolese, who does more work in an hour than my poor creature in a day; he cleans down the animals, waters them, loads, &c., and as I carry his baggage for him, and give him rather better fare, he seems to be very well pleased with the job. He leads a mule on the road, walking at his ease: by this means I now get off about six o'clock every morning.

The treasure party, finding the heat made the men ill, now start at five; but still I am much better than I was at starting, and when on the march I go quicker than the treasure, as I have easy loads. Henry leads the first mule on horseback, the soldiers walking by the side to keep everything right, whilst I bring up the rear myself, always on the watch; and thus have but few accidents. One of my mules is a nice fat round fellow, who eats so much they cannot keep the baggage from rolling off him without holding it on;

another mule had a troublesome propensity of lying down with the baggage. My Tyrolese only speaks German, French, and a little Portuguese.

When I tell you that on two different days at Lisbon I could get no meat, you will not be surprised that, as our rations of meat would not keep, we sometimes went without much dinner; as yet we have, however, had eggs, bread, coffee, chocolate, and salt fish could be got, though dear. So many of the men of another treasure party were ill, they halted and then went on with us; this crowded the road and made it more uncomfortable. Here at Abrantes we separate—they go to General Hill. When I arrive at a place, the first thing is to hunt for the *Juge de Fores*, to procure quarters, but if there is an English commandant, he must be first beaten up for an order, then the quarters are to be found; sometimes those allotted are full; then another billet must be got: sometimes the stables are full of kicking mules, other stables must be found elsewhere. At last we unload, all in a room with four walls, a table, and a chair. Then at every third place we reach, we must go to the Commissary to draw rations, straw, and barley for the animals to eat—spirits, meat, and bread for ourselves, and wood for firing: these must sometimes be fetched from half a mile to a mile

and a half off, and be got from roguish Portuguese under-commissaries. Sometimes we get great pieces of green wood which will not burn, and nothing to cut it with. This, which we often leave as not worth carriage, costs government a large sum: a third of the quantity, if good, would serve better. As the wood and straw we cannot anyhow take with us, we carry on barley, and buy a little straw, or Sadran corn straw, which is the best when fresh. At first the Portuguese were very civil at quarters, but we are now too numerous, and many behave ill from disgust and weariness. They are now very slow to supply anything, even when they have it, which often is not the case. They provide a room, a lamp, water, a basin, a towel by night, a table, a chair, and something to lie upon; some furnish very decent beds, on which I have always slept, though some shrunk from the risk, when they remember how many sick men sleep on this road in the route back. At Punhete I had a piece of bedding on the floor, full of mice, bugs, and fleas! My own bed is now of no use, as I could not get it packed daily in time, if I used it, but it may be a great comfort by-and-bye.

The day before yesterday the scene changed, and since the night before last it has rained almost incessantly. We got rather wet yesterday, halted to-day,

and to-morrow I suppose shall start to be soaked to the very bones. I rise at half-past four, take some bread, spirits and water, and a raw egg when I can get one, or sometimes a few grapes. When we stop to water, I eat some bread and cheese (which is a dear luxury on the road), a very little country wine and water, and now and then coffee or chocolate. In the evening, a stew when we can get it comes as a treat, and then we lie down on the floor at eight o'clock in hope of sleep—a hope more frequently fulfilled than it was at Lisbon. I have refilled my brandy-bottle, got more salt and stores in my panniers: stores are all now at double price, and will soon not be procurable at any price.

The Commissary says we shall have six hours' walk in the rain instead of the sun now; and after two or three days find only deserted ruins where the French came, and we after them last year. Nothing to be had, not even a dry room. I hope this is exaggeration. Windows in this great town are not to be seen even in Colonels' quarters, or in the best shops. This is an active, busy place—thoroughly military. We had the vintage on the road and abundance of grapes. The poor soldiers, having three days' rations served out at once, consume all the drink on the first day, sell the meat to save carriage and the trouble of cooking it, and live

upon bread and grapes, and water, till their next supply comes to hand. At Santarem and here are hospitals as well as at Lisbon; many fine-looking fellows are in them, reduced to skeletons. I have a new route to-morrow round about; first day, Garvao; second, Nisa; third, Villa Velha; fourth, Cernados; fifth, Castello Blanco: sixteen miles, twenty miles, twelve miles, eight, and eighty. I carry the paper on which I write this in my holsters to keep it dry. If I have health, and can once join, I hope not to repent.

Sunday, Castello Blanco, October 11, 1812.—Here am I thus far safe on my pilgrimage, and tolerably well considering all things,—I think better than ever upon the whole, which is saying much, as I seldom get above two or three hours' sleep, and many nights none at all, from noises, fleas, gnats, mosquitos, bad accommodation, and anxiety. From Abrantes I got safe on to Garvao: this place is finely situated, and the walk round to it wildly beautiful. The next day I warned my people to rise by half-past four; we loaded in the dark, but started by daylight, and got in before the treasure to Niga, where I fared better than anywhere since I left Portsmouth. A good mattress and clean sheets, &c., on the floor, without fleas, are genuine luxuries. I got for the first

time in Portugal six hours' sleep. In the same manner I started again from Niga by five o'clock, and got through two treasure days' journey in one to Cernados. As I had understood that at Villa Velha there were only desolate ruins, scarcely supplying a dry cover, I exerted myself, and by starting again early yesterday from Cernados (which consists only of one house, half of it a ruin, with a nest of ruined cottages round it) to reach this place by ten yesterday, and thus had all the remainder of the day to rest, and this in addition (Sunday), as the treasure arrived only to-day.

Thus by a little energy I have avoided the common piggery of being all in one house at Cernados, and a bad night at Villa Velha. By this exertion, and calculating distances and time, I have kept my men and myself dry as yet. As the rains generally come after twelve in the day, and in the night, we have only been caught in two English showers. It rained during all the time we were at Abrantes, from twelve the day we came in, entirely through the following day, to about an hour before we started. We had all the rest of the day fine, rain again all the evening—the same at Niga, and the same here. And such rain! it would saturate anything in ten minutes. As it is cooler, I walk half the way, which also saves my

pony. I have here the quarters of the Generals who pass through. These consist of the ruin of a fine house for quarters, and a large room with four great windows without glass, and four doors in it. Gold frames around without their looking-glasses in them, fine chairs without bottoms, &c. &c.; it belongs to the *Illustrissimo Signor Barao.* I have a mattress on the floor with fleas innumerable. I have to-day got my mules and horses shod, and laid in some new prog for the desert we are about to enter. I have my route, and not above two places in it are in my fine map. Here is my route: first day, Eschalas de Cimo; second, San Miguel; third, Menoa; fourth, Sabugal; fifth, perhaps a halt; sixth, Aldea da Ponte; seventh, Sturno; eighth, Ciudad Rodrigo. We are to carry provisions for four days with us, then provide for three, and start to-morrow or next day as the treasure mules are; then go on to Fuentes de Castelegos, Forgadilla, Calçade de Don Diego, Salamanca. Few of these places are in Faden's map. I am told nothing can be had on the road, not even dry stabling or a dry room; and much wet is expected. I must do my best with my blankets on the boards, as there is no straw. This place is finely situated on the east side of a hill which is crowned by an old Moorish

castle and walls, and a modern monastery in ruins. It is one of the best towns we have seen, and there are the ruins of some good houses; provisions and necessaries are to be bought here, but at a high price. There is part of a fine palace belonging to the bishop, where a Portuguese General is quartered, with a garden in tolerable order, a good church, and several picturesque ruined monasteries, with crosses at every step. I have taken a few sketches where we stop on the road, though I am too much occupied with business to think much of the picturesque. In the towns our time is chiefly employed in keeping life and soul together by providing our provision for the future, as well as getting food for the day. Niga is also picturesque.

My adventures are all much alike. The only variety is an arrival wet through to the skin. No one can say where we shall go to at last. I suppose I must now proceed to Salamanca, and then something must be determined upon. Things do not go on well at Burgos, I fear; there is much delay, more than was expected. Lord Wellington is, I hear, not satisfied. At Cernados a cobbler was the *Juge de Fores*, and gave us our billets. There was an excellent likeness in chalk on the walls of Lord George Lennox, done by the shadow,

—I suppose from the lamp which is allowed us. I saw him at Lisbon. I hear of sickness everywhere; much at head-quarters. The general orders have many more on the list of absent from sickness, than on that of arrivals at the army. Soult is very strong. General Hill, I believe, is still at Toledo. * * *

Near the mountains on the other side of the Tagus there is an old castle or two, and some pleasant glimpses of fine valleys, and the deep banks of the river, which is hidden from the view. The sandy commons, like Bagshot, over which the road passes, are more bold, the hills higher, and covered almost entirely with the gum cistus, which has a sweet scent, but, being out of bloom in that state, is not so pleasing as our heaths in their various colours. There is a little heath like the Devonshire Heath, and some parts of the road rather like Dartmoor. Near Niga are seen the mountains near Elvas, and in the line to Badajoz, and the Spanish mountains Estramadura. The country proved to me the merit of some of Rubens' Spanish views, which are most correct in the character of the scenery, as well as his Flemish ones. From Niga, after a league, you wind down a wild Devonshire or Welsh sort of road; first cross a small river, then the Tagus again, almost

down steps—not so bad as some wild parts of Ireland, though very bad for the loaded mules. Here is very little oak, underwood, some fir, but chiefly and perpetually the gum cistus, growing to about four feet high. Villa Velha is a village in ruins, finely situated on the side of a hill looking over the river. It is now almost entirely deserted. The soldiers with baggage pitched a tent below the office in the cellar. From the hills above the river, before we crossed the Tagus, we saw Castello Blanco standing high on the hill, and the Moorish ruins. Cernados is like a Welsh village of the worst sort: rocks for streets, ruined stone houses inhabited in part, and used for quarters. Their few architectural large buildings form the difference between these and the worst Welsh or Irish villages. From Cernados to this place we again crossed a country like a large Bagshot Heath, but by a very tolerably good road in general, but this I have already described;—therefore now, adieu.

P.S.—The Captain has just sent me word we must start to-morrow instead of the day after; he has written to say he is not safe with the treasure without serjeants,—so much for my safeguard. Our detachments are all foreigners; many are drunk, and have quarrelled with the inhabitants!

Salamanca, October, 1812. — I left you at Castello Blanco. The first day after that we reached Eschalo de Cimo, a pretty, and once a good village, with good church, not much destroyed, but damaged; one handsome large house near belonging to the Squiress, Donna Joanna, the best rooms in it gutted and used as quarters, the rest inhabited by two or three families of the better kind, with some smart misses among them. The other houses mostly in ruins, but some again occupied. In this place not even bread was to be bought, not an onion! but we fared well, in good rooms, with good fires. In our way thither we had Castello Branco in sight nearly all the way on the hill; we also saw the distant mountains in Spain and Portugal. The road was over a sort of Dartmoor—stones, rock, sand, fern oak a foot high, with apples in plenty. The second day we reached San Miguel de Cima. The same sort of village, one good house for quarters, the rest small, and mostly, like the church, in ruins; but the inhabitants were fast returning. Bread, onions, and some hay could be obtained. The appearance of the village, with the trees about it, on entering it, very pretty. The third day to Memoa five long leagues. At first a good road and picturesque country, with a very fine view of Monsanto, with

its town and castle seen frequently on the right, and a fine view of the other hills grouped with it in the distance. Pennamacor, which is almost destroyed, we left on our right, about a mile, with its castle, standing boldly on the side of a hill, with rock and wood around it, and a rich-looking valley below. This is a fine situation, backed, as we left it, by Monsanto. We also passed Pedrigoa, a large village, almost totally destroyed and deserted, and at last, after passing over a hill by a horrible road, through an oak copse, where we thought we must have lost our way, we arrived at the heap of ruins called Memoa. This was the worst place we had stopped at all the way. There was only one room in the town, that only water-tight, and there were no stables. I took the driest corner in a large common room, because there was a stable under it.

I could see and hear everything in the stables, as the floor was still less tight than the roof. The leg of a chair or a table, in spite of all possible care, went two or three times through it. I got a little hay, and slept behind a great chest, in my blanket. Three of the natives were in the room at night. The fourth day we had three leagues of fine road, though bad travelling, through a hilly wood of arbutuses in bearing, and Portugal laurels in flower, heath in bloom, a plant like the lignum

vitæ, and broom. This brought us to Sabugal, where there is generally a halt, but our captain declined it. Sabugal stands on a hill, very finely, but commanded by other hills; you pass over a bridge and river, and wind up to it. The situation is not unlike Ludlow; the town very inferior in size and beauty, but picturesque. The castle itself more so than Ludlow, with its square Moorish towers. The town is all in ruins; not a weather-tight room in it. I got a large sort of barn, open in the roof in several places, with no doors, and two large windows, without even shutters, and four others half-closed. Some dirty fern and my blankets made my bed. In our road thither from Memoa we found half the body of a man, nearly a skeleton, but with flesh and nails on the toes. It was lying on the road, as if to scare travellers.

The market-place at Sabugal is, I think, very pretty, and everything in it very cheap; this, indeed, was the cheapest place through which we had passed. The fifth day we reached Aldea da Ponte, the last Portuguese village. The road was interesting as we passed near Fuente Guinaldos, so long head-quarters, and Alfayetes, also head-quarters. We passed just under Alfayetes, and saw Lord Wellington's house on the side of the hill, with the old castle. This place is now in

ruins, like the rest. We then went over the plain where our cavalry distinguished themselves in a sharp affair with the French. Aldea da Ponte is better than the other villages, being much cleaner.

We saw here more pots, pans, basins, &c., than usual; these the people desired us to use, instead of hiding them from us, as was generally done in Portugal. The sixth day, we, in a short league, came to a small village on the side of a hill, the first in Spain, then on through two or three more, and in less than six leagues were at Ciudad Rodrigo. This town stands on a rise, in an undulating sort of rough Salisbury Plain. It is two-thirds in ruins, but the public buildings suffered comparatively little, and might be restored, I think, in general. The entrance is striking. We got an indifferent quarter in the suburbs, immediately opposite the place where the light battalions entered. The main breach was round the corner of our abode. The Spaniards had nearly restored these two breaches, but from ill luck or neglect both had entirely given way, and there must be some months' work before they can undo and clear enough away to begin to rebuild again. Everything was scarce in the town, the people imposing and uncivil. The seventh day to Brondillo, which was the place we were obliged to stop at, as there were only two houses

in Castel Legos, where the route sent us. This was by far our worst day's journey; it was a distance of seven leagues (that is, of twenty-eight miles). This took us up from six in the morning to past three, of which time it rained eight hours and a half, nearly all that time like a bad English thunder-shower of ten minutes' duration. No coats could keep out the wet, and with it blew a strong, cold November wind, for we have had our weather for the last week as cold as our English November. We all suffered, and I have not yet recovered from its effects, for I have been chilly and aguish ever since. We then, for the first time, entered a Spanish cabin; and oh! how superior to those of Portugal! of Ireland! of Scotland! and if I did not consider these cottages as farms and not as cottages, I should say of England too! All neat and clean; pots, dishes, boilers, in abundance.

The people are proud, but if treated with civility courteous and kind, though they are turned away from their own firesides by us and the Portuguese three or four nights in the seven. They made us a great fire, and did all they could for us. They seem a chatty, laughing set of women—the handsomest, best-grown men, with the finest countenances I ever saw, except perhaps in Switzerland. We met with the same sort of treatment and kind-

ness at the next village. I was there at the house of the priest, with whom, through the medium of some mongrel Latin and Spanish, I managed a little to converse. These quarters are some of the best I have had since I left Lisbon, but again not good at Togadillo, where the route sent us, and where there was only one good house.

At Robedila, a place out of the road, where we got by accident, finding we had passed Togadillo without knowing it, all was comfort again. Here the French for some time had ten thousand men. We fared as well at Calzada de Don Diego, where we arrived the next day, and yesterday we came here to Salamanca. After the first five leagues from Ciudad Rodrigo, which were rough, like Dartmoor, we have been in a country like the neighbourhood of Salisbury Plain, only the villages much more numerous, though several only of three or four houses, now nearly all repaired. Not a single large, or, I believe, two-storied house, from Ciudad Rodrigo to this place. Much of the country now quite a fine green, but a very large part in cultivation. The land looked good; about midway it was, for five or six leagues, clay, and knee-deep; some places a light soil, or reddish sand; water up to the mules' bellies, from the heavy rain we had encountered; though it had

ceased twenty-four hours, we could not have passed this road on that day. The people have plenty of bread and straw, but there are no shops in the villages. They only sell to oblige each his own lodger for the night. Bread was three-pence a pound; it had been four-pence. All along this country, from St. Martin de Rio hither, are abundance of acorns, almost as good as chestnuts; quite sweet. The muleteers and men halt to eat them. This also gives good fires everywhere. Horses and bones are strewed more or less all the way along the road from Lisbon. In one place, about seven leagues from hence, were thirteen heads, put in a row, as stepping-blocks for passengers through the water. I believe there was a little cavalry brush there. Salamanca stands well, but in a sort of Salisbury Plain. The colleges are destroyed, but the church is most beautiful, and the entrances much finer than into our cathedrals —the figures and heads very fine indeed. I do not think we could execute such in these days.

The altered Roman bridge is striking. The town is so full, principally of sick, that I have got bad quarters, half a mile out of the town; my direction l'Ultima Casa. I have four plain damp walls, but a tolerable bed, which I have had generally in Spain, and use, though most of us are afraid of

fevers—I think I am more likely to get one by having no place to lie upon in the cold with stone floors, than by sleeping on the straw-beds, with the one fresh sheet between.

Later, same day.—I am returned from again looking at the town. The great church is very fine, and not damaged, but there are many noble miserable ruins of colleges, some gutted, some nearly razed. The public library has a fair supply of books, but too much in it of sacred, or rather ecclesiastical literature; there are, however, good classics, French, and modern learned works, mathematics and others: about two-thirds of the size of Trinity College, Cambridge. I hope to proceed the day after to-morrow, without *malheur*, to Valladolid, where we are to get in seven days, distances not known, as I am told, but I have the stages. There are good shops here, and things not dear. It is curious here to see the same effect of ages and of tastes as in England. Below and behind the great altar of the church was some old English, or, as we should say, Saxon architecture, that is, a rude imitation of Greek. Then came a florid sample of Gothic, not in the best taste, but beautifully ornamented, with screens, &c., in the style of King Charles and King William; forced Grecian again, of two centuries back.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL AT HEAD QUARTERS—CIUDAD RODRIGO—THE RETREAT—ITS DISASTERS—CAPTURE OF GENERAL PAGET—PERSONAL ANECDOTES—SCARCITY OF PROVISIONS—COURTS-MARTIAL IN THE ARMY—BUSINESS OF A JUDGE-ADVOCATE —WELLINGTON.

Head-quarters, Rueda, Nov. 5, 1812.

MY DEAR M——,

AT last here I am, arrived safe at head-quarters, as they have been kind enough to come half-way to meet me. From Salamanca, we went first day to Alba de Tormes, a town in a fine situation on the Tormes, with the remains of a castle of various dates, extensive and picturesque, part of it, the entrance staircase, &c., very richly ornamented. I could not make out whether it was very old Moorish work or a bad imitation of the Grecian two or three centuries back. The whole was striking, and the vicinity of the town was interesting as the spot where the French so completely beat the unhappy Spaniards, and put

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them to death by thousands, almost in cold blood. We saw where General del Parques' cavalry were posted, where the French, &c. &c. On our road near Salamanca we also saw at a distance, on the other side of the river, the hills where the battle of Salamanca was fought; and our route was that of the pursuit through Alba, then on to Peneranda, another good old town, and so, through villages, to Arevalo, where we arrived in four days, tracing men's bones on the route near, and bits of soldiers' dress, as well as horse bones and carcases.

The whole of this country is like Salisbury Plain, in open cultivation of corn, and covered very thick with neat villages, in general appearing comfortable. Arevalo is a large ruinous place. There are many remains of fine richly-wooded brickwork, convents, churches, many good houses, and the town standing very finely on a hill, almost entirely surrounded by the river, running in a deep hollow round it, with four or five substantial and rather picturesque bridges. Our route was by Valladolid, where we should have been in three days, and which I regret much not having seen, as I hear it is second only to Madrid, and very little damaged. Had I proceeded on the route I should have reached Valladolid the day before the French entered it. Hearing the army was retiring rapidly,

the road was not safe; no one knew where head-quarters were to be; the treasure, and my mules with it, were halted, and they wrote for instructions. I did the same. Four days we remained at Arevalo. They were then ordered to Olmedo to deliver their cargo, and head-quarters were here at Rueda. I went on with them to Olmedo, rather a handsome and a large town, where I was housed in good quarters, where the Prince of Orange had been. I arrived here at Rueda after a march of six leagues, or seven hours, about half-past three, as I lost nearly three hours getting my mules from the Paymaster to start. When here, I had my beasts standing loaded in the streets, and all of us without anything to eat until past six, before I could get a quarter. The people were civil, but I had to go to the Quarter Master-general, Adjutant-general, to the billet-manager, to the Military Secretary, &c. &c. One said, "go here," another said, "go there," a third sent a serjeant to inquire, and then thought no more about it; another I was referred to to turn any one out for me, but I was to find out who was to turn out, and when it came to the point nothing was done.

At last I got an indifferent quarter vacated by a Commissary, without any stable, only a shed, with holes through the floor into the cellar below. My

animals therefore stood all night in the entrance of the passage. I then drew for provisions, &c., and at eight o'clock got a piece of warm killed beef fried; of course it was like Indian rubber. Thus far first day at Rueda, 4th November.

This morning, 5th, I heard of a Spanish aide-de-camp of Castanos's who is here, and who had three small stables close to me occupied by one itchy mule. I found him in bed at nine o'clock, but he could speak French, and I persuaded him to be reasonable enough to lock up his beast in one stable and give me one for my four animals. Thus we are better off to-day, and I have got them something to eat as a favour. Since, I have delivered my letters to Colonel C. Campbell, Dr. M'Gregor, &c. &c. Mr. B—— I fell in with at Arevalo, returning sick, but recovering. I dined with him, and got what I call a dinner for the first time in Spain, and some tolerable port. I hear no Commissary-general, or Adjutant-general, or Quarter Master-general stands it here above a year or a year and a half. I was introduced to Lord Wellington this morning, and delivered my letters. He was very courteous. We conversed for half an hour, and I am to dine there at six to-day in full uniform. He is to send me fifty cases against officers, to examine, in order to see if any can be

made out on evidence, which is the great difficulty. If I could keep my health when once established, I think I should not dislike the life so much. There is a caricature here of Johnny Newcome, who makes it out till sent to the rear rolled up in a blanket in an ox car, creeping on at the rate of two miles an hour to Lisbon. We are in hourly expectation of moving. The bridges are repaired, and the French within three leagues and able to cross if they choose. General Hill is expected here to-day. His forces are at Arevalo. Soult is in Madrid; whether they push in further is to be seen.

There are but few reinforcements arrived; eighteen thousand Spaniards (such as they are) are with us. The lower classes of the people are a very fine race in person, talents, and feelings, vastly superior to the Portuguese. It is very provoking that rank and prejudice makes this of no avail. The inhabitants of the town seem half French. About six hundred French crossed over to us last night, but retired again. The cavalry were off in the middle of the night from head quarters. I was alarmed for a moment, but all seems quiet this morning. The last five days have been very fine; cold dewy mornings, but clear sunny days, damp cold evenings, but for the time of year here very fine. There are very queer looking military figures here,

English some, Portuguese a few, Spanish many more. The whole scene is an odd medley.

Ciudad Rodrigo, November 19, 1812.—I will now continue my diary from Rueda. Two days afterwards, the 7th, came an order to march at four in the morning, as soon as Hill's army was within reach. I then first saw what it was to put seventy thousand men in motion, and about ten thousand public mules, and a greater number of private ones, horses, &c. &c. We started at five, and at about two that day I reached head-quarters, Torricello by four o'clock. I got a quarter there through Colonel Campbell, and at five was turned out for a General; at six got another much worse: ate some tough fried beef, and went to bed. At five next morning started again for Petueja. Here the head-quarters had only thirty houses for one hundred and fifty officers. Lord Wellington and the Prince of Orange had only one room each. I was ordered on a league, where I found Castanos, who had come in for better quarters. He sent me on another half-league, but when a mile on the road he passed me, as he had heard the next was the best quarter. So I returned again, and, at three o'clock got a little hole and a stable. I was just going to eat my stew about five, when in came about three thousand Spanish troops. Half my house

was down in a moment for firing, and nearly all the owner's property, pans, dishes, straw, &c., stolen. I secured mine, which was attacked, by swallowing a mouthful and packing up and keeping guard. The remainder of the house was also saved; and, by the help of a Spanish officer, who took a fancy to the kitchen fire, the house was cleared by him with fist and foot. My animals were not safe, as my man heard one soldier say he would have one before morning. I saved them by putting them in a row in the passage close to me, where they stood for the night. Fires all around us; noises of all kinds; people breaking in; I got no sleep, except for half an hour. There were only about six civilians, English, in the village. At five next day off again, and at daylight joined the general train on the road to Salamanca. It was easily found, as it extended five or six miles. At Salamanca I had a decent quarter, and began to be a little comfortable.

The day before we started again three cases were laid before me on which to draw charges. I was to report upon them to Lord Wellington next day. I drew them up, but his lordship was too busy to receive them. When I went home and sent for a paper, the answer was, "all packed up," and it seemed that I ought to be so too, as our position was turned, and we were all ordered to be loaded and ready to start. After much

hurry, I was ready soon after twelve. My beasts stood loaded at the door till seven in the evening; then came orders to unload, but to be loaded by four next morning, and to start for a hill a league off, and there wait for orders. There was only one long bridge to pass the whole army; it was near seven before we were all over.

It rained hard. We stood on our hill loaded and waiting for orders till one o'clock. The whole of our army almost was in sight round us, cooking their dinners in the rain, in their new position. The French were all around, about a league off, their fires visible in the woods, and the heads of their columns visible with a glass. They would not attack us, as they might, but manœuvred to turn our right wing. Had there been a battle we should have had a fine view of the beginning at least. At one we saw our whole army break up and put itself in motion, and our orders came to march and keep with the second column. This we did, marching in the rain, in a fine confusion, till five o'clock, when Lord Wellington halted at a miserable place for head-quarters, and the men bivouacked on the swampy ground. I was ordered on a league further. Darkness soon came on, and the rain descended in torrents. Misdirected by some Spanish muleteers, I lost the way, and did not reach any village for three leagues, and not till

nine at night, wet and starved, as the Salamanca people in our confusion stole my bread, &c.

I was the only English officer there, and got the best quarter at the parish priest's, the best house there. I got a loaf of bread, fire, and a bed, which, as I had expected to have my beasts knocked up, and to lie in the woods, were no small comforts. I got, however, but little sleep, as I knew not how to proceed next day, knowing the French were close at hand. By my map I found that I was in the nearest road to Ciudad Rodrigo, and, taking retreat to be the object, I determined to wait till eight or nine o'clock next day, to see if any one passed. By that time half the army was on the road through the village, and General Paget took my quarter for the last night's rest he had before he was taken prisoner. I then had a short march in the rain again this day to Aldea Quella and to Boleado. In two hours' time I got a quarter, through Colonel Campbell's influence; and because the stables would not hold a large horse, all the mules, half the servants, all the soldiers, and most of the officers were out in the wet. Three Spanish officers burst into my quarters at night, and people were hammering at the door every moment for straw, shelter, &c., sick, and all sorts. I got no sleep, nor my servants, but,

in spite of my vigilance, either the Spanish officers or the people of the house stole my pistols out of my room, and finished by purloining the bread and rum of my men. Honesty is not a Spanish virtue. We all lose things daily. At two next day we loaded, and at three started, four hours before daylight, for this place, twenty miles. We had luckily some moon. I stuck to Lord Wellington's carriage and baggage, thinking the people in charge of them would be best informed, though my own inquiries elicited other intelligence than theirs.

I was told the rivers that way were not passable, and we found the whole road almost under water for miles, ankle and even knee deep, and three rivers to pass. Many mules were upset or stuck fast, and much baggage damaged or lost. I had only one load overset, and that at the edge, and we saved all and not much damage done. By daylight there was a general halt; no one knew the ford or the road. At last we passed the river a mile above, but then, finding the French had been in the village three miles off the last night, we all turned off by a by-road six miles round, and at last arrived here at Ciudad Rodrigo, miserably cold, with animals knocked up, sore backs, &c., about two o'clock. In the confusion here, at last I got a bad quarter in the same house with

Colonel Gordon, Lord Wellington's aide-de-camp, who has the best room, and is the staff-officer. I have a little place through the kitchen, no fire-place, no glass to the windows; so cold that I can scarcely write. But I have a place for my animals, and hundreds here have no room for animals, or even for themselves, so I must be contented. We halt to-day, whether longer I know not. The army is mostly passing the river to-day. We lost many men in the retreat, and a very little money is missing. Many sick. Two officers have died of fatigue on the road, in which there are dead mules in plenty, and some men. To-day we are all telling our adventures, and mine are not the worst by much. We get little but barley for our horses, no hay or straw. The cavalry have been without it for some days, but this is considered a very orderly retreat. General Paget accidentally fell into the enemy's hands, near his own division, within six hnndred yards of it, between that and another. The French are said to have ninety thousand men, nine thousand cavalry. They pressed hard till yesterday; they then relaxed when they might have done us most mischief. The roads and weather, I suppose, and the want of food and forage, impeded them. I hope they will now leave us quiet. I am very sorry for General Paget on the public account and

on my own, as I dined with him, and found him most friendly, civil, and goodnatured. This capture is also a triumph to the French. I am so cold that I can hardly write, and the post is going out.

Malliarda de Sorda, November 26th, 1812.—We are now in our winter quarters, and fill all the villages and places for twenty miles round on the Portugal side of Ciudad Rodrigo, the works of which are quite out of repair still, where our trenches were made, as the Spanish new work has all fallen in. Wellington's head-quarters are at Frenada, an old station; the doctors are all at Castel Bom; and the other civil departments, in which I am included, all at this place, Malliarda de Sorda. We are four miles of most infamous rocky road from Frenada, and eight from Castel Bom. This I ear must shut me off from nearly all society, as it would be paying most dear for a dinner at Frenada or Castel Bom, to return in the dark, along roads, compared with which those of Ireland or Cornwall are bowling greens. We are in three wretched villages, in a country like Dartmoor, but more wood near, all rocks around, and stone-wall enclosures, and rocky roads; then woods, with open wastes for twenty miles round. I have a room opening to the street, without ceiling, only

open loose pantiles, with holes to let out the smoke of a fire-place without a chimney. A window tinned up by last year's occupier, except four small panes, two of which are broken, and no glaziers here. I have nailed over these an old neckcloth on the wind-torn paper; there is a small closet adjoining for my bed, which I now enjoy; there is a large door without glass, and a hole in the floor to look through at my five animals and three servants, who all sleep on the straw below me, one old bench, a crazy table, no chair or stool, firing I must send out to the woods for, all rations to be sent for to Frenada. I was all yesterday stowing away my baggage, and contriving, knocking in nails, &c. Robinson Crusoe would be just now the most useful study, and his dress the best possible, with his axe, which I so much want, his guns, &c., as there is great abundance of game to kill and eat, which is now to be the principal pastime. I must now state the weather;—the last three days have been a complete English December, cutting easterly winds, and on the 23rd I will vouch for ice three-quarters of an inch thick. All the Sierras white with snow; to-day is a cheerful, sunny, Christmas, frosty day in England, pleasant out, but remember my home! I literally stayed two days above twelve hours in bed, covered with my blankets and cloak to

be warm. I found Lord Wellington's secretaries sitting with candles at twelve o'clock in the day, in order to stop their holes and windows with curtains, and burning charcoal fires. We have had every variety here in six weeks: I never remember it colder in England for the time of the year. Here are no books, no women but ladies of a certain description; and as to living, you would be surprised what good living is here; except at Lord Wellington's table and about two more, and even at those no port wine, only thin claret, and the country wines and brandy.

At Ciudad Rodrigo there was starvation; no corn, no hay, no straw, no bread, no rum, for three days, only beef and biscuit; at last we got some mouldy biscuit for the animals, which I mixed with carrot, cabbage, and potatoes, all dear; everything was devoured. Tea 22*s.* and 25*s.* a pound; butter 4*s.*; bread, 1*s.* 6*d.* a pound, above 6*s.* the loaf; no wine or brandy; gin, 12*s.* the bottle; straw, a dollar for a small bundle, and all sold in a scramble. The truth was, the troops, poor fellows! came through the town quite starving; during the retreat supplies had been mismanaged—regiments were three and four days without rations, and numbers died of absolute starvation, besides the sick. Lord Wellington is, I hear, very angry. Till I saw B—'s mess, &c., I had no notion of the loss in this

retreat, and the great sufferings of the men and horses. I suppose, from what I hear, not merely were about one thousand made prisoners, but five or six thousand put for some time *hors de combat*, by sickness, starvation, and want of horses, &c. &c. The cavalry were too weak to act, mainly from want of food. A great many animals were killed. A treasure party had a narrow escape: the French were in sight while they were loading, and much baggage was lost. Lord Dalhousie lost almost all: five horses, and thirteen loaded mules, with his name at full length on his baggage—another French triumph! Colonel Delancy lost three horses, taken at Salamanca; and the men suffered shockingly from the wet. The whole was so unlucky: as had the three days' rain begun at Salamanca, in all probability the French would not have crossed the Tormes and turned our position, and we might still have been there; and had they come three days later, we should have saved our three or four thousand sick; with good roads and dry nights, no floods and torrents to wade through by day, and swamps to sleep on by night; we should only have lost drunken stragglers. The distress at Madrid, after all the joy and gaiety, was dreadful. When we left the town sixty thousand poor were contending for the remains of our stores—the worst objects

had the preference given them. King Joseph's Palace was left by him entirely furnished, &c.; and as Lord Wellington made a point that he should find it again the same, nothing was touched by our army.

The 26th.—To-day is a cheerful, frosty, Christmas day, and within an English farm-house the whole would do very well: but I go, like others, to bed at seven o'clock, to keep myself warm. General Castanos and his troops are gone back to Gallicia, which is one grievance removed at least. Ballasteros is in disgrace at Ceuta, for disobedience. I fear, upon the whole, the Spanish cause has suffered much by our advance to Madrid and Burgos. The people find we cannot support them, and will be very shy in future; and the misery of the peasantry and townspeople all the time is extreme. There are few deceptions in England like that about the life in Spain.

Frenada, Head-Quarters, December 8th, 1812. —I will now tell you one day's adventure and how I came here. Two days after I wrote from Malliarda de Sorda, where I was lonely and heard nothing, I determined to walk over to see how things went on here, and put my papers into my pocket in case I should be able to see Lord Wellington. On my arrival I met the Quarter-Master who managed

quarters: he told me he had kept a miserable hole for me, if I chose to move; it was much worse than even my old one, but I instantly said "YES." The next person I met was Lord Wellington, and I asked him when he wished to see me, and whether he had any objection to my moving here? He said I might choose and take the best of the bad. He then asked if I had my papers about me? I said, "All;" he then said, "Come up;" and in ten minutes he looked over my papers, four sets of charges against officers, and they were all settled with a few judicious alterations in which I entirely agreed. I then came out and wrote them fair in the Adjutant-general's office, and two went to Lisbon that day.

On my way home I found a Portuguese half drunk, killing his wife; he had bruised, and laid her head open with a large stone; this too on the open road. As I was not in full strength from the effects of a recent accident, I could only gently interfere, and the brute persisted in his cruelty. A servant came by on horseback who struck him with a good stout stick; the fellow turned on him, and hit the servant with a great stone on the head. Then two dragoons who saw the whole came up, and were going to cut the Portuguese down, when I begged them to use only the backs of their sabres,

which they did sharply, and brought him into the village.

I have dined again with Lord Wellington, and at Castle Bom with Dr. Macgregor, from whence I walked home with Colonel Colin Campbell at ten at night with a lantern, over rocks and streams. I have also seen Lord Wellington again, twice, about charges; but I understand I am not to go over to some Courts-martial he has just fixed to take place in ten days, at two divisions, about forty miles from hence, but to stay here. He is shortly, as general report says, going to Cadiz or somewhere. At Lord Wellington's we had a curious conversation about himself, Canning and his speeches, and Vetus's letters in the *Times*. He joined in, and indeed led the conversation, as if talking of persons and things he was not connected with, but seemed not satisfied with the Ministry, though not favouring the opposition. He said he took in the *Courier* to know what government meant to do, &c., and as a decent paper to show General Castanos. My present abode is a hole boarded off from the common Portuguese room, where there are three men and two women chattering, and running in and out; the window between us I have nailed a pocket handkerchief before, but the boards are

open at the top and all about. My room is six feet by fourteen wide; one pane of glass put in by some former officer at one end, about a foot by six inches, and a fireplace (the great luxury here) close by it. My table I have squeezed in under the window, I have one bench, have put up two shelves, have hung my saddles on one side of my room and my baggage under them, leaving just place for my bed at the other end and my bridles over that, on the other side of my room; there I eat, drink, sleep, and write.

It has not lately been very cold; indeed, we had four or five charming days, but now the rain has begun again: want of all books and society is the worst. The little conversation here beyond the topics of the day is of a review a year old, or a chance pamphlet. The dress here, is a cap made of velvet, cloth, and fur, with a peak over the eyes (that is a foraging cap); the handsomest are all of fur—dark or grey fur—the former the best, with a broad gold band and tassel on the top; with this is worn a dress great coat, or plain, with military buttons, grey pantaloons; this is the costume for dinners: morning dress—overalls, boots, and white or more generally fancy waistcoats; in winter blue and black velvet, or cloth, with fancy buttons of gold, and narrow stripes of gold as an edging. We

have four suttlers here, to sell everything, and we are, considering, well supplied. We have one little Exeter-change shop, but all very dear; pepper and mustard dear, a small sauce bottle 7*s.*, tea three dollars a pound, cheese 4*s.* a pound, porter 5*s.* a bottle, gin and brandy 7*s.* 6*d.*, port wine 6*s.* 6*d.*, milk 1*s.* a quart, salt-butter 3*s.* a pound, sugar 1*s.* 8*d.*, pork (no other meat) 1*s.* 8*d.* a pound, oil 5*s.* a quart. These are the prices here at head-quarters. Remember that distinction; not the national prices.

Head-Quarters, Frenada, December 31*st*, 1812.—I really for the last month have been too busy to write. During the last week, before Lord Wellington went away, he kept me hard at work, and left directions to try and clear off and get rid of all the cases pending for Courts-martial. About thirty-two cases were made over to me, some of near two years' standing. We have now a Court sitting at Lisbon, one in the second division at Coria, one in the seventh at Govea, and one here which I attend myself four miles off at Fuentes d'Onore. I have sent six to Lisbon, five to the seventh division, five to the second, and intended taking seven myself to Fuentes d'Onore; the rest have in some way been arranged. As yet we have made but little progress from the sickness, which keeps

back witnesses. I have only myself tried one, and hope to finish to-morrow. One is of a mad Commissary, whose trial was put off last week, on account of his being raving. He wrote to the Adjutant-general a mad letter, amongst other things writing he had ten thousand men, that he might drive all head-quarters to "Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, where," he added, "Lord Wellington and you may sit at the head of the table." I served him myself with his notice of trial; he was very wild, and I have great doubts myself how he will behave.

In short, I have had long instructions to write to the three other Judge-Advocates and summons for witnesses to send to every regiment and to the Commandants about here, and that over and over again. As fast as one prisoner or witness got well, another was sick, and half the cases are now pending in this way. Then comes a long case to abstract for Lord Wellington; then an opinion for the Adjutant-general by return of post. I have been writing near seven hours a day for these three weeks, circulating copies of the charges to prisoners, to the Courts, and to the prosecutors, and much of my labour is thrown away by the sickness of the prisoners and witnesses. I have nine here in the Provost's hands for trial, and five are in the hospital—one just dead. I have one comfort, that

such a press of business can never, I think, ever happen again. The *Gazette* and newspapers you sent me were a considerable amusement and comfort. Since Lord Wellington has been absent, Colonel C. Campbell remains to do the honours and invite at the great house. I spent Christmas-day there, and have dined several times. Besides a good dinner and the best society, I there hear the latest news and get honour. The party is now very small.

After ten days' horrible damp, cold, rainy weather, since I wrote last, we have now a thorough good genuine English frost, with an east wind, quite like an old friend in England; but the sun has some power, so that it is like our frosts in February rather than Christmas. We see here very few of the officers. Just before Lord Wellington went he was angry at all the applications for leave of absence, and said, "A pretty army I have here! They all want to go home: but no more shall go except the sick." As the sick are now fast recovering, I may mention what I did not like to do a month ago, that the returns of the sick were then between nineteen and twenty thousand! You would have no idea of this. I have dined here with Major and Mrs. Scobell, the only lady here; I there for the first time (to the credit of the

lady) got a tender fowl and a piece of mutton, for even at head-quarters they kill and eat wholesale, all tough, and the meat, &c., managed very moderately. I have also dined with Lord Aylmer, the acting Adjutant-general here, and very civil. The Commissary, Mr. H——, keeps a good table, and asks me often, catching me as I am going to dine in my hole, and I cannot refuse except on the plea of business. Dr. H—— is our doctor now at head-quarters—a sensible man. Lord March has lent me two volumes of Goldsmith's works, but I have had no time to read except "The Life," which is entertaining enough, my old friend "The Vicar," and Goldsmith's "Essays," and "Present State of Literature," which are new to me, but poor flimsy stuff. My fingers yet quite fidgety with scrawling nearly eight letters a-day on an average, besides charges, copying out evidences, &c. &c. I am literally buried in papers, saddles, portmanteaus, bundles, bedding, panniers, &c., and have no room to give a seat to a visitor but by standing myself. If a better quarter falls, I shall move.

Castanos' army went back in an orderly manner. Our Commissary reports well of them, and of the country, where, he says (that is, in the Tras os Montes), there is abundance of bread, poultry, tur-

keys, &c., and of many things we have no notion of here. They have procured two turkeys at head-quarters this Christmas, and have had mince-meat in tins by the post from Lisbon.

We send to the woods for firing, and bring it home on the mules, and send out from four to six leagues, that is, from sixteen to twenty-four miles, for hay or straw for the animals to eat. Ten pounds of straw a-day is their allowance, but I fear it will not hold out, as the villages are now nearly all emptied. We shall soon have to get little bundles of dry grass, which are already brought to our splendid market for sale. The Lamego wine is the only wine I have met with which I like or can drink with comfort,—it is a sort of port. The Sierra di Francia is the next best,—a much lighter wine, from the Sierras towards Madrid from hence, which lie between thirty and forty miles off.

Lord Wellington, whom I saw every day for the last three or four days before he went, I like much in business affairs. He is very ready, and decisive, and civil, though some complain a little of him at times, and are much afraid of him. Going up with my charges and papers for instructions I feel something like a boy going to school. I expect to have a long report to make on his return.

I hear a good account of Ballasteros' army: that it is better equipped than Castanos'. I wish it had done more. The French are supposed still to have about a hundred and eighty thousand men in the Peninsula. I do not believe their force near here has increased or diminished. Some have receded to Vittoria, but have been traced by the spies (of whom we have one constantly at Burgos) no further, nor have many supplies of men to any amount been discovered, I believe. We have some difficulty in getting fed; bread in the markets is about 9*d.* a pound; barley for the horses very scarce; we often go without for two days. A commissary agent is now in Salamanca buying bread. I hear the villages I described in my journey are quite destroyed between Rodrigo and Salamanca. We did much, the French the rest. Pork is the only thing abundant, about 1*s.* 6*d.* per pound, very rich, but too fat, and the fat not firm, the flesh sweeter and richer than that of our pork, from the acorns on which the swine feed, and which are like chestnuts.

I was a little nervous at the first Court-martial, but it went off pretty well, and I got the whole over, and brought away eight sides of notes in three hours. To-morrow I take my fair copy to be signed, &c. In my way to this Court-martial,

Henry and I were puzzled by a river which seemed to be over our necks,—a deep hole off of a rock. At last I made out a way zigzag, only about three feet deep; there was no one near or on either side; I should have had a swim, I am told, as people are sometimes drowned there. A ducking the first time of my appearing in public would have been awkward.

I have two cases just brought in, so adieu; they are for shooting natives, one an alcalde.

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL OF THE GAZETTE—MORE COURTS-MARTIAL—THE MAD COMMISSARY—INTENTIONS OF LORD WELLINGTON—SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS — SPORTING — WELLINGTON'S FOX-HOUNDS — HIS STUD—A DINNER AT THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S — NUMBER OF COURTS-MARTIAL — ANECDOTES OF WELLINGTON.

Head-Quarters, Frenada, Jan. 3, 1813.

MY DEAR M——,

IN hopes of giving you letters every week, I must seize every odd half-hour to write in, and you must not be nice as to my writing, &c., as my hand is quite tired of the regular official style, and my fingers cold, for we still have fine, clear, frosty weather; in the middle of the day it is very pleasant, and I only hope it may last.

Pray thank John very much for his parcel of newspapers, and especially for the one of the 17th December, with the *Gazette*, &c., and the glorious news. I was the only person here with a paper of the 17th; head-quarters had only the evening of the 16th with the *Gazette;* and though this was,

in fact, much the same, this was an event—and I sent mine up to Colonel Campbell, by his desire, for his dinner party at head-quarters. It has been in constant request ever since by every one. John's intention therefore answered completely, as to my having the first *Gazette*, &c. &c.

All the Guerilla party reports here state, that a body of French cavalry have left Spain for France, for some purpose. They say from three to four thousand men are gone; this agrees with your story; but our Portuguese Quarter-Master, from his spies, says otherwise. The forces in this neighbourhood are now but small; about four hundred men in Salamanca, which, by-the-bye, has been well plundered; and the English dollars, which they extorted from the hungry troops by their high prices, pretty well squeezed out of them. At Segovia there are only one thousand men, more at Valladolid, and a force at Madrid, and thus dispersed about; but as to their being starved, their country is much better, I believe, than ours; and, as I have already told you, our Commissary goes to Salamanca for bread. The light division near here, and troop of Horse Artillery, have had no corn scarcely for their horses these three weeks, and the cavalry here will not be fit to act much before April and May.

We had a great event here yesterday—the arrival of a Guerilla chief, a man who was formerly a sort of smuggler or robber. His name, I believe, is Sumeil (I do not know how it is spelt); he had attacked a French party, carrying despatches from king Joseph to France, at a village near Valladolid; this at twelve o'clock at night: he came in by surprise upon the French, and the plan succeeded. The despatches were seized, some of them on the courier, but the most material were in a secret place in the pummel of a saddle. A little spring in the buckle of the brass ornament discovered a key-hole, and in the saddle was the pocket to conceal the papers. They are principally in cipher, but some have been made out, and are, I understand, important; I have heard the contents of only one letter from king Joseph to the family in France, full of complaints of no money and much distress; he says he cannot get a dollar. About a hundred or eighty prisoners were taken by the party. These prisoners were French, and with these two English officers were released. The French were very irritated, and sent eleven squadrons of cavalry after his party, but he got off with most of his prisoners, booty, despatches, and party; only one or two of the officers, and a few of the Guerilla privates, have arrived here as yet, but more, and the prison-

ers, are expected soon. Sumeil expects to be made a General for this. He was at first very shy of letting the aide-de-camp, and Colonel Campbell, look at his despatches, wanting to show them to Lord Wellington in person, and he never gave up the most important, till General O'Lalor, who was at Ciudad Rodrigo, was sent for, and explained matters to him. I was to have met them at head-quarters at dinner the day they arrived, but they were found busy at cards when sent for; and said they were tired, and declined going out to dinner. I was very sorry for this, as it would have been curious to see their manners at a formal dinner.

I have sent out my mules and Portuguese to forage; they now cannot get home at night, and soon, I fear, must stay out some days. I must get another horse; Colonel C—— has a handsome Spanish horse to sell, strong, shewy, and for horses here not very dear, two hundred and fifty dollars; it is a sort of a Rubens, sleek, black, manège horse, with a fine, thick, curved, sleek, black neck.

I get my morning walk daily, to secure some exercise: this from eight till nine, whilst Henry lights my fire, takes my bed out of the way, sweeps out my hole, and gets breakfast ready. Instead of the gravel-walk at Sheen, or in Lincoln's Inn gardens, it is a stroll over the rocks, down towards

the Coa river, which is almost two miles from hence, and in parts is wild and fine, and rather picturesque for such scenery; large masses of rock, rounded by the weather, stunted trees, stone-wall enclosures, a succession of ravines, and ruined fortified villages, on the hills, at a distance: as Castel Bom, Castello Mendas, Castello Rodrigues, and Almeyda, which, as well as Guarda, is in sight from the rocky hill, half a mile from hence; behind the whole, the sierras of Portugal and Spain, covered with snow almost constantly now. By these means, and with a hasty ride or walk now and then in the middle of the day, I am certainly better; but I long once more for the luxury of rolling in a bed in which I can turn about without the necessity of revolving like the sun within my own axis. The work, except on account of health, I have no sort of objection to: I only lament that I cannot get things over, on account of the sickness of the prisoners and witnesses. I think, however, that I have been of some use in law lecturing, and helping the other Deputy Judge-Advocates; and I have spared no trouble to get things forward.

If the news is, to the extent supposed, good in Russia, people think here the French will withdraw from hence this spring, at least behind the

Ebro. I have my doubts much of this, though anyhow it seems agreed we are not in a state to follow, without very great disadvantage, and almost destruction to our cavalry.

January the 4th.—There are strong reports, as I have said, that the French are retiring; but General O'Lalor, whom I have just seen, tells me his accounts are otherwise, and that no French have left, or are leaving Spain. On the contrary, he told me the intercepted letters from Soult state the contest will now be (in the next campaign) between the Douro and the Tagus. D'Aranda de Douro is therefore to be fortified, and made a good depôt, until the Emperor can send reinforcements enough to enable them to enter Portugal. The French head-quarters are at Madrid, which it does not appear intended to give up at present, though the Spaniards thought otherwise, from some letters of Soult's, who ordered some of his men, detachments of his corps, and letters, to be sent to him from Valencia, but this seems to be only to complete his own corps. General O'Lalor told me a muleteer of Paget's had just arrived from Bayonne, with a pass, which he showed me, for him to return to Portugal as Lord Paget's muleteer. This man says the French on the frontiers were told our retreat was a rout, our loss immense, and sixteen thousand

prisoners, who were said to be on the road; and he added that many fools went out several leagues to see them, and found they were about two thousand five hundred; they also reported that the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Paget, was taken.

We are trying to send French gazettes of the Russian business to the French army, to give some of them a better notion of affairs in that quarter, as it seems the armies hear little or nothing from France, and very seldom.

January the 6th.—I am just setting out for Fuentes to try my mad Commissary, and from the fear of not having time before post on my return, I now must remain yours ever most sincerely.

Head-Quarters, Frenada, January 16th, 1813. — I was so much occupied last week that I could not find time to give you one of my usual scrawls before the post-day. I got through my mad Commissary's business in two long days last week, but have had a long job in copying it fair, as he put in a half-mad defence of five sheets folio. He is now off for Lisbon, and I have got into his quarters, where I am much better off in point of room and light, though my present window is only a hole broken in the wall with two panes of glass let in, in a rustic style. I have, however, found some new little troubles, such as a smoky chimney, no table,

no seats, and very black walls. The first, you know, is not to be cured, but, like some other evils, may be endured. The second I have for the present taken from my old quarters; my only seat (an old chair, broken by the crazy Commissary) will stand against the wall if fixed there, and thus I now sit writing, and shall for some days, until I can get an order from the staff corps for a man to make me a stool or two. I hope also from thence to get a whitewasher. I have lost one of my Portuguese, who said he would go for hay no more, as it was sixteen miles; and as he could do nothing but that and cut wood, I paid him off. I have bought Colonel C——'s horse for two hundred and fifty dollars.

Our last accounts from Lord Wellington are Cadiz, the 8th. He was going to Lisbon the 9th or 10th. He has taken the command of the Spaniards. He is expected here on the 23rd. Lord Fitzroy Somerset seems pleased much with Cadiz. I do not know whether Lord Wellington is. The Prince of Orange is not yet returned from Oporto. He has been very much fêted and entertained; there is dancing every night, and he is much pleased. Lord March is just returned from thence; Colonel G—— from Seville; so we all begin to assemble here again. I have just been making out on a large sheet the

states of the Courts-martial (this for Lord Wellington); they are thirty-one in number, now going on, or just finished, or to go on when witnesses can be collected. At present my place is no sinecure.

The French, they say, have been some time in motion here, but I believe only to forage, &c.; their last movements are southwards of Madrid and towards Seville again, but this is thought to be either a feint or to be for the sake of supplies, &c.

Doctor M'Gregor has been a tour to visit the sick. I am sorry to say many have died; more than I was aware of. He has been as far as Oporto.

I have gone on very pleasantly with my Courts-martial. General V—— is the President, and has been very civil. They are all light infantry, and have been very attentive, orderly, and obedient.

January 17th.—My present house belongs to my own Portuguese lad, who is about eighteen. It is a droll reverse to live in the house of your own servant, who receives six dollars a month, and is a tolerable groom. These reverses are here very frequent in the fortunes of this class of people. He owns three houses here, such as they are—stone barns; and his family had sheep, goats, and land. I have had two other difficulties in this abode—no

frying-pan, our principal cooking instrument, and no hatchet to cut wood. I have bought an old brass frying-pan of an old woman, and am in hopes of getting the farmer to sell me his hatchet.

There is plenty of game about, and we now get woodcocks frequently, shot by the officers, very good hares, better, I think, than in England, a few good snipes and plovers, and a very few partridges; the latter are very wild. We have had, off and on, frost for this month and more, and some very fine days, others like a London November fog, a little snow, and now and then a day's rain; but in eight hours again, from a sudden change of wind, all dry and frost. The sun, when out, makes the mid-day very pleasant; and though the winds are very cold, and produce very hard ground and thick ice for the time in a very short period, yet the ice does not continue, as in England, and accumulate. It never gets much thicker than it is in one night with a cold wind, and in the day-time the ground is soft; the cold therefore, though for a time very sharp, and much felt from our home fires, certainly cannot be near so intense in reality as in England. We go to bed sometimes with the ground entirely wet at eleven o'clock, and at six in the morning find there has been a very hard frost, which is then going off again.

The population here is very considerably thinned, much less land in cultivation than formerly; the people remaining have mostly lost their flocks and their animals for agriculture. Few have now means of ploughing and manuring. The vineyards are mostly in a very neglected state also; not manured or in any way attended to, and eaten close down by our hungry animals for food. Yet the labour required is so moderate, and the light soil seems so productive, that the country might very soon recover itself. But we take the oxen over the whole country, buy up, and eating up everything. Out of our reach, in the Tras os Montes, are plenty of poultry, sheep, turkeys, &c. The Portuguese, naturally lazy, never repair the damages of war, never rebuild, clean out, or set to work to bring things round. They despair, and only just work to supply our market with onions, 4*d.* each; eggs, 3*d.* each; potatoes alone rather cheap at 2*d.* the pound; pork, 1*s.* 6*d.* the pound, and good. The Spaniards, on the contrary, begin, very soon after the armies go, to restore; they put on their tiles, rebuild their walls, and especially whitewash the inside of their houses; they collect their cooking vessels, and get to work on their farms. They recover themselves (that

is, the peasantry) much more and much faster than the Portuguese, but yet they have not in any one place suffered so much and so often as this part of Portugal has; and in this town they are pretty much as lazy as the others.

The 20th.—A very interesting case of a poor deserter whom we tried yesterday at Fuentes, I must copy out fair to carry over to the general president for his signature to-morrow. My deserter, poor fellow! deserted for love, to the Spaniards, with a Spanish girl from near Madrid whom he had brought away with him; she had been most honest and faithful in very trying scenes during the retreat. He was ordered to send her off by his Captain; he appeared to have had no intention of going over to the French. I was not aware of the merit of his story till I fair-copied the whole. It was translated in broken bits, by an interpreter not over skilful. Three deserters came in here yesterday; they are Flemings. They report the French cavalry are gone in part to France, and that all the cars round Salamanca have been put in requisition to carry off the sick from the hospital there. But this does not prove much, as it would anyhow be an unsafe place, and out of their line of defence next campaign. They say the sick

have been very numerous, and Salamanca well plundered.

I have been one morning over to Almeyda to breakfast with the governor and see the town. I met at breakfast a sawney Spanish signora, with a crying poor-looking child; she breakfasted on beef-steaks, onions, partridges, and wine, and did nothing all day. It is twelve miles off. I rode my new horse. He is just such a horse as you would admire, prancing, showy, sleek, like a Flemish picture of a horse, rather clumsy and heavy; but he went well and quietly. Poor Almeyda is in ruins; a mere heap of rubbish. The works are repairing, and much is done; but there is yet a great deal to do, and the workmen, though well watched, seem very lazy. There are very good shops among the ruins for all articles of wearing apparel (the materials to make it), these from Oporto, and not dear; cloth and baize of all sorts, linen, stockings, but not a cup and saucer to be had, or a drinking-glass, which I wanted. I bought mule girths, nails, ropes, and hope to get over to head-quarters three plates and two basins. Most of the new work is only, as yet, earth—slanting so that you might run up in a storm I think; but the masonry is going on, and it would cost some men to storm it, if we defend.

it. At present there is only a Portuguese garrison.

Head-Quarters, Frenada, January 23rd, 1813. —By dint of regular living I have got much better in spite of my work. I have gained strength, and yet I do not quite feel as I did in England, and I cannot make out that others do either. There is a languor and laziness which seem in some degree catching from the natives, as they have it in such perfection. However, if the hot weather, when it does come, does not knock me up again, I think I shall do. We have had almost constant frost or cold, fog and sleet, but in general clear cold days ever since Christmas. I understand we are then likely to have some snow, which as yet we have only on the sierras and hills (there it lies almost constantly), except a very few storms which melted as they fell; and then rain in February; then some warm days in March and in April, with very cold mornings and nights, and some very cold days again, even as late as in May at times. The present weather suits me well enough. I get my walk of four or five miles before breakfast about five days in the week, and when I can, an hour's ride at two or three in the day, if business come not too thick upon me. By-the-bye our English post

from all the different parts of the army, to each other, and to Lisbon, is now in general in very good order, which saves me much trouble in my extensive correspondence relative to the courts-martial. I have now also got through the great worry of the number of cases I had at once, and, though fully employed, it comes more regularly. I have persevered in being civil and useful as far as I could to every one, and never objecting to anything, answering all queries, and taking everything upon myself. I endeavour to model the whole as it was arranged in England, before the Adjutant-general's office did two-thirds of the business of Judge-Advocate. As I have no clerk, and am not allowed a soldier, this at times presses me hard, but I think the greatest stress is now over, though new cases come in regularly. I yesterday sent in one against a Lieutenant-Colonel, with six charges and thirty-seven witnesses. I have another Commissary just come in here as a prisoner, for purposely burning down a house, a mischievous freak, when drunk.

I now dine out about three or four times in the week, generally once or twice at head-quarters—and occasionally with Major and Mrs. Scobell, who give very pleasant little dinners, and tender meat, and a loo party afterwards. He is a clever man, in the Quarter-Master-general's department, and

has the command of the corps of guides, and the arrangement of the English post through the country. I dine with others occasionally; but this is the only family engagement.

The report is, that next campaign is to be in camp, and not in towns and villages, as Lord Wellington wants to keep the army more together than he can do in quarters; and unless he goes into camp, the other Generals also leave their divisions and come into the towns. I do not know whether I shall be in camp with them, or in a village near. At any rate, it will not be as it was last year, when the men went into camp in February and March, as, from all I hear, the army will not be in a state to move much before the end of April; one-third almost are still sick, and this mends now but slowly: this I see in the general daily states of the whole army made for Lord Wellington, which are kept most perfectly. The horses will not be ready till they have had a month's green food in March and April; this straw, bad hay, and a little Indian corn, do not suit them for every active service.

As to my comforts: We have now a tinman here, and I have got some tin plates made. I have means now to ask a friend to breakfast. He has also made me some light drinking tumblers. My mule harness is now reported to be out of

order, and I have difficulty in getting it mended, and no materials nearer than Almeyda. A bit of spare English rope I took out with me, and some extra straps, have been most useful—I only wish I had more. As paper is scarce and only to be had by the post from Lisbon, except a little very dear at the suttler's, I write this on the paper of the country—a long, thin, cross-grained, rough-edged folio paper. This sheet came from Burgos. I want a neat lantern sent out, to go out after dark in these horrible villages, where going only a hundred yards in the dark you step from a rock half up your legs in mud.

There is a shocking set of servants at head-quarters; idle, drunken English servants and soldiers, almost all bad, and the Portuguese are every day running off with something or other from their masters and others. There has been no chaplain here for these last eight or nine months, or any notice taken in any manner of Sunday. It used to be, I hear, a very regular and imposing thing to attend divine service performed out of doors—hats off—but the people must now think we have no religion at all, as every business almost (public at least) goes on nearly as usual. The English soldiers, however, keep it as a holiday, though the Portuguese will many of them work;

particularly after three o'clock. We have had a glee or two with the aides-de-camp of the Prince of Orange and some others. There is also a Spanish Commissary who sings, and plays the guitar very well. I wish my violoncello were more portable, and with a flute or two, we could have a little music now and then here, in the evenings. They have asked me to send for a collection of glees. As to living: by the help of fat pork, coarse beef, and onions, I do pretty well; roasted apples by way of pudding, and bad oranges for my dessert.

People here are all very sore about the Americans and our taken frigates. I think we deserve it a little. Our contempt for our old descendants and half brothers has always rather disgusted me, and with some English is carried so far as not to be bearable. This reverse may set things right. The Americans have faults enough; we should allow them their merits. Our sailors all thought the Americans would not dare to look them in the face. I think the army rather rejoice, and laugh aside, at all this falling on the navy, as they bullied so much before. I will not write to you of northern or English news, as it is absurd. You would, if I did, receive comments and observations on what was nearly forgotten, or entirely altered, by the

time my letter reached you. I keep this paper under my business heap, and take it out and scribble when anything occurs. Lord Wellington arrives to-day. I must get up my lesson for to-morrow, so adieu!

Tuesday.—Lord Wellington arrived last night at six o'clock. I saw him with the rest who happened to be in the market-place when he came. I thought he was looking well. There is a great quantity of game around us, and the sportsmen supply their tables. It is not mere sport here, but more like the case of Robinson Crusoe, a matter of necessity. Nearly all our luxuries are thus obtained. Commissary H—— two days since went across the Coa for about five hours, and brought home five hares, four couple of cocks, three snipes, one partridge, and a rabbit. All these animals are remarkably good here, except the partridges, which are nothing to ours, and I think not so good as the French. Lord Wellington, except presents now and then, buys up all we can get,—gives 8*s.* for a hare, and so on. Turkeys are only to be had thirty miles off: the price has been 25*s.*, now 14*s.* Powder and shot are most scarce, only a little to be had now and then at Almeyda. This you will think at the head-quarters

of sixty thousand men rather strange, but the same stuff which kills men will not bring down birds. We have three odd sorts of packs of hounds here, and the men hunt desperately: firstly, Lord Wellington's, or, as he is called here, the Peer's; these are fox-hounds, about sixteen couple; they have only killed one fox this year, and that was what is called mobbed. These hounds, from the want of a huntsman, straggle about and run very ill, and the foxes run off to their holes in the rocks on the Coa. Captain W—— goes out, stops the holes over-night, halloos, and rides away violently. The ground is a light gravel and rock all over the country. From a hard rock sometimes the horse gets up to his belly in wet gravelly sand; thus we have many horses lamed and some bad falls. The next set of hounds are numerous,—greyhounds. The Commissary-general, Sir R. Kennedy, is a great man in this way, and several others. And thirdly, the Capitan Mor here, that is the principal man of the place, has an old poacher in his establishment, with a dozen terriers, mongrels, and ferrets, and he goes out with the officers to get rabbits. Lord Wellington has a good stud of about eight hunters; he rides hard, and only wants a good gallop, but I understand knows nothing of the sport, though

very fond of it in his own way. There will soon, I hear, be good trout-fishing in the Coa and in the streams in the ravines near it.

Wednesday, January 27th.—Just as I expected; I have no time to add more, for I have three new cases to draw charges in, and most troublesome ones. One of four fellows, old commissariat clerks I suppose turned off, who have been about the country living by their wits, extorting provisions, forage, &c., from the Spaniards, by frauds, false passports, &c., under pretence of acting for the English and Portuguese Commissariat. There are thirty-seven enclosures sent to me, papers taken upon them, all in Spanish, mostly badly written, and no translation. I must do my best; but the case, I fear, will never be proved. I have got General O'Lalor to help me in this case. In short, my hands are full again; and my report not made out of the old stories. I have just heard all the butter-sellers are gone, which will spoil my breakfast, for I cannot like a fry, as most men have, nor beef-steaks, nor cold pork for breakfast every morning. You see how nice and delicate I am growing, as on the march I generally made my breakfast upon brandy or rum in cold water, and bread and cheese as a luxury. We occupy from Coria, Guinaldo, Vigea, Covilhaon, and even almost

to Coimbra; hospitals at Celerico, Vigea, Coimbra a few, Abrantes, and Santarem. I fear my Court-martial will be moved farther off. Some additional attached Spaniards are to have their head-quarters at Fuentes d'Onore to be about his Excellency, now that he takes the command of the whole generals, &c. &c. &c., and General Vandeleur and the famous Caçadores are to move from thence in consequence; arrangements, however, are not yet completed.

Head-Quarters, Frenada, February 2nd, 1813. —Lord Wellington is returned in high spirits and great good-humour with every one; and, in spite of our deaths here, which are very formidable (between four and five hundred every week for the last six), says, he shall take the field this year with near forty thousand British, and, on the whole, with a hundred and fifty thousand of one sort or other. I shall suffer by the new regulations a little, as the Spanish head-quarters are now to be at Fuentes d'Onore and the Caçadores, and my President, General Vandeleur, moves to make room for the O'Don't-know-who's, &c. &c., who are to succeed them. General Vandeleur goes to Fuente Guinaldo, and the Court-martial will in future be there. It is about twenty-four miles off. I must sleep out always, and shall lose one or two

days' post; this will be inconvenient to me, and just now to the service, but it cannot be avoided. The General is very good-humoured, and we are very good friends; he has offered me a quarter, and a dinner, if I will bring my bed. If the rain does not set in, I shall not care. At present our weather is colder than ever, but generally clear frost; the wind is excessively sharp. The ice yesterday on the road would bear my horse; and the thermometer, at seven in the evening, was four degrees below the freezing point; in the night at times it is much colder.

We have had two packets just arrived; the last brought Lord Wellington the last good news from Wilna. I have dined once at head-quarters since Lord Wellington's return, and had Sumeil the Guerilla chief, looking like a dirty German private dragoon, in a smart new cavalry jacket, on one side of me, and Dr. Curtis, the Catholic head of the Salamanca college, who has been sent off from Salamanca very lately, opposite to me. The Spanish General O'Lalor treated Sumeil like a child, told him what to do and eat; but he had, I conclude, dined long before, for he ate little or nothing. Dr. Curtis seemed to be a clever, sensible, gentleman-like priest. He said the French knew immediately of Lord Wellington's absence, but were not clear about

it, and very anxious in their inquiries to ascertain the fact. General Hill's corps, who did not share in the early siege of Rodrigo last year in January, nor the wet bad work at Badajoz, are by far the most healthy part of the army, and, next to them, the light division here. The fifth and seventh, near Lamego, are the worst, and the Guards (the new comers) very bad. General Hill has only about fourteen hundred in the hospital, and about seven thousand fit for service. I suppose we shall have an active campaign next year, if the whole is not put an end to by a peace, which is not improbable, if the Allies are not too unreasonable in consequence of these successes. If Austria will join in dictating the terms with Russia, Prussia, and Great Britain, they should be very good for Europe; but if the devil Bonaparte be driven hard, he will rouse himself, appeal to the French vanity, and recoil upon us stronger than ever. The Gil Blas set of swindlers who went about Spain with false papers and passes, raising the wind under pretence of getting supplies for the British and Portuguese commissariat service (one was a German, two Spaniards, and the fourth a Portuguese), I much fear I shall not easily convict.

February the 3rd.—You must excuse my writing, for it is at all odd moments, as a relaxation from

all my formal letters of business, which require a good deal of method and order in a small compass not to get into scrapes, such as sending witnesses to wrong places, &c. As I have courts sitting, here at Fuente Guinaldo in the light division; at Lamego, in the fifth; at Maimento, in the seventh; at Alter de Chaon; at Coria, in the second division; at Maimento de Biera, in the third; and at Lisbon; letters coming at all hours of the day about each, a witness wanted here, a difficulty arising there, and so on; I can only get on by keeping a book, in which I instantly put down the exact state of everything, and keep copies of all my letters till the business is over; and I make it a rule, if possible, to answer every letter by return of post as the only way not to get in arrear. I am very glad I persuaded my Court at Fuentes d'Onore to have patience, and let me take down all the long love story I told you of, of the deserter Prang Neigabauer. It was quite a pretty story. Lord Wellington pardoned him from the good character of his regiment, and that which the Colonel gave him.

The Prince of Orange is also returned, and we are all here again assembled in this magnificent town! If I have no time for more, love and thanks

to all. I continue my morning walks, and am much better.

5 o'clock.—I have been sent for twice to-day by Lord Wellington, besides twice last night, and have so much on my hands about Spaniards, Portuguese, and English, that I cannot add a single line to this.

Head-Quarters, Frenada, February 7th, 1813.—There never were known so many Courts-martial in this army as at this moment, and as I have the whole direction of them all, I really scarce know where to turn, and my fingers are quite fatigued, as well as my brains, with the arrangements and difficulties as to witnesses, &c. I sent out seventeen letters yesterday: and to-day I have one case of thirteen prisoners who have been committing every sort of outrage on their march here. Lord Wellington is now much more easy with me, and seems to trust to me more; and yesterday I was pleased when he said, "If your friends knew what was going on here, they would think you had no sinecure. And how do you suppose I was plagued when I had to do it nearly all myself?"

He seemed to feel relieved, and of course I could not but feel gratified. I can assure you, however, that we have none of us much idle time. Dr.

M'Gregor has seven hundred medical men to look after. The Quarter-Master-general, all the arrangement of the troops, clothing, &c. The Adjutant-general, daily returns of the whole, constantly checked by an eye that finds out even a wrong casting-up of numbers in the totals. Lord Wellington reads and looks into everything. He hunts every other day almost, and then makes up for it by great diligence and instant decision on the intermediate days. He works until about four o'clock; and then, for an hour or two, parades with any one whom he wants to talk to, up and down the little square of Frenada (amidst all the chattering Portuguese) in his grey great-coat.

General Alava, whom I have seen lately much more about Spanish business, is very gentlemanlike, and I think a clever man.

We have had constant frost hitherto; I fear the rain is going now to begin. Some of our days lately have been delightful, like the frosty days we have in England, at times, at the end of February, with a fine clear warm sun in the day time.

I have just heard of five German deserters, brought in to the Provost here; and I shall, I suppose, have to try them. They were taken on the other side of Rodrigo by the Spaniards; they

are just come out to us from England. Don Julian's cavalry are very useful in this way, and very active. The Cortes want to encourage farming in the country, and will give land to any wounded soldiers of the allied armies, English as well as natives, on condition of building and living on the spot.

General Wimpfen, one of the chief's new Spanish staff, is arrived, and will be stationed with us.

At Ciudad Rodrigo they are going to set up a Spanish newspaper, which is to come out once in a week: I mean to take it in. My new black horse goes on very well as yet; I like him much; but use him little. Whenever I can, for an hour, on the common just close by, I get a gallop and a trot, and return home to write again.

You would laugh, when you remember my dislike to onions and pork, to hear that I now half live upon them.

Excuse this stupid letter. It is between nine and ten; my fire, being of wet wood, is gone out. I am very tired, and must to bed.

I go on Thursday, the 11th, to Fuente Guinaldo, and shall, I believe, sleep there, at General Vandeleur's.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE COURTS-MARTIAL—BAL MASQUÉ—ANECDOTES OF WELLINGTON—SONGS IN HIS PRAISE—SPANISH BANDITTI—EXCESSES OF THE ARMY—CARNIVAL—MORE ANECDOTES OF THE DUKE—THE STAFF—GRAND ENTERTAINMENT AT HEAD-QUARTERS—WELLINGTON'S OPINION ON AFFAIRS AT HOME—MURDER OF AN OFFICER—GENERAL CRAUFORD.

Frenada, February 12, 1813.

MY DEAR M——, 8 o'clock, Friday night.

ON my return from Fuente Guinaldo I found instructions for two new Courts-martial in Lord Wellington's rough pencil notes,—a broad scroll in pencil in one corner, "Refer all this to the Judge Advocate," meaning me to draw charges, &c. I must now tell you of my expedition to Fuente Guinaldo. We were to have tried the Commissary for burning a house down, but by my advice he offered to pay all the damage done to General Alava, the Spanish agent here, and in consequence to be forgiven if it was paid in time. This was

the best for the Spaniards, the owners, and a tolerably sharp punishment for a man whose only lawful pay is 7*s.* 6*d.* a day, the damage being near fifteen hundred dollars. The night before the trial he had not raised the money. I went to Lord Wellington to know what I should do, as the witnesses were all ready. He told me to give him till Monday next, and have all the witnesses rationed and kept till that time at Guinaldo. Suspecting this would be my instruction, I had got another case ready for the Court there. About seven o'clock, after a crust of bread and a glass of rum and milk for breakfast, off we went, Henry and I, for Fuente Guinaldo, and at the same time I sent one of my Portuguese men with my mattress and blankets, coverings, corn and hay for my horses, to meet us there, Henry carrying my papers, Mutiny Act, testaments, and all writing implements, &c., for my court-martial. The morning threatened much, as our frost is just broken up ; but we got there dry and in time, and I found my way without any blunder, which, as the road was entirely across open downs, or through woods without inhabitants, and full of cross tracks, was some merit; I had, however, applied to Captain Wood, the hunter, who knows all the country well, for instructions.

Arrived at Guinaldo, in two hours we finished a case and tried a man for shooting a Portuguese, acquitted him of murder, but found him guilty of very disorderly conduct, and sentenced him to receive eight hundred lashes. I then walked round the town, looked into the church, and came back; wrote the whole fair on six sides of folio paper; dined with the president at six, got a hospitable reception; and in the evening went to a sort of frolicsome masked ball, given extra on account of the Courts-martial. As the General went, I accompanied him. There were all the *equivoque belles* of Guinaldo, and all the light infantry officers, many in disguise and masquerade; some as females, and one as a Spanish farmer, the regular dress, and we were all struck with the becoming appearance and picturesque style of the costume. One or two of the ladies were dressed as officers, and so on. It went on very well for some time, but the two ladies who were the leading beauties of the evening quarrelled, and the harmony was disturbed. At ten I went home, and left the party half-tipsy and rather riotous, so that it was time for Generals and Judges to retire. The Court-room was my quarter, and with my mattress, blankets, and cloak, I passed a good night, though there was neither fire-place nor window. This morning before breakfast I read

over my fair copy of the evidence, &c., with the General. He signed it, gave me some breakfast, and I set off home, on a very threatening day, which was as good as it promised; my cloak, however, kept me nearly dry.

Fuente Guinaldo is nearer the Sierra de Gutta, and several degrees colder, than where we are here at Frenada, though we are many, many degrees colder than Lisbon. The Spanish staff are now all arrived, but scarcely a Spaniard amongst them—all foreigners. General Wimpfen, a Swiss; General O'Donoghue, Irish; and so of others. They all dined two days ago at Lord Wellington's.

Tell John, in answer to his inquiry, that with regard to the campaign and the siege of Burgos, it is a question much argued and discussed. Some say we should never have lost time by going to Madrid, and that was the mistake; some that if we had taken Burgos, as we should have done but for the very bad weather, all would have gone right. General O'Lalor, however, told me he thought that would have made no difference, but that if the French chose to give up the South, and unite against us ninety thousand strong, we must have been off just the same even though Burgos had been taken. I write this, being too tired for hard work, and not knowing whether I may have

another opportunity, as I shall have my hands full to-morrow and Sunday, and on Monday away again for Fuente Guinaldo. My quarter there, having no window, is rather cool, but being in Spain is clean .The church there is a fine building, and the town not quite broken up: I suppose we shall move there next. To-night is a play-night in the gay light division at Galegos, and Lord Wellington was to have gone there, but the perpetual rain will, I think, prevent him. He meant to ride there, a distance of ten miles, at night. Had it been very fine I might have been almost tempted to have taken my mattress round that way, and gone once to the theatre, which all say is very tolerable in acting, scenery, &c., the whole carried on by the light division in a chapel at Galegos. I was not a little surprised to see common country dances very tolerably performed last night at Guinaldo, and even Sir Roger de Coverley, &c.

Two or three days ago I was somewhat puzzled when, upon my pointing out the sentence of a Court-martial as illegal, Lord Wellington said, "Well, do write a letter for me to the president, and I will sign it, and it shall be sent back for revision." I did not know his style, but my letter was fortunately approved of. I had yesterday a visit from Colonel ——, of the Engineers, begging

for a favourable report upon the case of a complaint against a captain of artillery; I suppose people think I have some weight in Lord Wellington's decisions, but that is by no means the case. He thinks and acts quite for himself; *with* me, if he thinks I am right, but not otherwise. I have not, however, found what Captain —— told me I should—that Lord Wellington immediately determines against anything that is suggested to him. On the contrary, I think he is reasonable enough, only often a little hasty in ordering trials, when an acquittal must be the consequence. This, I think, does harm, as I would have the law punish almost always when it is put in force.

Wednesday, 17th.—I have never had a moment to add to this. I have heard no news at all: still strong reports that the French cavalry are partly gone from hence to France; but I cannot ascertain that they are actually removed beyond Vittoria, and that may be for forage, as our cavalry are wide apart and dispersed. The first division, under General Bock, is at and below Coimbra, near the sea, where I have just fixed a Court-martial to try a set of men of the 9th and 87th, for most outrageous conduct on the march up to the army. Lord Wellington has had the whole complaints against this party along the road written out, to

send home, with an official copy of his letter, as he finds that an account of the matter has travelled home, and is quoted as a specimen of the conduct of our army on the march. The first division of cavalry is, on the other hand, at Alter de Chaon, towards Castello Branco, and are all much dispersed; General Hill, with the second division, Corea; sixth division, Cea; fifth, Lamego; third, Maimento de Biera; seventh, Maimento; light, Fuente Guinaldo. These are the head-quarters of the troops. Marshal Beresford is better, and his wound nearly healed; he talks of joining soon; his head-quarters will be Villa Formosa. I now see Lord Wellington almost daily on business; he one day fell into a passion about the Courts-martial for not doing their duty, by acquitting and recommending to mercy, &c., and also about officers commanding parties not being attentive. He has always been civil to me, though at times quick and hasty in business. I nearly got into a scrape by saying a good word for Captain ——, merely from his good character, as I did not personally know him. However, Lord Wellington so far acquiesced, that he said I need not draw the charge as yet; but he should send him word that if the village in question were not satisfied for their forage and bullocks in a week, he should either have him tried or sent home.

I have just got a jobation letter to send out, according to a written memorandum from Lord Wellington; a little slap at a deputy of mine, and greater at the Court-martial, with directions how they should act. Adieu.

Monday Evening, Head-Quarters, Frenada, February 22nd, 1813.—When I got up in the morning yesterday, I said to myself for the first time this two months, "Well, I do think I have no business to-day, and will write to M——." In two hours' time, however, before I had finished my breakfast, and read one of Vetus's letters, in came three new cases, and old General O'Lalor to tell me he had sent me a case to try at Guinaldo—a man charged with shooting a Spanish girl through the door because she would not give him some chestnuts! The wanton outrages of our people are quite extraordinary. There are four poor fellows to be hung this week in the second division; one for desertion, and three for a regular burglary, near Coria about a fortnight since. For the sake of immediate example I hastened the case, by giving full instructions to the Deputy Judge-Advocate there. The men were tried immediately, and three are to be hung to-morrow. My Commissary charged with burning the house was at last let off for a large sum of money. I was very glad when it was

over and settled, as I had more trouble about it than if he had been tried and hung ten times over. I have just got an overwhelming heap of Spanish proceedings about this man for shooting the poor girl; and yet I have very little doubt, when the Court meets, I shall have much difficulty in proving that the man shot her, and that she is dead. I go over for that purpose the day after to-morrow; and from the rainy blustering evening we have had I much fear I shall not have a very pleasant expedition.

The last two or three days have been delightful—quite a mild south-west breeze, with a clear sun; but this was, I heard, too unusual to last. I like Vetus much, and agree with him in most things; but his style is not by a good deal to be compared with Junius'. In parts there are considerable blunders, and I think often confusion and a want of clearness; but there are some curious stolen cuts, if facts. I have just heard from General O'Lalor that we have been attacked at Bejar by a party of French, and have beaten them back. It was the second division, General Hill's corps, who were concerned, and I believe the 50th regiment principally. I am told no great loss, but know no particulars; and I must close this before I go for Guinaldo, as the post will be gone before I return. You will hear more of it

from the papers than I can tell you. I am still told that we are to encamp and bivouack this next campaign. We are now consuming our last stock of hay—two great stacks, which have been saved by Lord Wellington's orders at Almeyda; after that we must buy reaping-hooks, and try to cut grass before the green corn forage comes in; and though I can see a plain difference already in the colour of the hills, and the young green corn and spring grass are here and there making a show, there is very little to be got to eat yet in that way.

We have still many sick, and the doctors do not take better care of themselves than of their patients, for no less than five medical men have died at Ciudad Rodrigo since we have been in quarters here. The French have got all about the part of the country near General Hill, near Nava, Morguende, Mentrida, &c., and are moving; but I do not expect anything important for some time. Some say the French will begin this campaign; and I rather hope they may. The 10th Dragoons have arrived—I hear from every one—in the highest style and in excellent order. This is very good news.

We have three Spanish songs in honour of Wellington, one rather gone by now: "The Retreat of

Marmont," "Ahe Marmont onde Vai Marmont," a very pretty air; the other was composed at Cadiz lately when Lord Wellington was there. I suppose you have them in England. Moretti of Cadiz is the composer. One of them is good, and the other very well. Lord Wellington sits and hears his own praises in Spanish with considerable coolness, and calls for it himself at times.

February 23rd, Tuesday Morning.—Just a few lines more, and but a few, as I have just been with Lord Wellington, and, having got rid of one batch of papers, have returned with another. I hear this affair at Bejar, or Banos, in the sierros north of Placentia, is not much. We had six taken and a few wounded. It is supposed to be a French party for provisions and plunder, as they wander about for these purposes, and no serious movement. Our men got a position first, which the French tried to get, at Bejar. We had no cavalry, or an attempt might have succeeded to turn the French party; but without this assistance the 56th drove back the French, and saved Bejar and that country. The 71st were also there, and concerned.

Lord March is just returned from a flag-of-truce excursion to the French. He fell in with their pickets half a league from Ledesma, where the French seemed in force. They were very civil.

He dined with a General Goutier, or some such name, and stayed about four or five hours. Their men and cavalry looked well, and clothing very fair; accoutrements, &c., bad and slovenly; horses in good condition; but he concludes he saw the best, as he found they knew of his approach five leagues off. They kept away all the Spaniards, who were getting round him, and were particularly violent against the canaille, the Guerillas. The latter were close upon the French. He passed them very near the town. They abused Sumoil; said he would rob even the English, and would not believe he dined at Lord Wellington's table. They hoped to see the English in a month, they said. His five hussars and his trumpeter were surrounded by eighty men in a trice, and all communication cut off, and a thousand questions asked, of course, but little given in answer. The French officer and escort of five dragoons, who escorted Lord March on his departure, would not go above half a league, from the fear of the Guerillas, and was half inclined to accept Lord March's offer to let his trumpeter and some men see him back, with a party of the Guerillas; but at last he said he had a good horse, and galloped back. I do not know what Lord March went about; some say on Sir Edward Paget's affairs.

Guinaldo, February 24th, 1813.—From the blunder of General O——, here I am, after a wet ride, with no Court-martial to-day, and nothing to do. The consequence is, I must stay to-morrow also, when I really hope to get this job over, as I have plenty to do at home. Though I have nothing to write about, I took up this sheet of paper to see if anything would come into my head, having already been out, and again caught in the rain, getting a little sketch of this noble city of Guinaldo. I have a good fire here in the General's room, as I have none at my quarter. In other respects bad enough is this room, with a large open door and window, which, even when left open, lets in the cold without the light—I have no doubt very pleasant on a hot sunny day. Marshal Marmont had this quarter when here, as well as Lord Wellington. The former shut the whole up, and used candles all day. The latter got on as well as he could in the dark, and used the General's bedroom, which is a better room rather, as his dining-room. The owner was once a man rich in flocks, herds, and lands and houses, and he has another good house at Ciudad Rodrigo. At present I take it his worldly goods are not sufficient to make him think too much of this world. Between Pago and Coria there are banditti and robbers; and two or

three murders had been committed there by armed men, Spaniards, I believe, and Portuguese, five or six together. What a state this poor country is in!

Frenada, March 1st.—Several of these banditti I hear are our deserters, and Lord Wellington has sent out after them. On the Thursday I tried my man at Guinaldo for murdering a poor Spanish girl. We had some difficulty in coming to an understanding. The witnesses were all Spaniards, principally the relations of the deceased: the only interpreter was Portuguese; the prisoner a German, but he spoke bad French. At last, as I had looked into all the Spanish proceedings, we got on, as most of the Court understood Spanish as well as the interpreter, and nearly all understood French. The prisoner's defence was in French. I then read it in English to the Court as he went on, and took it down. He had a very narrow escape for his life; I thought it murder, and the Court were long in doubt; at last they only found him guilty of a most disorderly outrage and killing the poor girl, and gave him a thousand lashes.

I wrote it fair, got it signed, dined again with the General, and came over here on a beautiful day. We have now again fine clear, frosty mornings, beautiful, but really almost too warm days and too cold evenings. I wish this would last; and yet it

is trying to the constitution, as there must, I think, be thirty degrees difference between the temperature at three and at six o'clock.

On my return here I found no less than nine Courts-martial arrived and plenty of newspapers. One Court-martial had met thirty-eight days, and another sixteen: thus I had plenty to read and report upon. I saw Lord Wellington, in consequence, two days running, for nearly two hours, as I thought four of the cases ought to go back for revision, and one only to be confirmed, as it was half illegal—eight hundred lashes and transportation for life—which latter is not a legal sentence for mutiny. In truth, the men should have been shot.

The Courts will not do their duty: Lord Wellington was quite angry. He swore, and said his whole table was covered with details of robbery and mutiny, and complaints from all quarters, in all languages, and that he should be nothing but a General of Courts-martial. He has given some broad hints to the Courts in general orders. I sent out three new cases yesterday, and have about fifteen deserters just in hand now—mostly Poles from the second King's German Legion light infantry battalion. In short you see I am full of business, as every one writes to me in their little difficulties.

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I make it a rule, whenever possible, to clear off everything as I go, and answer every letter by return of post, which is the only way; and I am glad to see my pile of papers done with now larger than that in hand. Whilst I was with Lord Wellington the Commissariat returns came in, and were very confused: that added to his ill humour; but he was very civil to me, and gets more easy as I do with him. He sent orders for fifteen thousand complete black accoutrements to be sent round to Corunna, so I hope the Gallician army is to be increased; some of their regiments got home much more entire than any of ours during the retreat, but upon the whole they diminished very much by desertion when they first got away from home.

The people of Guinaldo, whilst I was there, were almost mad—nothing but dancing and noise in all quarters. They told me it was a particular day, when the women were to rule the Dios de Madre; but it seems to me they are always in this gay state. The people agree there very well with the English, particularly with the 52nd now there, a fine light battalion, seven hundred strong, and in high order. The ladies go about, and tie strings to the coats of the officers, and even of the General; dance about, sup, and drink with them, and are all alive both with them and the men.

The 52nd and 43rd lost part of their baggage in the retreat, and one on the Court-martial told me an anecdote as to his baggage. A French officer and a few men overtook his bâtman with the canteens, &c. "Where's the key?" he said; "come, quick! break it open; out with the tea and sugar, I have had none these three months:" and in this manner he took all worth having, the best horse and mule, and left the bâtman frightened to death.

There is one regiment of the Caçadores that is the constant astonishment of the English. Badly paid, no new clothes for the last two years, in rags, nearly, this winter, and yet scarcely a man has been sick. I wish this was the case with them all. Our men are getting their clothes much better than last year, but still many are sick. Of two hundred men, a reinforcement to the 43rd light regiment Walcheren men, ninety have died; and the Guards have suffered terribly, but still all are in spirits; though the verses I enclose to you (and which are printed at the Adjutant-general's portable press, used to print the army orders, &c.) give a very fair description of the life in Portugal.

I have taken a ride to Malliarda de Sorda, and found the Deputy Paymaster-General H—— very unwell, with an attack of fever. One must not

think of these things: that is the best way, I believe, if possible. Sir W. Erskine, who threw himself out of the window here in a delirium, came to his senses after his fall, and said he never thought he could have been guilty of such an act, and that he did not intend it. This was very melancholy; but I am told he had been two years confined, and that he should not have been here as chief officer of the cavalry—it was too great a risk.

We have a report here of a revolution in France; but I do not credit it yet, though not unlikely. It seems to me Bonaparte is a man to run that hazard by his conscription and immense levies, and that there will be either a revolution, or he will soon be again formidable; and much is yet to be done. I hope we shall make a good end of it here this year.

Wednesday.—I dined yesterday at head-quarters, and sat next to Baron Wimpfen, the new Quarter-Master-general attached here to Lord Wellington. He is a very gentlemanlike man, and talks French well. We had much conversation together, in which Lord Wellington, who sat next to the General, often took part. He gave us the whole history of the battle of Fuentes d'Onore some time since near here, in which the French were three to one, and in which Lord Wellington said he com-

mitted a fault in extending his right too much to Posso de Velho; and that, if the French had taken advantage of it, there might have been bad consequences, but that they let him recover himself and change his front before their face.

Another new comer at dinner yesterday was a Monsieur Saudri, an agent for the Portuguese—a sort of interpreter. He gave an account of the state of the Portuguese provinces. Some are recovering fast, Coimbra particularly, but much is still in great distress.

Yesterday was the last day of a sort of carnival here. We had fools, and pantaloons, and straw bulls, &c., and masks walking about the streets—much noise but no great magnificence. I saw poor pantaloon fall in earnest when throwing his sword after a soldier, and he could scarcely get up again.

A general order has just come out for all the officers to apply for tents for the next campaign. I suppose I must do the same, and try that sort of life, which in dry weather may be well enough, but bad work if as it was last year, when the little bedlegs sunk in mud up to the mattress, and the blankets got quite muddy!

Head-Quarters, Frenada, March 6th, 1813.—A man arrived here two days ago from Madrid in five days, to be paid a Commissariat bill due to

him. He says the French are in small force at Madrid, and Joseph was packing up. But I believe this is only because he individually is going away; as I understand the French are still in force below Madrid, and that the only notion entertained as genuine here as to their troops going homewards is that ten men picked from each squadron and battalion, or as some say from each company, are to be sent home to make good the Imperial Guards. I do not think myself they will withdraw at all now. They keep the country to support themselves till we are ready to move, and then I think they will collect and risk an early action with us, as their difficulty is to keep together long. If they beat us, they remain as they were, and I think that is all, unless we are quite routed; if we beat them, then they will go behind the Ebro. The conjecture is, as far as I can understand from the probabilities, a late opening of the campaign on account of the Spaniards not being ready, and then an early action when it does begin.

Some say the Spaniards will not be ready to move before the harvest in July, or not much before. The French have nearly ninety thousand men in their extended positions, with their right on and near the Douro, and the left on or along the Tagus. We shall have, when we begin,

about forty-four or forty-five thousand British, about twenty or twenty-two thousand Portuguese, and how many Spaniards no one can tell, or what they will do. So do not expect to hear of a march to France—to the Ebro, or up to Burgos again, very possibly. The chance must be to oblige the French to assemble, and then to rouse up all the Guerillas to starve them. Having heard Lord Wellington give his account of the battle of Fuentès d'Onore, near here, to General Wimpfen, the Spanish Inspector-General, I rode there yesterday with Lord Aylmer (who was present then in the action) over the whole field of battle, saw all the field-works, the positions of the different divisions, and the plan of the whole; I perfectly understood his blunder, and the risk he had run, and could form a very good notion of the strength of the position, and the nature of it as protected by the ravines of the Coa, &c. Lord Aylmer gave me two striking instances of Lord Wellington's coolness: one, when in a fog in the morning, as he was pursuing the French, he found a division of our men, under Sir William Erskine, much exposed in advance, and nearly separated from the rest of the army, and the French in a village within a mile of where he was standing. He could see nothing. But, on some prisoners being brought in, and being asked what French division and how many men were in the village,

they, to the dismay of every one except Wellington, said that the whole French army were there. All he said was, quite coolly, "Oh! they are all there, are they? Well, we must mind a little what we are about then." Another time, soon after the battle of Fuentes d'Onore, and when we were waiting in our position near them to risk an attack, to protect the siege of Almeyda, one morning suddenly and early Lord Aylmer came in to him whilst he was shaving, to tell him "The French were all off, and the last cavalry mounting to be gone;" the consequence of which movement relieved him entirely, gave him Almeyda, and preserved Portugal. He only took the razor off for one moment, and said, "Ay, I thought they meant to be off; very well:" and then another shave, just as before, and not another word till he was dressed. I find, however, it is said he magnifies the French now and then—sees double as to the number of blue uniforms, and cannot see all the scarlet; but I believe most men in his situation do this more or less. I must now proceed to summon some witnesses: so, for the present, adieu.

Monday, 4 o'clock.—You ask me what my house is like, and what Frenada is? Frenada is a village much in decay, very dirty between the rocks, in the streets, where there are immense masses of stones, and holes, and dung all about, houses like a farm

kitchen, only with the stables underneath. My last lodging was like a part of a Welch farm-house, boarded off at one end from the common room, with a hole through the wall and one pane of glass let in. I am now in a distinct building like what you often see in England in a farm-yard, as a granary, with the stables below, in which are my animals of all sorts, servants and all. The kitchen is a miserable shed, not water-tight, where the woman of the house and three children live quite separate. My building has one opening with a wooden door besides the entrance door, and the end was boarded off by an officer last year, about eight feet wide by sixteen long, in which I sleep, eat, drink, write, &c., and live altogether, as it has a fireplace in the corner, built by the same officer last year, but which is so contrived as to let more smoke into the room than up the chimney, and of course my eyes suffer, and all I have looks yellow and smells of smoke. I will send an elevation and description of my abode at the end of this letter.

They say Lord Wellington and the Court here are to go to Ciudad Rodrigo, to a fête to install the Knight of the Bath—General Cole. But I suppose I shall not go unless especially invited, and I have enough to do here, as, excepting, I believe, the Adjutant-general, the Quarter-Master-general, and

perhaps the Commissary-general, I have more correspondents than any one here.

I take it in the army the officers in the lower branches of the staff are sharp-set, hungry, and anxious to get on, and make the most of everything, and have a view even in their civilities. I have tried not to see much that I could not help seeing, and which gave me a moderate opinion of the profession, which has not the independence I flatter myself I have seen in all the most respectable at the bar. There is much obsequious time-serving conduct to any one who is in office, or is thought to have a word to say to Lord Wellington. He gets angry about the Courts-martial, the difficulty as to getting witnesses, the inconvenience, and then at last the great lenity of the Courts.

"How can you expect," he says, "a Court to find an officer guilty of neglect of duty, when it is composed of members who are all more or less guilty of the same?" He does not like the tribunal. We have, however, hung six within this month, broken several officers (at least their cases are gone home with that sentence), and flogged about sixteen or eighteen (pretty well, this), and we are still at work. I have now twenty-two cases left on hand, about thirty-six tried, about two or three new ones every week, yet I hope that we are

getting on better now. I am glad I am made of such importance as you say I am in England; it increases here a little, several Courts-martial having been sent back for revision: I get in a degree the credit for this, and in some instances justly. I am thought a formidable person to whom it is as well to be civil, and who can often be of service to others.

The Princess of Wales's letter is good, and I think and have always thought that, if she could once dare inquiry, her case would be unanswerable, and the Prince in a complete dilemma. We have heard here that Brougham wrote the Princess's letter. Is there such a story in England?

Wednesday, 10*th March*.—No more news, and no more mails, and no more time. I am told I am to be asked to Rodrigo to the fête there on Saturday, but do not know how that may be. Lord Wellington wants to be very magnificent in his own city, and has said he wished to give a supper to a hundred and fifty, but is told it is quite out of the question, as the town and head-quarters would not supply dishes and plates, &c. There is to be a small dinner first, before the ball. This may be a little disturbed by an event I have this moment heard from General O'Lalor. A Spanish dragoon is come in, with news that the French are

moving in the Sierra di Francia; their object I think likely enough, to rout us up before we are ready. I know no more; General O'Lalor went and told Lord Wellington the news. N.B.—Orders just come in to prepare charges against nine Polish deserters.

Head-Quarters, Frenada, March 15th, 1813, 9 *o'clock at night.*—As to Sir Isaac Heard's coming over here to invest the Marquis with the Garter, I have no doubt the old Garter king would like it, and at this time of the year, while quiet here, and neither hot nor wet, no musquitoes, and without baggage, with good horses, he might do it tolerably well. If you travel without baggage, as Lord Wellington did when he went to Cadiz, with good horses, you get on thirty, forty, and even fifty miles in a day; avoid all the bad places, only stop in towns, get the best accommodation, and only rest where there are English Commissaries, &c. Lord Wellington came from Lisbon here in five days, with relays of horses; the last day he rode fifty miles between breakfast and dinner.

The movements of the French I mentioned in my last, came to little or nothing—a mere alarm.

I have had a long letter from Sutton in answer to several queries; he agrees with me in every point which I have had to decide, and I am parti-

cularly glad to be right in the great one, on which Lord Wellington differed, and made me send home his reasons. Yet Lord Wellington is hardly satisfied, but desires me to wait till I hear officially from Sutton about it.

* * * *

The day before yesterday we had a hard day's work in the shape of gaiety and amusement. My Lord was desired to invest General Cole with the Order of the Bath, in a suitable manner. As he has never done anything at Ciudad Rodrigo, of which he is Duke, he determined upon this opportunity to give a grand fête there in the midst of the ruins. A grand dinner, ball, and supper. All heads of departments, generals, public authorities, Spaniards and English, were asked to dinner, to the amount of sixty-five. In the evening, ladies about forty, and men about a hundred and fifty, came to a ball and supper. The dinner and supper were half cooked at Frenada, and carried over in military waggons and on mules. All the plate at head-quarters was put in requisition, and there was enough to afford a change in silver at dinner. Plenty of claret, champagne, and Lamego, that is port, was sent over, &c. A caravan of glass and crockery from Almeyda, twenty-five miles off Rodrigo, from the governor there, and from a shop just

set up I understand there. The whole went off very well, except that it was excessively cold, as a few balls during the siege had knocked in several yards of the roof of the ball-room, and it was a hard frost at the time. I never had a colder ride than going there.

Lord Wellington was the most active man of the party; he prides himself on this; but yet I hear from those about him that he is a little broken down by it. He stayed at business at Frenada until half-past three, and then rode full seventeen miles to Rodrigo in two hours to dinner, dressed in all his orders, &c., was in high glee, danced himself, stayed supper, and at half-past three in the morning went back to Frenada by moonlight, and arrived here before day-break at six, so that by twelve he was ready again for business, and I saw him amongst others upon a Court-martial when I returned at two the next day. Campbell and General O'Lalor managed the fête. I helped the former a little by making cards for every place at dinner, with corresponding ones for each person, with his name, table, and number of his plate, so there was no bowing and scraping, or pushing for the first table. We got quarters in the ruins; mine would have been a good one in another week, at a priest's, who was repairing his house, but he had just finished a large

opening for a French window in the room, and neither sash nor shutter was made, so that I found it considerably airy. Stables there were none scarcely, and we took over hay and barley for the horses for the night, and our beds to lie down for an hour or two. Several ladies, refugees from Salamanca, were there,—the band of the 52nd, &c.

The house where the entertainment was given was the best in the town, with some very good rooms, only it had, as I mentioned, suffered a little by the siege, and had only bare walls besides. Luckily, however, the General O'Lalor discovered that the Intendente of the Palace of St. Ildephonso had brought away the hangings of five or six of the best rooms to save them from the French, and had deposited them at Rodrigo; these were obtained, and the bare walls of the ball-room were hung all over with yellow damasked satin, with a silver border, with openings at each end in festoons, like a tent, and looked very well. The other supper rooms were hung with crimson satin and gold from the same, and in tolerable condition.

The whole was laid out so as to astonish the inhabitants, and the defects concealed almost entirely,—one hole in the floor had a man near it to see that no one got a leg in, and a mat was over the hole. The ladies were not very handsome, but two or

three good-looking, and several very lady-like in their manners.

I was most pleased with the bolero and fandango, &c., the Spanish dances, which were danced by two Spanish ladies, Chanoinesses as they were called, nieces of two Chanoines, and two Spaniards, one of whom danced it very well; but the best was the old fellow sent for to play on his ornamented paper square tambourine, or rather flat drum, and who sang the airs and accompanied himself with great humour, and afterwards gave us a dance in the true style. The enthusiasm of the Spaniards was also amusing, and the eager applause. All the rest were English country dances, which the ladies dance very well and exactly like ours, except that they waltz the poussets, and generally, therefore, dance waltz tunes, and have that figure. They also are a little more twisted about and handled than our fair ones would like at first; but upon the whole, I think, our country dances are improved by the change. We had much drinking and toasts given on both sides, at the expense of the French: "Ferdinand the Seventh," "The next campaign," "Death to all Frenchmen," &c. In short, several Spaniards as well as English got very drunk by five o'clock in the morning, and they chaired the Prince of Orange, General Van-

deleur (whom they let fall), and several others, as soon as the ladies were gone and there was nothing else to do. The Spaniards at first began with "vivas," but soon learnt "hip, hip, hip, hurra!"

With great care only a few silver spoons and knives and forks were missing, and I hear one plate. Henry tells me the servants saw one Spanish officer with a turkey's leg sticking out of his pocket; but, like our aldermen, they are given to pocket even at Madrid, and have some excuse, as they are paid little, and find everything very dear. I suppose a turkey had not been seen there for months: they were, I believe, all brought from thirty or forty miles down the Douro, near Lamego. Besides the Spanish military authorities, there were some civilians of rank, as the Marquis D'Espeja and a few others. Colonel Gordon was the only one who would return with Lord Wellington; and though he has the best horses here next to the chief's, he borrowed another horse which had come over earlier, to ride back upon with Lord Wellington, and left his own, which he had ridden on in the morning with his lordship, to come back later in the day.

The repairs are going on better at the walls of Ciudad Rodrigo, and they are now nearly cleared of rubbish, so as to be ready to begin to rebuild the new work, which all fell down last

autumn. I sat at the grand dinner directly opposite to E——, who introduced himself to me afterwards in the ball-room. Colonel Fisher, of the Artillery, was next, a very pleasant man, a great artist, connoisseur, traveller, &c. Except at a grand fête and the few great men who come to head-quarters, or when crossing a division on the march, which we always avoid if possible, we seldom see any regimental officers.

Tuesday night (16*th*).—We have flogged and hung people into better order here I think, but have now got into a little squabble with the Portuguese government, who will get bold with success. By the Portuguese law a magistrate is only to give evidence in writing by deposition, which our Courts, if it be a fact in his own knowledge and where he is wanted as a witness, ought not to receive. I fear the Bill proposed at home will be unpopular, and yet inefficient in a great measure.

The Guards, who joined nearly when I did, have suffered most of all by the campaign. They came out a noble battalion of fine men, twelve hundred strong; four hundred are dead, and not above five hundred are now fit for duty. This is very shocking.

The division on Grattan's motion is stronger than I expected after all the outcry on the subject. I had a long conversation, walking up and down the market-place with Lord Wellington here, a few days

since, upon that and the Indian question. He has, from what he saw in Ireland, taken up a strong notion that independence is what the Irish really aim at, and he is, therefore, for giving no more, but proceeding upon King William's plan to keep them down by main force, as he thinks they have too much power already, and will only use more to obtain more, and at length separation. He said he thought his brother and Canning had just taken up the Catholic question when the tide of popularity was turning against it. I hope this is not so; and though I agree with him that the party for separation is strong, his plan would drive them to extremities, and is now too late, and the only chance is, to get the higher orders of Catholics and the priests, if possible, by pay or otherwise, and by looking for pay and patronage, to be dependent on the Crown and on England more than they are, and at the same time not to be a degraded class.

I do not know whether I told you the size of Frenada, which you asked: it is about as large as Ashted, without the three gentlemen's houses in it. Lord Wellington's house is, however, better known than the inn there (the Leg of Mutton and Cauliflower), and more ornamented, though not containing more room or as much comfort. This is as good a description as I can give you, only that all

the houses are built more roomy than our villages —more like barns—as the straw, corn, and all are left under the same roof.

As Sutton only answers my letters indirectly, and not officially upon the point on which we differed, Lord Wellington says he will not act until he has an official answer. He does not like to be wrong, and yet I am very glad he is so.

Head-Quarters, Frenada, March 19th, 1813.—The day before yesterday we had a most extraordinary arrival here in General Murray, the Quarter-Master-general of the army. He left Plymouth late the 10th instant, and was here at Frenada on the 18th, in the morning, in about seven days and a half. He got to Oporto from Plymouth in less than five days, and here in three, travelling post on horses, ponies, mules, and anything he could get: he brought London papers of the 8th. His baggage went round by Lisbon. He was to have come out with General Graham and General Stewart, but was sent off here express with despatches in a sloop of war. No one knows here what this important news was that made it advisable to send out a Quarter-Master-general as a messenger.

I hear of no move yet in the army, and as the cavalry are part down below Coimbra, and part

still below Abrantes, near Cabeça de Vide, Aunde Chad, and Monforte, we must have some notice of anything like a serious movement in good time I think; though perhaps head-quarters may move to Guinaldo in a month, I think not sooner, as there is no grass there yet, and the cold is not gone, nor the rain come, though the sky has threatened much the last day or two. I have now to send above thirty miles for bad hay or straw for my animals, and that I hear is nearly exhausted. We have never sent much less than fifteen miles for some time, which is hard work for the poor mules during what should be their resting time.

You ask about our religious duties. There are four or five or more clergymen in Portugal, but no one now at head-quarters. The one stationed there went away ill about a twelvemonth since, as I hear.

Sunday 21*st*.—The remains of the battalion of Guards which I mentioned as having lost so many men, and as being so sickly, is going down towards the coast and towards Coimbra, to recruit with sea-air, &c.

I must now away to answer letters. I have only read four of the newspapers out of the last fifteen; you may therefore conclude how much I am employed. I get through one at breakfast-

time, and, when I dine at home, two of an evening: nor have I yet read half through one review. Lord Wellington is as bad; he borrowed my "Vetus" near three weeks since, and has not read it.

Wednesday, 4 o'clock, Post-day.—Having got all my proceedings written out fair by half-past six yesterday, I dined with the General. I went there again early this morning, breakfasted with him; compared the two, got the fair one signed; picked you up botanical specimens of the flowers in the fields in our ride back, and here I am.

Since Rodrigo has been taken, the inhabitants about Guinaldo feel more confidence, and more land is this year in cultivation. They are tempted also by the high price of everything; and near Guinaldo I saw a new enclosure going on, and trees grubbing up to a considerable extent. The old lady where General Vandeleur is quartered is doing this to an extent of several thousand acres. To give you a proof of the lightness of their ploughs, I met a man walking off a mile or two to work from Guinaldo with a complete plough on his shoulder, the whole plough fit for use, iron share, &c.; he was walking three or four miles an hour, quite upright. I hear the inhabitants of Bejar, which is rather an opulent Spanish town, and where there is a cloth-trade, have been so well

satisfied with the 50th regiment for having driven away the French and saved their town that they have given them all round a pair of pantaloons each, and several days' double rations of spirits, and some other presents. The place is now made considerably strong as a post, I hear, as the French seem to be making some stir, though no one seems to know for what, or what they mean to be about.

Head-Quarters, Frenada, March 27th, 1813. *Saturday.*—The statement of Courts-martial, which I shall present to Lord Wellington to-morrow, satisfies me that we are mending, and that we have not tried fifty cases—hung eight, transported eight or ten, flogged about sixty severely, and broke several officers—for nothing. I have now only eighteen left in hand, and three of those very old ones. We had one very melancholy piece of business here last week: a young corporal, MacMorran, a Scotchman, in the 42nd, was found fault with mildly by his officer, Lieutenant Dickenson, for neglect of duty; he answered rather impertinently: he was then told to consider himself a prisoner, and to follow. Having walked a few yards, Lieutenant Dickenson looked round, and the corporal, having (no one knows how) loaded his musket, levelled it at him, and shot him dead though the heart. The corporal has been tried,

and is to be hung to-morrow. They were both under twenty I hear, and the most promising young men in their respective stations. The officer was a man of mild, humane character. The corporal made no defence: it seemed an excess of Scotch pride. It is altogether a very painful business.

We have still very cold north-east winds, and to-day a little fall of sleet, hail, and stormy, windy, black sky. Lord Wellington is gone hunting, which gives me a little time.

I hear the French are moving; two divisions of Soult's army are said to be retiring behind the Douro, near Valladolid: and I am told they are engaged fortifying all the fords and bridges near the Douro, at Toro, Tordesillas, &c., Aranda de Douro, &c. I suppose, therefore, they will make a grand stand on that river; where, from what I saw, they have great advantages, as our banks are low and flat, and their side, towards France—the right bank—high and commanding, and the position on that side strong. It is thought the slight movement in advance of one of our divisions, the fourth, from St. Jean de Piscara, merely for convenience of supplies and change of air, has caused this movement in the French, who only stay down about Toledo, I suppose, for food.

I have just heard accounts are come from one of

our look-out officers, who live close to the French, and spy, and have correspondence with them—a Captain ——, who was here a fortnight since. He says the French are all moving, and apparently towards the other side of the Douro. Joseph has left Madrid. His informers say the French are going at once behind the Ebro; but he himself thinks not, as they would not willingly give up the fine country between the Douro and Ebro for nothing, and have fortified, as report says, the passes. So we stand. Conjectures are, that our advance will not be the same as last year—through Salamanca—as we have no great depôt making yet this way at Rodrigo, and should have these passes on the Douro to force; whereas some depôts are forming in Portugal, near the Douro, more in the north of Portugal; and we could in that direction cross the Douro without opposition, turn all these French works on that river, and join the Spanish army in Gallicia, only then the roads will be much worse. I hope we may go that road and see a new country, and in part, I believe, a fine one. There is one fine pass in the Agava, only five leagues from here, at Barba del Pueiro, which I have never yet had time to go and see, but shall do so if I can after the rain, if we remain here.

* * * *

Lord Wellington, the other day, in conversation, told me some Spaniards of rank had talked to him about educating their children at a Catholic school in England, if there were such. I knew of one or two good girls' schools, but I could not remember any good Catholic boys' school.

We have a most furious Portuguese lady now here, the wife of a Hidalgo of Portugal, whose daughter was run away with by an English officer. Lord Wellington said he would give him up to the laws of Portugal; but he has now married her, and Lord Wellington says he will not interfere at all. The woman swears she will get the priest who married them transported for life by their law, and the officer too, and has declared she will kill the daughter if she meets her.

As to M. R——, concerning whom you inquire, I know nothing: we have a *ci-devant* major of that name just arrived here. He is full of travellers' stories; has been long a prisoner in France; had a prefect's wife for his *chère amie;* escaped with wonderful risks; joined the Guerillas, got to the coast, and off, I believe, to Cadiz. I am told he is to be an officer in a new horse-police staff corps about to be established. I will ask him if he knows anything of your M. R——.

30*th March, Tuesday,* 4 *o'clock.*—I have pre-

sented my four Courts-martial to Lord Wellington, and sent one back for revision as illegal, and confirmed three, two against one man—together, two thousand lashes. This is absurd, he will bear six or seven hundred, and there it will end. The sentence, however, is legal, which it was not before, when transportation was the punishment. Lord Wellington now says, "How are you?" So we go on more easily, and I made a sort of proposal to him to insert a passage in general orders now, to be read to the men every day until we march, to let them know a new police corps was established to catch them, and to tell them seven officers might now hang them, and that Courts would be held always ready in every division, &c. He said he would think about it, and thought it would be of use.

Dr. M'Gregor told me yesterday his sick reports were improving daily, and that if Lord Wellington would give him another month he thought he should bring the greater part into the field. King Joseph, I have just heard, arrived at Valladolid from Madrid on the 23rd instant; Lord Fitzroy Somerset just read it out of a Spanish private letter.

Head-Quarters, Frenada, Sunday, April 4th, 1813.—You will observe I do know when Sunday comes, though that is certainly nearly all. We,

however, have a church and a bell which goes on tolling for hours in a most unattractive manner to the English ear I assure you. A church, too, which is made use of for various purposes, civil as well as ecclesiastical; as, for instance, one night about one hundred and fifty Spaniards and their mules, officers and all, slept in it. The building is for the village large, the floor is covered with straw like a stable, but the altar end is all gold and glitter up to the ceiling. The decorations must some time or other have been very expensive, as, besides this great expenditure of gold-leaf and foil, and carving, all the ceiling, which is coved and circular, and divided into squares, has a picture in every square of a saint, or a father, a founder, a hermit, or some great divinity hero. There are also masses, the funeral service, weddings, and christenings performed there. I look in now and then, and that is all, as it is awkward to stand there, when all are on their knees on the floor. I do not like the latter; and there are no pews or seats of course. There is also a little chapel belonging to the owner of Lord Wellington's house; this is fitted up by Colonel C—— for his quarters; he has hung it with red baize, fitted up the altar as his dressing-table, put up an iron stove, and made it one of the best quarters here.

Lord Wellington looks forward very coolly to another winter here. He said yesterday he should have twenty-five couples of fox-hounds next season. The other day the Commissary-general told him we had eaten nearly all the oxen in the country, that the cultivation of the lands in Portugal could not go on for want of them, and that he scarcely knew where to turn for a supply of beef, as there was this year no reserve store near Lisbon. Lord Wellington said, "Well, then, we must now set about eating all the sheep, and when they are gone I suppose we must go." And General M—— added, "Historians will say the British army came and carried on war in Spain and Portugal until they had eaten all the beef and mutton in the country, and were then compelled to withdraw." Without joking, I fear our Commissariat may have great difficulties next year. Talking on this subject, I must add that the Portuguese agent here, a sly money-making man, who has realized about 25,000*l.* during the war, said the news was so good, he now hoped to get a peace, and that the Portuguese would get rid of the "beefs," meaning the English. Communication as to necessary articles and others is so difficult with Lisbon, that one of Lord Wellington's aides-de-camp has been six months getting two bridles up, and C. Campbell four months a great coat.

Lord Wellington yesterday, talking of his soldiers, and English notions, said, his men were now all so round-shouldered and slouching in their gait, that he added that he was sure, if his regiment here was in its present state to pass in review at Wimbledon Common, the whole would be sent to drill immediately, and declared quite unfit for service. Indeed he said the men had now got into such a way of doing everything in the manner that they found the easiest, that he was often quite ashamed of the sentries before his own quarter; he did not mention this as complaining of the men, but as showing how ideas here and at home differed. He was also laughing at our notions in England about the supply of the army, saying some corporate body or society in England had once made him an offer of twenty bullocks for the army, which would last head-quarters only about a week. General M—— said it must have been a mistake. The offer must have been for his table only; not for the army.

I hear orders are gone round for the Alicant army to be re-embarked and landed in the rear of Suchet, to compel him to quit Valentia if possible; this will be the first step I conclude. You say you are all looking to us, and want us to move. Our black clouds have all rolled away, and to-day

we have again a clear north wind and hot sun, and not a blade of grass growing—without the latter we cannot stir. If the rains will but come soon and bring grass, we may, perhaps, move in the first week of May, but not before; that is, no important move. Our cavalry, though down below Coimbra, are very much distressed for food, and complaints come up without number from the Portuguese that our people will feed their horses with the young corn, which is now great waste; but what is to be done? When we have finished the oxen we may go, as Lord Wellington says, to the sheep, but what are horses to do when hay is all gone, and straw, and there is no grass come? How little you know in England about the real state of things here, and the requisites for moving in a campaign! You forget our ten or fifteen thousand animals for baggage and for food, besides the cavalry and artillery, &c. The Portuguese agent here repeats that another campaign in Portugal will be impossible, as there will be neither animals to eat, nor for transport, unless we bring all with us. I hope, however, not to pass another winter at Frenada; but so hoped those who were here last year.

Did I ever mention to you Lord Wellington's saying how anxious the Prince Regent was that he should correspond with him, and how much

hurt he was that he had never done so? "But," says Lord Wellington, "I wrote to his ministers, and that was enough. What had I to do with him? However, his late favour was a reason for my writing, and I have had a most gracious answer, evidently courting further correspondence;" but which he intimated he should not comply with.

I understand the famous Guerillas are much more dreaded by their own countrymen in the north of Spain than the French are, and I fear with some reason, as they are very much (many of them, at least) a sort of banditti. The French, however, suffered so much by them, that they have adopted the same plan, and have their counter Guerillas; some with French officers to conduct them, and some headed by Guerilla chiefs, who have quarrelled and separated from their companions in the good cause. I was sorry to hear this. The French continue moving about, and their force towards the Tagus diminishes, and that is all, I believe, as yet.

I tell you my news as I hear it: we are now getting ready ammunition, &c., to the front, to prepare for an advance when possible; so, perhaps, we may pass Rodrigo, and cross the Douro to the left of Salamanca, if the French stand on that

river, as we have now this year pontoons, which they had not last year. We have also a new and more portable battering train, come out from England, and it has arrived on its road here as far as Abrantes, where it only waits for means of transport to come on. That which was here last year, I am told, was excessively clumsy.

April 7th.—I have heard a number of anecdotes of General Crauford. He was very clever and knowing in his profession all admit, and led on his division on the day of his death in the most gallant style; but Lord Wellington never knew what he would do. He constantly acted in his own way, contrary to orders; and as he commanded the advanced division, at times perplexed Lord Wellington considerably, who never could be sure where he was. On one occasion, near Guinaldo, he remained across a river by himself, that is, only with his own division, nearly a whole day after he was called in by Lord Wellington. He said he knew he could defend his position. Lord Wellington, when he came back, only said, "I am glad to see you safe, Crauford." The latter said, "Oh, I was in no danger, I assure you." "But I was, from your conduct," said Lord Wellington. Upon which Crauford observed, "He is d—— crusty to-day."

Marmont, when he saw Crauford filing off next

morning, could not believe it: "*Diable! voilà Crauford! ma foi, j'aurai peu deviner cela.*" Another time, Lord Wellington said, "Crauford, you are going into a delicate situation; what orders do you wish for? I will write what you think best." Crauford told him his own plan and went away. Whilst Lord Wellington was writing them out, and acting accordingly, Crauford sent him word he had done something else. Another time, Lord Wellington sent to him to say he should inspect his division, and came accordingly. Crauford never attended until it was half over, and then said Lord Wellington was before his time. Yet he was very strict with his own division, and would be very exactly obeyed. His division all complained of this, and many officers talked of who should call him out, on one or two occasions, for this; and yet he was thought so well of, and the whole division had such confidence in him, that when he joined them again just before the attack to take the command in the engagement in which he died, the whole division set up a loud shout, so as to frighten a small party of French near, who did not know what was the matter, and they ran away. Lord Wellington knew his merits and humoured him. It was surprising what he bore from him at times.

Lord Wellington kept the day of storming Badajoz with a grand dinner yesterday; only those present at that event were asked. Lord Aylmer had a rival dinner party, at which was General Murray, &c., where I dined also. If the good news brings peace, what will become of your humble servant and many others here? "Othello's occupation's gone!"

General Murray is apparently very clever and clear-headed. I think he comes next to Lord Wellington, as far as I have seen. We are all full of the news, as a paper of the 22nd has arrived at Oporto several days later than the mail. We now know about Hamburg and Cuxhaven, Berlin, &c. I fear the French will be driven together into one large body, and may then be more than a match for any one army opposed to them, but they will be well cowed and disheartened. When will the Dutch be roused to do anything? Now, or never, is their time!

CHAPTER V.

NEWS OF THE FRENCH — CASTILIAN COSTUME — EQUIPMENT OF THE ARMY — MELANCHOLY COURT-MARTIAL CASE — WELLINGTON IN THE BATTLE OF FUENTES D'ONORE — THE CHANCES OF WAR — ANECDOTES OF WELLINGTON — HIS OPINIONS OF THE WAR — THE NEW MUTINY ACT — WELLINGTON ON "VETUS" — GENERAL MURRAY — ADVANCE OF THE FRENCH.

Head-Quarters, Frenada,
April 12, 1813.

MY DEAR M——,

I THINK, from what I hear, if we could but get grass, Lord Wellington would move about the second week in May. There is no immediate rospect of this, as you will suppose, when I tell you that the Military Secretary has sent all his horses nearly a hundred miles off for grass.

Our news here is, that some more of the French, about twenty men from every regiment, are ordered home. Some, but I believe no great number as yet, are actually gone: and about three or four thousand conscripts are supposed to have arrived

in Spain to fill up the vacancies of old soldiers removed. I do not think now that head-quarters will move until we march; and, from what I hear, we shall not go to Guinaldo, but stay here quietly until the army is drawn up around us, and ready to move.

The clergy here and in Spain, luckily, I understand, are generally of the same opinion as to the Pope's signing the Concordat as you say the emigrants are; that he did it from compulsion, or that a different instrument was substituted for his signature. It was feared that artful plan would have assisted Bonaparte in Spain.

I hear the same accounts of the state of commerce at Lisbon as George sends from London. Old Colonel Arentscfchildt here says, "She (that is, England) will make enough in Germany in the first six months, by trade, to carry on the war two years, if necessary." I fear the news in the papers concerning the Prince of Orange was rather premature. He says he has had no offer yet from the Continent, and heard nothing but from the newspaper. It will prove a prophecy, I hope, instead of a fact. He seems a very amiable, deserving youth, is liked by every one, and has had the greatest of all advantages for a young prince, that of being educated in a great measure with persons

who have behaved to him as if their equal. So, indeed, he is treated now; except having a little more respect paid to him, which I believe is really felt, he lives on terms of equality nearly with Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Lord March, Colonel G——, &c., and is quite one of the set, and is little or no restraint to any one. I met him, two days ago, scrambling down on the banks of the Coa, three miles off, by himself on foot. He must just now have some interesting subjects for contemplation, and I have no doubt some very flattering visions pass through his brain.

I am looking so much better than when I arrived at head-quarters, that Lord Wellington and several others think I am an exception to the general rule, and that the climate here agrees with me. In truth, I am only nearly got back to my natural state again, and am obliged to be at times very careful. Lord Wellington says he has had so many ill and dead since he has been here, that he does not like to think of it; many, like General Hulse, &c., whose loss he feels in every way. He says now, he is always ready to let every one go home when first he complains, and is disposed to tell every one who looks ill to be off.

I have just seen some very handsome specimens of the Castilian dresses, male and female, of the

higher classes of rich peasantry, made, I believe, by a tailor from Salamanca. The three female dresses Lord Wellington means to give to his nieces for masquerades; they are covered with work, embroidery, lace, and gold; he gives two thousand dollars for them. The man's dress was for Lord March, and is certainly most becoming to almost every one.

I must now go and consider the new intended Bill to punish our offenders here, which Lord Beresford has sent here for Lord Wellington to consult him upon it, and he has sent it to me—the draught of the intended act I mean; and as every one makes some observation, I must make a few also. So for the present adieu. I never told you that some of our military great boys here got very tipsy on the commemoration of the fall of Badajoz, and went to a poor *Juez de Fores*, that is, a Portuguese law magistrate, who was on a visit, and poured a bottle of blacking partly in his mouth, and partly over him, at twelve at night; and then made him dress, and go and help break poor C——'s only pane of glass, and upset his bed, as he had retired. Soldiers, lawyers, and all, I see, are boys at times alike.

April 13th.—Much too hot for hunting I should think; but all the sportsmen are out. Lord Wel-

lington has not got good horses to be idle ; he works them well. Besides all the hunting, &c., the day before yesterday, after doing business until twelve o'clock, off he went by himself, without saying a word to any one, over to Ciudad Rodrigo, seventeen miles off, inspected all the works, and was back again here in five hours and a half to dinner. He says they are now going on very well there, and he seems to be a little anxious about his own town. I suspect when we do move we shall get on fast, as Lord Wellington will like to pass the Douro before the French know his plans.

Wednesday, April 14th, Post-day.—This will be but a stupid packet, as I have no news or events here to communicate. General Castanos arrived here yesterday in a great lumbering carriage, with eight mules and ropes from Cadiz, on his way to his division. He called here for instructions, &c.

We have had in my own line another murder ; a private grenadier of the Buffs shot his officer, on their private parade at Plasencia, in the second division, from the window of his quarter, which was just opposite the officer's, and just as he came out to the men, who were all there. The officer was Lieutenant Annesley. The grenadier wounded a sergeant at the same time, and was instantly secured.

No quarrel or disagreement was known, but he said he was satisfied he had killed his enemy, and the day before, when another man committed suicide, he said "What a fool, not to kill his enemy first, if he had one!" The officer is well spoken of. The conduct of the grenadier is like madness more than anything else, and yet they say he was not mad; I have just sent out a charge against him, and order for trial.

Our own army is now quite clothed, I believe. I fear the Portuguese are only in the middle of theirs, and will not have finished these three weeks. You have no notion what there is to be done before an army like this is fit to move in such a country as this. We have been three months getting up these clothes from Lisbon for our men; the tents are not yet arrived for head-quarters, and some say that we shall not use them, only the army. I suppose, however, we must carry them.

Lord Tweeddale continues here as an amateur, and I believe will advance with us. When we march I fear I shall not be able to write so often, unless there is then no business to do, as our time will be much occupied in another way, and pen and ink will not be always at hand; I will take writing implements in the holster however. There is just now come out an order to pay everything

up to the 24th of December, that the officers may have a little money to prepare for the march.

Head-Quarters, Frenada, April 17th, 1813.—The corn looks very ill all about here, very thin, very yellow, and, I should say, positively very bad crops. Whether this is, however, also only comparatively bad as to other years I cannot say; from what I hear it is so, in some degree, I believe; but the soil is very poor about this place, and I suspect their harvest is never very abundant. Several parts of Spain have this year suffered much from the want of rain, and the very early heat of the weather; Estremadura in particular, where the sun has been very powerful, and everything has been burnt up. My authority for this is General O'Donoghue.

In my own department I have another rather melancholy story. A Mr. M——, clerk in the commissariat department, had been guilty of fraud and embezzlement of stores, some pork, rice, and milks, to no great amount, as far as I could prove under 20*l.*; but it was sold out of the store at Caligas, in a village near. By Lord Wellington's orders I made out a charge against M——, and sent it to him at Coimbra, with an order from the Commissary for him to attend under close arrest at Cea to take his trial, as the witnesses were near

Galigas. He soon after the receipt of this letter and order shot himself, and by his death has put an end to the whole business. I understand he is well connected in England, has respectable friends, and was in a good situation there. A woman he lived with here, I believe, has been the cause of the whole, and when he turned her off she stirred up the witnesses against him, and was the cause of its being known to Sir R. Kennedy, and by his means to Lord Wellington, when, of course, a prosecution was inevitable. By the Mutiny Act he was liable to transportation for life, fine, imprisonment, or pillory, and he could not stand the disgrace. In part he admitted the charge, and pleaded sickness and distress. It was unfortunate that the discovery fell on such a subject, for it was, I believe, a single falling off from general good conduct.

I have now got a Court-martial in the fourth division, the only one which has been hitherto free, to sit near Escalpaon, and to try three fellows for going out at night and stealing seven sheep, keeping sentry as a guard over the two shepherds, whilst they skinned the sheep and divided the meat; two other men were with them, of better characters, and they are therefore to be admitted as witnesses against the three. The Court at

Coimbra has let my two worst fellows almost escape with twelve hundred lashes; they ought to have been hung, as they are desperate fellows—both Irishmen; they have been most mutinous and insolent whilst under trial, and one of them, a few days since, said he did not know whether he was to be hung or flogged this time, but if the latter, he would take care next time there should be no witnesses to tell of what he had done.

Lord Wellington, I understood, at dinner the day before yesterday, said, "We must move by the end of the first week in May, that's positive;" and then he spoke sharply to Colonel F——r of the artillery, because the artillery was not arrived; the colonel coolly said, "My lord, I do not think the artillery have been, or will be, the cause of your lordship staying at Frenada. Transport is the great difficulty, animals are so scarce. The Portuguese make much money, but are afraid of spending it, or getting or breeding animals for fear of their being seized or embargoed." An engineer has been appointed in orders, and sent to each division, and a messenger or Spanish courier, who arrived three days since in four days from Cadiz post, was last night sent post round through Seville to Alicant; something, therefore, is in agitation, and this all looks like preparation for moving. He ex-

pected to arrive at Alicant in eight days at the most, if not in seven.

Lord Wellington the other day was again talking of the battle at Fuentes d'Onore; he said he was obliged to ride hard to escape, and thought at one time, as he was on a slow horse, he should have been taken. The whole of head-quarters, general and all, he said, English dragoons, and French dragoons, were all galloping away together across the plain, and he more than once saw a French dragoon in a green coat within twenty yards of him. One Frenchman got quite past them all, and they could not knock him off his horse. At last they caught his bridle and stopped him.

21*st April*.—We early sup (as you call your late dinners) here, and are as smart as you are in England in that respect. At present half-past seven is the hour. I long for the fashion of three o'clock dinners to arrive, which I understand will be soon. We cannot change this hour till Lord Wellington does, as business is now going on till six. We also beat the most fashionable in London in one respect, as we have no female society at all here. There is one lady here, Mrs. S——, and that is all the English we see, once in a week perhaps; and then the men preponderate so, that the tone of the society is quite male. There is one Portuguese

lady, niece to the Capitan Mor here, or principal resident inhabitant; but she is ugly, and said to be perfumed too strongly with oily salt-fish. She is no favourite, and is very little noticed. Her little uncle hunts with Lord Wellington on a little country pony, and does wonders in that way; he seems an active little Portuguese.

Lieutenant-Colonel W——, who is now here in the Adjutant-general's Department, ill when I joined, but now returned, has had some curious adventures in this country. He once fell in, he and two dragoons, with a small party of French, close to their main body, attending some baggage. He, his men consenting, attacked the French, beat them off, plundered their baggage, and brought off the best mule; he kept the latter himself, and has it here now, and the two soldiers took the money, &c. Another time he was riding on quietly with Captain D——, of the same department, on the advance from the lines at Torres Vedras on the retreat of Massena; they were quietly jogging on to enter a place which was intended to be English head-quarters that day. When close to it, they found the French were still there in force, and they saw three French dragoons close upon them, but who did not see them. They resolved to attack by surprise. They knocked two off from

their horses, and attacked the third; he got away, and they went after him. In the mean time the other two set off. It ended, however, in W—— and D—— securing one dragoon horse, and some other booty, and they got away safe. Soon after this Lieutenant-Colonel W—— was himself taken prisoner at Sabugal, when the French advanced at the time of the siege of Badajoz. He was then mounted on this very dragoon horse, which he had kept as booty; the horse was known by the French when he was carried in. He was asked how he came by the horse? He said he bought it of a soldier; and as the three Frenchmen had reported that they had been attacked by a "dozen men in buckram," &c., and had said nothing of two officers, it all went off well, and he kept their secret and his own. He refused to give his parole, and was therefore ill fed, and kept prisoner with other privates, and treated like the rest, except that they let him ride Dragon, as he had christened his horse.

Near Salamanca, a Spanish friend to whom he had been kind, came to offer his services to him; he said, "Only get me a new pair of very sharp rowels to my spurs, that is all I want." This was done, and on the next day, the party, a whole French column of infantry, marched on at daybreak at about seven. Just near the end of the wood, near

Salamanca, in a wide open part of the road, he saw most of the French horsemen were dismounted; so he turned about, used his new rowels strongly, got the start of them some way, and was off. He galloped till he heard no one behind him. At first there was a shout of "*Le Mayo, le Mayo,*" and some pursued; he then crossed another road where another French party was, got round by the mountains, got, I think, to Tamones by eleven that night, and to Fuentes d'Onore next day safe. The French had fed their horses in the fields at night on grass, and were soon blown. He had refused to let his horse leave him, and gave him only a little bran, and yet, though his horse was a slow one too, he thus got safe off. He has since sold the horse. Lord Wellington asked him, "Why?" He said, "Because, my Lord, I was very near being taken again on him when with your Lordship at the battle of Fuentes d'Onore, and that would be awkward, as the horse is known by the French." He seems an odd character.

With this long story I must end. * * *

The Commissaries all live here most famously, the Lord knows how out of their pay; and that ought to be nearly their only advantage.

Frenada, Head-Quarters, April 24th, 1813.—Four of our Generals are arrived—Graham, Fane,

Picton, and Oswald; Sir Stapleton Cotton, who is in orders here to command the whole cavalry, is, however, not yet arrived, and is much wanted; but, Graham and Picton are very good officers.

Lord Wellington, a few days since, said he hoped the Spaniards were in many respects getting on much better; that there was a numerous body now well clothed at least, and armed and tolerably disciplined; that he was always ordering the drills to go on with spirit, and by perseverance he thought they were much improving; that he never interfered with the mode, but asked what their military rules and laws were, and then said, "Well, that is very good; now mind and see that they are put in force, and, remember, it is not I but your law orders this; I have only to see your laws executed, which are very good, and they must be obeyed." He said, the Staff here seemed well enough satisfied. As you seemed to like my anecdotes, I must try and recollect some more.

The artillery is what Lord Wellington rails at most. They cannot get on as well as he thinks they ought, or at least as he wants them to do. I do not mean now in particular, but generally, and the officers commanding are rather heavy and slow, or, as Lord Wellington said himself one day of a late commander, "I took care to let him feel that

I thought him very stupid." "That must have been," General Murray said privately, "by telling him so, in plain terms I have no doubt." Colonel F——, who commanded the artillery at the battle of Salamanca, and who is very well spoken of by every one, but at times, I believe, is slow, was once with Lord Wellington at an audience when things went wrong, and Lord Wellington got irate, and told him pretty nearly that his friend concerning whom he was inquiring "might go to hell." Colonel F—— came muttering out, "I'll go, Sir, to the Quarter-master-general for a route," which Lord Wellington heard, and laughed well.

General Murray says that on hunting days he could get almost anything done, as Lord Wellington stands whip in hand ready to start, and soon despatches all business. Some of the Generals (Lord Wellington said one day) used to come and hunt and then get on business, and get him to answer things in a hasty way he did not intend, but which they went away and acted upon. "Oh d—— them," he said, "I won't speak to them again when we are hunting." Colonel F——'s friend on his route to his destination would have found plenty of fuel but less green forage than we have here

By all accounts the first day after we were in Badajoz, the scene was very shocking in every way; nothing but dead and wounded on all sides, and drunkenness and plunder in all directions. Even Lord Wellington, when in the street with his staff, was followed by drunken soldiers, continually firing feux-de-joie over his head with ball cartridges, and never thinking where the balls went.

The Portuguese government have got bolder, and have tried some of our people by their laws, when caught in the act, and have sent two or three to the coast of Africa. If this were generally known, it would do more good, I believe, than our floggings. Lord Wellington said formerly, their government always declined trying our people themselves, but now they generally accepted the offer when made. Lieutenant K—— of the Guards, who was tried and acquitted last week of ordering a sentry to fire and killing a native, was very much alarmed lest the Portuguese should try him as it was at first agreed. His was a hasty act, but there was a slight riot, and I think in law he was properly acquitted, as he was struck with a stone by somebody in the mob that was collected.

My cases are now rather increasing again, I

think, and will, I suppose, continue until we march. I have had two very blackguard officers to try in the Royal Drivers' corps. And sheep-stealing has now succeeded to pig-shooting, as pork is out of season. The horses are now like mad when turned out, and are scampering all over the country.

I had a long general conversation with Lord Wellington yesterday. After discussing our business, up and down the market-place, upon Spain, &c., he said, "the want of rain began to be very alarming; but that as soon as the pontoons arrived he would be off. The heavy artillery have started two or three days since from Castello Blanco, they will be here by the 31st. The pontoons are stuck somewhere on the road." He discussed the war here, and in the North, with me; said, a country ought to think well before it undertook to do what Spain did. That, certainly, Spain and Portugal were the fittest places to try the experiment of a battle for the mere soil, because, in general, there was nothing else in the country much worth fighting for, or which could be much damaged.

"As, for instance," said he, "what is this village worth? burn it, a few hundreds would make it as good as ever with a little labour;" but now, he

said, he believed a great portion of the Spaniards began to be very anxious to bring the business to a close, that they had rather that we should beat out the French and be off, but that, next to that, they had sooner the French beat us out, and had quiet possession, than that such a war as that of the last three years should be continued. He said the Cortes were going on ill he thought, that they were unpopular, knew it, and did not know how to set about becoming otherwise; that he disapproved of their meddling with the royal feudal tithes, or church property, and particularly with the elections of the next assembly, with which he thought they had nothing to do; they have declared the elections of one district all void, from some informality, and as the new elections have run much upon priests, they have been trying to make these void, as being within the clause concerning placemen in their constitution—"that no placeman was to be elected for his own district." "However," he said, "in the present state of things all the real and urgent business, and what is now the most material, namely, all relating to the army and the war, is done here, at Frenada, and let them squabble at Cadiz; if they will leave us alone, I don't care. Portugal is for some time quite safe and out of the scrape, and if things go on well I think

Spain will be out of the scrape also." "But," he added, "he should almost be sorry to see such a war as this has been carried on all over Germany, where there is so much to destroy and to be lost."

In spite of the poverty of the country and the difficulty as to obtaining bullocks, we have somehow or other collected one thousand here to begin the campaign with—I hear one hundred and fifty fine ones for the artillery.

April 26th.—I am kept going to the last minute. A number of new cases are come in, and I am very busy again; the more so, as the time is so short, and so uncertain when all my Courts are to break up. I cannot get below a dozen cases in hand, as new ones arise faster than I try the old ones.

I have just heard from Coimbra, that one Court-martial is broken up by a division of cavalry moving down to Oporto. I do not quite understand this, but conclude they will pass the river somewhere below, and so march through the Tras os Montes, and join us again on the other side of the Douro, and have a good untouched country to advance through, otherwise this does not look like a march. No one knows, however; and I believe I know as much as the Adjutant-general. I must now write to Lord Wellington; this movement at Coimbra

has disturbed two of my Coimbra cases very much.

The new Mutiny Act has been sent out to me There are several changes—one I see which I suggested. But the business is very much bungled.

The Mutiny Act and Articles of War are now at variance, as the latter have not been altered with the former. By the first an officer may now be tried here by a Court of seven members; by the Articles there must be thirteen.

Some of the fifth division have, I hear, moved across the Douro at Lamego. This confirms my opinion above, especially as D'Urban's Portuguese cavalry are all north of the Mondego, and have been some time there. This will, however, disturb another of my Courts. Lord Wellington says, the witnesses must follow and try and catch the Court, but I am no hunter, and shall try to remove the case to another place. I dine with Lord Wellington.

Head Quarters, Frenada, Saturday, May 1st, 1813.—This last week I have again been very busy, and shall remain so, I have no doubt, until we move. This, I think, will be in a week or so, as our wings are in motion. The cavalry round by Oporto, as I mentioned before, and some Portuguese infantry, under Colonel Hamilton, are advancing to Alcantara from near Portalegre and

Eloss. We shall soon be drawing together, but head-quarters, I have very little doubt, will be the last to move. We have just got the "*Spanish Gazette*," of Seville, with Elio's letter, stating the victory obtained by General Murray near Alicant, and his driving Suchet back with loss, through Bejar and Villana to Fuente Higuera. I conclude you will have heard this in England before this reaches you. We have no English account, but Lord Wellington, seems to consider it as very good news. He came running into the Military Secretary's room, where I was yesterday, to communicate this, saying, "Murray has beat Suchet, Fitzroy."—I always expected the fighting would begin in that quarter this campaign. We got also yesterday from Lisbon the almost incredible good news that Austria had agreed to join the Allies with eighty thousand men in Germany, and one hundred thousand in Italy, and that Davoust and Grenier had been again defeated. Lord Wellington seems rather to give credit to all this. Poor Bony will go mad if it should prove all to be true.

A few days since at dinner at Lord Wellington's, he got upon the subject of "Vetus." He said, he thought he knew the author, and that he had been in India—not Mackintosh as reported here. He then went on to say, "he did not think much of

Vetus's letters; that many of his facts as to this country were quite without foundation; that neither Vetus, nor the O. P.'s, nor Lord Wellesley, knew anything about the war here, and what could or could not be done; that he fully believed government had done all they could; that the men who did come could not have been here sooner, and perhaps had better have come still later; that more cavalry he could not have employed had he had them at Lisbon for want of transport for food; that when he advanced formerly to Talavera, he left several thousand men at Lisbon because he could not supply them if with the army; that even now he could not have brought up the Hussar brigade into the field, unless by draughting home the three regiments whose men he lately had sent back, and thus setting at liberty their transport; that the Guards, Life and Blues, he knew of some time since, and sent five months ago to Estremadura to collect mules for their supply; that every two dragoons employed a mule to feed the men and horses, and that all this difficulty in the detail was quite unknown at home. In short, he said, Lord Wellesley knew nothing about the matter, and he had no reason to be dissatisfied with government at home." All this made several of us stare. I am told Lord Wellington was very

angry with Lord Wellesley for his resignation, and hardly spoke to any one for some days after he had heard the fact. Lord Paget has just sent up here two of the Hussars, a corporal and a private, to wait as orderlies on my lord the peer; two very fine fellows. This was out of compliment. They will only be ruined at head-quarters, which is a terrible place for soldiers and servants; over-pay, great idleness, and every third house a wine-house.

I have just read Mrs. M. A. Clark and the Messrs. Fitzgerald's, &c., which Lord Fitzroy Somerset sent me by desire of Lord Wellington. It is a curious production, and very ingenious as I understand it, merely as a punishment on the Chancellor of the Exchequer for not letting her profit by the Treasury; and, at the same time, a strong inducement to all others in her favour, held over their heads *in terrorem*, not to be guilty of equal ingratitude; that is, not to neglect making up her deficiencies in cash when a hint has been given them of the necessity.

May 2nd.—Lord Wellington, I hear, is to go to-day to General Cole's division, the fourth, near the Figuera, above Castello Rodrigo, and near Eschalao. He sends his hounds over the six leagues to-day: they hunt there to-morrow. On Tuesday he re-

views the fourth division, and returns here to dinner at Frenada afterwards. Lord Wellington said, some days since, he would move on the 5th of May: some of the army may, and will, I have no doubt; but I certainly do not think *we* shall, before the 10th. No one knows however, I take it; and I dare say no one will know until the day before, when all will be in a bustle. I hope we shall not set out in this weather, however, which continues constant cold rain, and wind. By watching sharp, I can generally get an hour's ride dry; but it will be rather dismal work to start on a long march in this wet, and it would, from the state of the roads, knock up the mules too much at first, when I take it they will have far enough to go.

If the news about Austria be true, and General Murray has really beaten Suchet in an English, and not merely in a Spanish fashion, the French, when they hear we have crossed the Douro, will, I think, go at once behind the Ebro, carrying all they can with them that is moveable and worth carriage. At present, however, their plan seems to be, to try to make a stand on the Douro first. They are evidently receding gradually from Madrid.

Later.—I have just heard part of my gossip of head-quarters is not correct. Lord Wellington has got a cold, and has determined not to go to

General Cole to-day, though the weather has now cleared up.

May 3rd, Monday.—Lord Wellington is rather worse to-day, and does not leave Frenada, as I hear. I hope his review will be quite put off. He has, I believe, only a bad cold. We have still no further news of the Alicant business: at Cadiz they had only seen the same account as ours. Mr. Wellesley says that the people were in high spirits about it there, though I suspect in part some of the Spaniards did not behave well. The allied loss is reported at nine hundred, and that of the French at two thousand. If we could kill off at this rate, and make the Spaniards bear a fair share, this would do very well. I have since heard from Colonel C—— that it is supposed Elio's troops behaved ill, and threw away their arms. Elio's corps was, by orders, not to fight, but to unite with General Murray: he was just about to do so, and part of his corps was on his left, but too far distant, and gave way when attacked. The orders were, for all the corps—Elio's, Del Parque's, &c.—to unite with General Murray without a battle. General Murray will scarcely be able to do much (if he has beat Suchet) with his small force, if he cannot trust the Spaniards. I hope, however, Whittingham's corps has behaved well.

May 4th, Tuesday.—Lord Wellington has just got eight of the Prince Regent's grey stallions up from Lisbon to draw his carriage on the march: they are small, but showy, little, prancing, round-carcased animals. They have the same mark as is on my black horse from Machacha; but mine beats them in beauty. To-day they were tried, and not having eyes, or for some time, been in harness, or not liking the country so well as Lisbon, they would not for a long time go at all. One reared up and fell backwards twice, clean over, and one got astride the pole. They got better, however, at last, and did not break the carriage as I expected. His six old large mules would do the work much better, though not so showy for Spain.

I saw Lord Wellington to-day, and he said he was much better; but has a regular, heavy, bad cold in appearance.

May 5th.—Here we are, still mum, as I expected; and I now hear the reason is, these pontoons are not yet arrived. They left Castello Blanco May the 1st only, and I am told cannot reach this before the 9th; of course, therefore, Monday the 10th is now talked of: I think, however, it may be still Thursday next, the day after the post-day again, before we stir; most say, however, Tuesday the 11th; much may depend on news. Of course,

Lord Wellington must be very anxious to know the true state of the North of Europe before we start—the present strong south-west gales are much against that; and also he wishes to know the exact effect of the fight at Alicant. I dined yesterday at head-quarters, and Lord F. Somerset there told me they had more irregular accounts of the latter business, and they became less and less satisfactory. It was understood that the Spaniards, when first attacked alone, were charged and quite cut up by the French—*muy mal tratado*, is the Spanish private account; and one whole regiment surrendered, I am told, entire. Three regiments are considered as *mis hors de combat.* That our army did certainly afterwards at last beat back a French partial attack with loss; but that our vanguard had been beaten back before, and that the loss of nine hundred was, in our army, English and Sicilians, without Spaniards. This will not do: still it is to be hoped Whittingham's people behaved better.

Lord Wellington dined at table again yesterday, and was much better. I sat next to him on one side and the Prince of Orange on the other, as there happened to be no other grandees there; and we had much conversation. This has happened two or three times lately when I have been

there, and there are few besides his own establishment present. He always calls the two who are on his right and left, and Campbell settles the rest. I mention this, as I know you would like to sit next to this great hero yourself. Lord F. Somerset sent me yesterday a little pamphlet of Lord Wellington's, containing the account of the Russian retreat—rather a catchpenny, I think; and, though not exceeding the Russian gazettes in the number of French prisoners, adding several rather incredible details, such as the French crawling into the fires like gnats into a candle, without being sensible of their danger, &c.

The French, who had quitted Toledo altogether, have again advanced, and occupied it with much the same force as before, to the great discomfiture of the junta there, who thought the "*Esclaves*" (as they call them in the account of the Alicant battle) were gone for good and for ever. To-day Lord Wellington keeps the anniversary of the battle of Fuentes d'Onore, and all present at that battle dine with him.

5th (*Later*).—Since writing the above, I have received a case of a deserter from the Isla de Leon. Two years since he deserted to the French, and persuaded others to go with him. As no time is now to be lost, I have drawn the charge and sent

the whole off to Lamego for trial directly. My only Court which has as yet moved, or had orders to move, is that at Coimbra, who are cavalry, and are now at Oporto. I have sent Mr. Commissary D—— on there to be tried, from Coimbra, for a breach of orders; and a number of witnesses are all gone with him on both sides to Oporto: I only hope they may not, by any sudden order, have all their march for nothing. We have now, since Christmas, tried eighty cases, and I have still ten in hand, besides about thirty which have gone off and come to nothing.

CHAPTER VI.

NEWSPAPER COMPLAINTS—WELLINGTON'S COMMENTS—REVIEW OF THE PORTUGUESE—GATHERINGS AT HEAD-QUARTERS—REVIEWS—RECOMMENCEMENT OF THE MARCH—THE ROUTE.

Head-Quarters, Frenada,
May 8, 1813.

MY DEAR M——,

I HAVE first to thank you for your letter and paper of the 21st, which was most acceptable, as it happened to be, once more, the only paper of that date at head-quarters, and of course the only one which had the accounts from the French papers of Bonaparte's having left Paris, and of the state of their armies, &c. Finding this to be the case I hastened to read it, and laid it, with three Courts-martial, before Lord Wellington; more particularly, among other things, pointing out to him the letter from Lisbon, a malicious one as against him, stating

the discontent of the cavalry officers at having their horses turned over to the Germans, and at its being done by a German officer, &c., and the disgrace at being sent home dismounted. He read it through, and at every sentence of that part relating to the general state of the cavalry, he went on with a laugh, "a lie!"—"a lie!"—"a lie!" except as to Lieutenant-Colonel Sherlock's being vexed at the regiment being sent home. "That's very true—all the rest is a lie!"

I think we are still here for some days. The pontoons are only expected to arrive in this neighbourhood to-morrow, and I have then heard it whispered that we shall not stir until they are on the banks of the river, or indeed till they are fixed ready. The brigade of heavy artillery, namely, six eighteen pounders, were encamped about two miles from hence on Thursday, and I went over to see them. The encampment was pretty, and the difficulty of transport will be conceived when I tell you there were above a hundred and sixty of the strongest oxen employed in getting these six pieces, with the appurtenances, along the road, besides spare animals.

The next day the whole proceeded to Almeyda; this, and what I hear about the pontoons, makes me

conceive that a part of the army at least will cross the Douro immediately, somewhere in the vicinity of Eschalaon; but of course I can only conjecture, and am in the dark very much on the subject. The troops still remain at Lamego, Vigen, Cea, Coria, Moimento, &c.; only the cavalry round by Oporto, and some of General Hill's, have moved yet. The Hussar brigade are now all up near us, and the Household gentlemen all in the road on this and the other side of Sabugal. Some of the Blues have been here; they are in fine order. I saw some horses as fat as in England; I hear, however, a much worse account of the Life Guard horses. Colonel H., of the Blues, says he does not see why his horses should not go on as they do, and look as well through the campaign; the older soldiers, however, here say, "Wait for a little duty and starvation, and then talk; you have done nothing but come up the best time of the year in the grass season."

I dined yesterday at head-quarters, to meet General Graham. He is a very fine old man, but does not indeed look quite fit for this country work; every one seems to think and say the same, and also that he is broken since he was here. It is quite a pity to see such a fine old man exposed as he must be. General Picton was also there, and

seemed in full vigour. All the great guns come here to pay their respects to head-quarters. Lord Wellington is quite well again; was out hunting on Thursday, and, being kept in by rain all yesterday, is making up for it to-day by persisting in his expedition to the fourth division. He was to set out at seven this morning for the review of General Cole's division, on a plain beyond Castel Rodrigues, about twenty-eight miles from hence, was to be on the ground about ten, and was to be back at dinner to-day by four or five o'clock. This is something like vigour, and yet I think he overdoes it a little; he has, however, a notion that it is exercise makes head-quarters more healthy than the rest of the army generally is, and that the hounds are one great cause of this. I must, for the present, take my leave.

Monday, May 10th.—Our weather is, since yesterday, clearing up again, and is just now perfection—a mild sun, moist ground, and fine, genial, south-west wind: it will soon, I fear (from what I am told), turn now to heat. I inquire daily as to the pontoons, upon which I am persuaded our movement depends, and have now ascertained that they only left Castello Blanco three days since, and that a commissariat clerk went yesterday to meet them with fresh animals at Sabugal. I am per-

suaded they cannot be here before the 13th or 14th, and so says General Picton, who passed the men on the road; if they are then to move on to be fixed, we cannot well stir before the 16th or 17th, and that seems the general opinion here now, though Lord Wellington appears to be impatient about it.

I have now to tell you of a piece of gaiety of mine yesterday. I went to leave a Court-martial with Lord Wellington about twelve o'clock; saw him, and found that at two he was to set out for another review of the Spanish cavalry of the Conde de Penne Villemar, who have often been mentioned, and were of use in General Hill's surprise, &c. I had much curiosity to see these gentlemen, and finding, after I had seen the Adjutant-general, I had only one summons to send out, I agreed with Lord Aylmer to go with him to this review, ran home, wrote, sent off my summons, dressed, &c., got my black horse equipped in his best also, and at one we set off for Huero, near which the cavalry were ordered to assemble, on the Agueda. It was about twelve or thirteen miles, and we got there, riding gently, soon after three, having gone about two miles round, under the guidance of Colonel B——, close to the Quinta de Agueda, a pretty farm and gentleman's house (as here esteemed), in a wild,

parkish scene in the wood. I knew the road well, as it was nearly my way to Guinaldo, but I had no objection to seeing this Quinta, so took merit for my modesty, but only undertook to be guide home. The meadows were quite green, the woods all coming out in leaf, and the thorn in blossom.

At about a mile from this place we fell in with Lord Wellington and his aides-de-camp, who had got over, in about an hour and twenty minutes, by my road. The party then was Lord Wellington, Lord F. Somerset, Colonel C. Campbell, the Prince of Orange, his aide-de-camp, Lord Aylmer, Colonel B——, and myself, and I assure you the black went neighing about in high spirits, looking very sleek and respectable. On the ground we were met by the Spanish generals O'Donnell and O'Lalor, and found the cavalry drawn up in front of the river in open order, about seven hundred in all. The first and best regiment was that of Algarva, the second was that of Estremadura, and then came on the left a single squadron of partizans, to be the regiment de Gallicia. The two first regiments were tolerably clothed, and some of the men fine-looking fellows, all very fierce in appearance, with their dark faces and black beards, &c. The arms, though not uniform, good enough; the greater part with our cavalry broadsword and

carbine, but many with our sailors' long straight boarding-sword, and no bad weapon either — I should think the best of the two. The helmets, black and steel, or rather bright iron, were serviceable, and seemed to have seen no little service; many, however, were black and brass, belonging to other regiments of Saguntum, &c. &c.; the belts mostly white, at least of the Algarva regiment, many black in the other. The horses, in general, very small, and some scarcely fit for duty, but for the most part well fed apparently, and in very fair condition; out of the two one very tolerable set might have been chosen, as good, I understand, as many French regiments have been when here.

The left squadron of Portuguese were queer-looking gentlemen, in dirty brown, blue, and green jackets of all hues and ages; one fellow among them quite a monster in size, and excited much notice. Lord Wellington quite burst out as he passed. After his lordship and his suite had passed in front and in the rear of the whole, as in England, they passed him in troops and saluted. The officers then appeared the worst — awkward louts; some did not salute at all, some in a most clumsy manner; but perhaps this was not a custom of their own, as they had inquired what was usual with us. They were, many of them, however,

round-shouldered, dirty, ill-looking men. Lord Wellington then desired them to form once into close column, and then deploy again, and as there was more room across the river, just desired it might be done there. We galloped across, and then the scene of the cavalry passing the ford was very picturesque, as the day was very fine and the mountains and country in great beauty. This was between Huero and Castilegos. They manœuvred thus much very tolerably, that is, the regiment, for the squad of partizans remained behind practising the broadsword. The ground on which the regiments were was quite a bog.

About five o'clock off went Lord Wellington in a gallop across the country home to dinner. We all followed close for about a league, and then, to save our animals, not having fifteen as he has, Lord F. Somerset, Lord Aylmer, General Oswald, and myself went quietly on, and got here about a quarter after seven, I for one much pleased with my trip, and glad I had so suddenly resolved upon it. The Conde de P. Villemar did not command, and, as I understand, has retired in disgust altogether, because there is a commander-in-chief appointed in the cavalry, and that he wished to be if there was to be one, or at least not to have any one over him. I hear he was always a person

who had a will of his own, and did not like to obey orders. These jealousies and quarrels are much to be regretted. The officer who commanded was Monte Major. His aide-de-camp told me that a number of their men were on duty, and that their real numbers were above one thousand.

The review of the fourth division was, I believe, much more satisfactory to Lord Wellington, as everything was in high order. Portuguese and all, about six thousand five hundred. But I, who so often have seen a good English review, was much more gratified with these Spanish gentlemen. The Life-Guards, &c., are to be inspected to-morrow, but I shall not trouble them unless they are very near us indeed.

The messenger sent off on the 17th to Alicant has returned to-day, and has been round by Cadiz in his return. He makes our loss less—only about three hundred, I hear from the official statement—and that of the French greater: and I was very glad to hear Whittingham's men have behaved well, and that General Murray is well satisfied with them. This messenger rode from Cadiz here in three days.

We have here to-day all the grandees—Marshal Beresford, General Alava, Don Julian, General

Graham; the latter has been to the review above sixteen miles distant, to see the Household Brigade. They mustered eight hundred and twenty-nine rank and file in the field, that is, Blues and Life-Guards together, and seven hundred and fifty-one horses, and performed very well, I hear. The horses of the Blues much the best, some of the Life-Guards' rather skeletonish. I still fear General Graham is too old for this work; at least he must not act as he did at Barossa. Before the battle, I am told, he stood up to his middle in the water for an hour and more, encouraging the troops to get on, English and Spanish; jumped off his horse on purpose for the example. It is added, some of the men said, "Come, old corporal, do go and take care of yourself, and get out of our way."

Lord Wellington was to-day in his full Colonel's dress uniform, and looked very well in it,—the Blues.

Wednesday, 12th, Post-day. Head-Quarters, Frenada.—Still here, and I still think we shall be so for some days. There are symptoms, however, of a move soon, such as the packing of Lord Wellington's claret, &c. &c. The pontoons are expected the day after to-morrow. The twenty-four pounders are on their march through Gallicia from Corunna, I believe. The eighteen-pounders have passed on

by Almeyda from hence. The cavalry near the coast, whom I caught for a Court-martial at Oporto, sending every witness from Coimbra, have now in part, I understand, passed Braga. I sent a case yesterday to Lamego, but fear I shall be too late, and it must be tried on the march; there are so many little delays, however, that I may yet be in time. The difficulties now increase. Lord Wellington and Colonel F—— of the artillery do not agree. Lord Wellington complains much of the heads of that department. He sent B—— home some time since, and I now hear F—— is to go to England, and for the present, at least, Lieut.-Colonel D—— is to have the command. F—— is much of a gentleman, I think; draws, I hear, very well, &c. &c., but has a bad memory, is nervous, and raises difficulties, which I suspect Lord Wellington does not encourage, but expects things to be done, if possible. I am now told General Pakenham is to act as Adjutant-general to the army, and supersede Lord Aylmer, the deputy Adjutant-general, but who has acted hitherto as principal. Every one speaks most highly of Pakenham.

Head-Quarters, Frenada, May 15th, 1813. *Saturday.*—The first division of Guards and Germans left Vigeu for Lamego three days since. The fifth division have left Lamego, and are marching

through the Tras os Montes. The seventh division have left Moimento, I believe on the same route. The sixth, I hear, have also left Cea.

When the French, who are still at Salamanca, Arevalo, Avila, Madrid, &c. &c., hear we have thus crossed the Douro and turned their position, they must either assemble and give battle, which I think they will not do, or they must at once go beyond the Ebro, and then I suppose we shall attack Burgos, and cross after them. Anyhow I expect a good long march in the outset. The army, however, on the whole, is in good condition, and never has had so long a repose, or been so regularly clothed, &c. The sick are reduced to near seven thousand, and will probably be never much less. A very bad report has been made of the pontoons: they changed the oxen for horses, and these treated them roughly; the day before yesterday so bad a daily state was reported of them, that yesterday, when they reached Sabugal, off went Lord Wellington about twenty-six miles to look at them with his own eyes. I hear he is glad to know the worst, but that is bad. They are made too slight, were old and had new bottoms made for them, but now the sides are very much shaken and decayed. Exaggeration reports that the tin covering is knocked in holes, and that the wood of the sides may be

pinched out by the touch in some places. Lord Wellington may now, however, act accordingly, knowing the worst. I hear they do not pass this way, but across by Galegos, a different road from the heavy guns (the eighteen-pounders). I now think, therefore, that the heavy guns will cross towards Lamego by the bridge, as they have done, and that the pontoons will be fixed, if at all, further north up the river. I guess we shall cross at Zamora, but cannot tell: it is said the bridge is not destroyed there.

On Monday Lord Wellington reviews the light division in our front under General Anson—the 43rd, 52nd, 95th, and the Caçadores Portuguese, —a very fine body of men. To-morrow he fixes his tent in the Praga of Frenada, and gives a dinner to the Marshal Beresford, the 16th being the anniversary of the battle of Albuera. To this I am asked, though not a military man, and certainly not present on that fortunate occasion. Our town is so full, that some encamp; and Captain M——, who is just arrived here, sleeps and dresses in the ante-room of the Adjutant-general's office, where the printing-press is all day at work, and leaves him a fine perfume of oily ink at night, besides the full smell from the stables below, through the open floor, which he enjoys almost as

much as I do myself here in my quarters. Our numbers at head-quarters are so increased that I fear we shall find it very difficult and inconvenient to get quarters when on the march. We have now Lord William Russell and Lord John here, the former on Lord Wellington's staff, the latter, I believe, as an amateur. We have also Lord March's brother in the dragoons, and last, but not least, I can assure you, Captain Fitzclarence, an immense young man: he is in the Adjutant-general's department.

The first division from Vigeu are, as I hear, to be at Braganza the 17th, or thereabouts. It is said great part of the army will be there by the 22nd, and that by the same day the second division, under General Hill, will from Coria be within seven leagues of Salamanca; yet the 52nd, who to-day are at Nava da Ver in order to attend the review of the light division at Espeja, are to return to Guinaldo.

I have just fallen in with a dozen of the Life Guards, with their brass helmets, &c. &c. I think before they have lived to October they will have a very philosophical idea of a vacuum—one pound of bony, lean beef will occupy but a little of their long stomachs. I suspect our good allies the Spaniards will think we have sent them a regiment

of Don Quixottes, that we have kept alive the breed on purpose; and the horses from present appearances may in a little time make no bad Rosinantes. Five of six of these tall, six feet high men were mounted on mules going to Almeyda, to get iron; I pitied them to-day, bargaining for a bit of dear cheese and some dried chestnuts in the market. They have some spirit, however, and will not enter the staff mounted corps, a new thing, saying it is a sort of police, and that they had rather be police at home as before than here, if to be police at all. This corps of staff horse is to be two hundred, and to be composed of volunteers from all regiments. Officers do not take to it as yet, but very good-looking men have volunteered in general; none from the hussars, as I hear.

Monday evening, 17*th*. The dinner yesterday went off famously, very well managed in the tent, and very comfortable. There was Lord Wellington, supported by Marshal Beresford and General Sir Lowry Cole on one side, and by General Castanos and Sir T. Graham on the other; and then all the staff of the three Generals, Wimpfen, O'Lalor, Alava, &c., with the aides-de-camp; the Portuguese Quarter-Master-general, and other staff, Lord Aylmer, Lord F. Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, Lord March, and all the heads of departments.

Almost all were with stars, medals, Portuguese orders, or something distinguishing. If I were in the American General Harrison's army, perhaps I might get an honourable mention, like his good friend Charles Walker, the Judge Advocate-general, who was of such use in corps of spies. Then we had Mr. Joe Kelly, of the Life Guards, a famous singer, whom I recognised as having heard at Shrewsbury races, and he gave us some good songs; and we "hip! hip! hipped," &c. &c., to the grandees. I was entertained at the display of etiquette between the Marshal and General Castanos, who should go into the tent first; at last they went in side by side, as other great men have before determined that knotty point. Castanos seems very easy and good-humoured, and willing to give way, and even to have a little fun, but he is very old. All the fashionables were at the review this morning near Espeja, and a very fine sight it was. Between five and six thousand of the *élite* of ours, and of the Portuguese; the line near three quarters of a mile long, two deep, and they marched in line near half a mile over rough and smooth, and then changed their front three times, and at last passed in review admirably. The hussars Germans, commanded by Colonel Arentsfchild, were on the right, in excellent style, and beyond them a brigade of

artillery: the day was beautiful, and the scene upon the whole very striking. Lord Wellington is indefatigable. He goes six leagues to-morrow another way to Friexada, to review the hussars English, the 10th, &c. He looks a little fagged and anxious I think.

Guinaldo, May 18th.—On my arrival here at eleven o'clock to attend the Court-martial, I found my President, General Vandeleur, had stayed with Lord Wellington to go over to the country review, and had sent an order for the Court to assemble to-morrow, the 19th, instead of to-day, of which he had forgotten to give me any notice. If we march on Thursday I shall be at my wit's end, and it is so provoking to lose a whole day thus, just at such a moment. He is so hospitable, civil, and good-humoured, that, though very much inconvenienced, I cannot be angry. In short, here I am in my empty Court-martial court for the day, and must make the best of it.

The fourth division march from Escuao to-day. The light will, I suppose, move with us. The second division are now moving along the Sierras de Francia, the mountains in sight of us here. This air must be aguish; five of the officers and a great number of the men of the 52nd here, though such fine-looking fellows, are attacked by

the ague now, when doing no work, and in fine weather. At Frenada most of our sickness was among the natives.

Lord Wellington, at the review yesterday, was on one of his new purchases from General L. C. Stewart. He gave four hundred guineas for the two, and this was two hundred and fifty—a gentleman who has gained some plates in England, and has a name. It is a very pretty animal, but is as troublesome in neighing as my black. They were answering each other all the morning. Indeed this neighing gives quite a character to a Spanish review: it is heard more than the trumpets. I met in my way here about twenty Spanish grenadiers, who, I understand, were part of a treasure escort. I never wish to see finer men, and they were well clothed. They individually exceed the Portuguese completely in appearance: tall, straight, well-limbed, and good young countenances. As to their discipline, or how they will stand, I cannot say; but I am almost sure such men can only want good officers to be anything. In the review yesterday, besides the two regiments of Caçadores Portuguese, there was the 17th of the line Portuguese: they really marched and acted, &c., very nearly as well as our own. The men, however, are naturally mean, shabby men in general,

like the pictures of the Queen's family at Frogmore, which you must remember. The officers look much better than the Spaniards, and seem most of them to know more of their duty. The Spanish men, as men independent of discipline, are wonderfully superior to the Portuguese; and yet we have seen, by the want of that knowledge of acting in a mass, and total mistrust of their leaders, how inferior they have been hitherto.

The Portuguese people, though they do not talk as well as the Spaniards, or look as well, have shown much more practical spirit. When the French passed through the Spanish towns or villages, the alcalde went to meet them, the people stayed quiet, submitted to the exactions, and the French in general treated them tolerably in consequence, as they thus got food and forage. In the Portuguese villages, when the French last entered Portugal, every inhabitant almost sacrificed his house and property and fled by orders, and it was that by which the French were plagued and puzzled for food, and this provoked them to destroy the houses as they did.

May 19, *Six o'clock, evening, Head-Quarters, Frenada.*—Just returned from Guinaldo in time for the post. My Court met at twelve. We tried the man by one. I wrote the proceedings fair, got them

signed, and here I am, very hungry, and find that every one has dined, as Lord Wellington began to-day to dine at three o'clock, instead of eight. I am very glad of this change, as we all follow. We do not march to-morrow, perhaps not till Saturday.

Frenada, May 21st, 1813, *Friday*.—At last, to-morrow morning we all *rompé* for the march, as the Portuguese say. I go, as a civil department, by the route enclosed; I shall therefore see nothing of the greater part of head-quarters for this fortnight. Doctor M'Gregor goes my way; who else I know not. Indeed the former wishes to go to Oporto, and perhaps I may have the whole road nearly to myself. The stages are short, but the depôts scarce, and my meat, the third day now, is full of maggots: thus, unless I can buy, I shall not live very sumptuously, I suspect. I am told the road is pretty, at least it is new all beyond Almeyda. The light division march to-day. The second are not far from Tamames by this time. Tamames is, I believe, the military head-quarters, second day's march, the 23rd. The fourth division passed the Douro, I believe, yesterday; the others have already done so, and in two or three days the main body of the army will be at Braganza, Outeiro, and Miranda de Douro; and the light and second

divisions and head-quarters on this side of the Douro.

Some of Hamilton's Portuguese in the second division are so ill supplied that Lord Wellington has, I hear, threatened the Marshal to send them in the rear if not better clothed and fed, &c. He says he would rather be without two or three battalions than have them in such a state as these are. Indeed, he seems either not quite to trust the Portuguese, or they cannot be supplied, as he leaves a full battalion, I hear, at Abrantes, and one or two elsewhere, saying he has Portuguese enough in proportion. He seems in good spirits, but looks worn and anxious. The pontoons have crossed the Douro, so now I do not know where they are to be laid down, unless to let the second and light divisions and head-quarters over, whenever necessary, or to get over the others, if the French collect.

The French have hitherto always judged of the situation of the main body of the army by that of head-quarters: they were thus twice taken in last year. Before the siege of Badajoz, Lord Wellington had moved away nearly the whole of the army before he stirred, and the whole of the head-quarters were not protected against two thousand men. This deceived the French then, and I hope will

now, but they are on the alert; at Salamanca constantly on the *qui vive*, and ready for a run, &c. Our Commissary here has already trusted a man with money to go and collect forage, &c., at Salamanca, before the French are gone. Everything is now alive. General Graham, I believe, commands at Miranda de Douro, or at least will very soon. General Picton has the ague, and is too ill to take the command of this division yet, but keeps with it. I thought him looking very well; but there is something in this climate which does not suit the English at all, even when quiet and living well. The natives have their annual ague fit, and seem to think it a part of their existence: they are rather unhappy when it does not come as usual. Lord Wellington's cars with the heavy baggage are off.

Frenada, May 20th, 1813.—Route for the head-quarters of the army.

The military department will move on the 22nd instant to Ciudad Rodrigo.

The Civil Department.

May 22nd. Almeyda. Depôt of provisions.
„ 23rd. Pinhel.
„ 24th. Cotimos.
„ 25th. Villa Nova de Foscoa.

May 26th. Torre de Moncoros. Depôt of provisions.
„ 27th. Halt.
„ 28th. Tornas and Lagouça.
„ 29th. Villa Della.
„ 30th. Sendim.
„ 31st. Miranda de Douro. Depôt, &c. &c.

G. MURRAY, Q. M. G.

To the Commandant of
Head Quarters.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARCH COMMENCED—SCENES ON THE ROAD — VELLA DALLA—TORO—CASTRO MONTE—PALENCIA—PROSPECTS OF A GENERAL ACTION—SKIRMISHING—MASSA.

Head Quarters, Civil Department,
Torre de Moncorvo, May 27, 1813.

MY DEAR M——,

WE here halt a day; I have got a pen and paper to write you an account of my progress hitherto.

On the 22nd, about twelve, I arrived at Almeyda —that heap of ruins—and turned out, by the authority of the Governor, two Portuguese officers, to get one miserable room as my quarters. Colonel Le Mesurier, the late governor, was too ambitious a man to remain in the campaign inactive, shut up in Almeyda; he therefore applied for a brigade in the Portuguese service, and, though he could not obtain it, gave up his government to command a regiment; I met him at the gate on his way to

Miranda de Douro to join his division. The new Portuguese governor was just moving, but as he had not yet got into the present government house he gave us up all the great stable, which was very good, and he was in every respect very civil and willing to do the most for us. I had a good dinner at the Commissary's, Mr. Price, and Mrs. Price gave us a syllabub in the evening after tea.

In my way here we had no particular baggage adventures. By the aid of the Spaniard in loading we have much less trouble, and I have always ridden on, and got a quarter against the baggage arrived. My only companions were the Paymaster-general, Hunter, and Mr. Whitter, and nine other clerks with him, and the military chest, &c. &c., and two or three commissariat parties. I have on the road for mutual convenience messed with Mr. Hunter and Mr. Whitter, and contributed as my quota a good dish of eggs and bacon, as I picked up a good piece of bacon at half a dollar or 2*s.* 6*d.* per pound. This, and a hare killed by the greyhounds coursing as we came along, was yesterday our whole joint dinner for four, and no bad one either. The meat would not keep, as the weather has been uniformly fine, and at times very hot; we have daily been roused at five o'clock, and off at six, and have yet suffered from the

heat, at times very much, before we arrived at our station.

On the 23rd we left Almeyda and descended to the Coa and passed it by a very picturesque bridge, the more so, from having had one stone arch blown up, and repaired with wood in a rough style. After a steep mile of ascent, we got on a lofty, rough, level common, in a wild, uncultivated country, like Dartmoor; with the Sierra d'Estrella on one side, still in part tipped with snow, and the ridge of hills and Castello Rodrigo on the other. We passed Valverde, that was a complete ruin now, a village without one roof remaining. I was sorry to hear that we had begun the job, and the Portuguese soldiers afterwards left very little remaining for the French to do. The next village, Periero, was pretty, and we then soon got down by a pretty river, and had Pinhel with its old Moorish tower, fort, and walls, and a bishop's palace, and a convent adjoining, a league before us, on the brow of a hill over the river. At Pinhel we were all fixed by the *Juez de Fores* in the bishop's palace, and had a choice of large empty rooms in this now uninhabited but lately handsome house. It was all tight, and Mr. Hunter having a table by means of baggage, and tubs for seats, we fared very well. The stables magnificent, good ones

for thirty horses, and less good for sixty horses more

At Almeyda there was no green forage to be had; we bought small bundles of grass at about a shilling each in the grass-market for our animals. At Pinhel we however got an order for green barley from the Juge, twenty-eight pounds each animal for the day, and they all fared so luxuriantly that my black gentleman was the next day very troublesome. In the bishop's palace at Pinhel, the rooms were a very handsome suite round a square court in the centre; the hangings, &c., all removed, but the ceilings ornamented; the rooms well shaped, and a tolerable garden adjoining; but the house standing exactly like the Castle Inn at Marlborough, by the road side, at the end of the town. The water is very bad, a nuisance from which we are, I hear, to suffer much throughout the summer in Spain. Last year our men were at times obliged to hold their noses when they drank. At the convent adjoining the palace, which has been much damaged but not destroyed, one or two monks still remained, and I met one as I wandered over the building. He was very civil. The palace is now regularly appropriated as barracks for officers or troops passing. The bishop lives at

another, a league beyond Pinhel, at Santa Euphemie.

The castle is like all the Moorish castles I have seen here, with the square smooth towers of well-cut hard stone, as sharp now almost as when first formed. In the castle lying about are four curious specimens of old cannon, two ribbed, made of beaten iron bars and braced together, and one of these hollow at both ends, and solid in the middle as it appeared. The other two a sort of mortar something in the shape of a very old-fashioned, clumsy earthenware jug, with a sort of handle to raise and fix it for use.

At the convent there was a small aqueduct of stone pillars across the garden, to conduct a little stream of water to the monks' habitations; the stream was so small in the pipe that you could scarcely see it run at all, but it was good and ran permanently all the year, which, as the only good water was a mile off in the river, was very valuable.

On the 24th, our party, consisting of the ten paymasters, three commissaries, and myself, with about fifteen dragoons, and thirty or forty horses, and about thirty or forty baggage animals, assembled at five in the morning in the palace-court and marched onwards.

In less than a league we passed a very pretty village called, I believe, Valbom, and in another short league came to Euphemia, another very pretty village, with rather a large but imperfect house where the bishop resides now; and I believe he was there sitting in his shady colonnade. In a short time we descended again and crossed a river, the Lamego'; we all dismounted and let the animals graze on the banks, whilst we got some bread and cheese. Half a league further on we turned up out of our road to Cotimos, our destination for the night. It was a bad village, but with a few houses formerly good and still tight. Mr. Hunter, Mr. Whitter, and I, were in a fidalgo's house, and tolerably comfortable, though there was only an old woman there, but we had chairs and tables. We made a great cup with the country wine, brandy, lemons, &c., and were very well off for a dinner by the purchase of a leveret, eggs and bacon, and mutton broth.

On the 25th left Cotimos; and about a league from it we came to a much better village, with two or three very good houses, of imposing appearance. This was directly in our road, and would have been a better division of the distance. After another league of excellent road we passed Marialva, half a league on our left—a village, with

another Moorish castle; and after another half league come to the entrance of a long winding descent of a mile and a half, which brought us down into a pretty vale, with another Moorish castle on the hill on our left; and there we again ate and grazed in the meadows near a little stream. From thence we had a league and a half of excessively steep hill to ascend until we got on the high level where stands Villa Nova de Foscoa; this ascent at near one o'clock was tremendously hot, and very hard work for the baggage.

We here began to get into the army train. About twenty hospital waggons were encamped on the hill near the town, and two troops of the waggon train; and near them about eighty ox-cars with bales of cloth done up in a sort of sacks to fill with straw for hospital beds, &c. We here got good quarters and tolerable fare; eggs, bacon, bread, cheese, and potatoes, formed the market.

On the 26th, when we left Villa Nova, we began immediately to descend a winding road to the Douro; this was very fine, one of the best things I had seen here.

I was off as soon after sunrise as possible to pass the ferry before the military chest. I got down to the bank and found about eighty cars drawn up to pass with ammunition, boards, planks, and beams,

for the repair of bridges, &c. Two at a time crossed in one boat; and there was another for mules, &c. I stopped some Portuguese; and having waited an hour for the baggage, who had loitered on the road when I left them, we at last got on board this platform as close as we could stick—Mr. Hunter and six other gentlemen, about a dozen servants, seven stallions, three mares, and six loaded baggage mules. After some kicking and confusion, we landed safe, and after a league of ascent arrived here (Torre de Moncorvo). All the banks of the river were covered on the sides of the road with parties of artillery or baggage grazing, &c.; some bivouacking, some in camp, &c.; the scene was interesting, except that I regretted the obligation of cutting so much of the corn for green forage just as it was near ripe.

Here we found the same scene in all the environs; parties picketted, bivouacking, &c., and more artillery drivers; quarters very moderate; but shops very decent; and the town not destroyed, as the French have never been here.

The quantity of troops that have been quartered here on the march have cleared most of the shops, and injured many of the buildings; even here we cannot buy anything to eat except honey, sugar, bacon, bread, and cheese. The convent of Fran-

ciscans above the town is nearly entire, and has two tolerable pictures—the altar-piece, and one in the refectory—by Romano, as the monks said, and it may be so from the style. There are some houses here with the furniture remaining; that of the Capitan Mor (the head inhabitant, and a colonel of militia) has painted coved ceilings, and apricot-coloured silk hangings, with old-fashioned wooden chairs and sofas, with bottoms to match the hangings. The church also is handsome enough. The town is surrounded by hills like Bath, and yet we ascended to it three miles from the Douro. I saw also something like a female to-day, a smart pretty Lisbon miss going to church,—quite a curiosity; and so, I believe, the inhabitants think. My old patrona (or landlady) here came to tell me to look out of the window, as "The Lady" was going by.

Head Quarters, Civil Department, Villa Dalla, May 29th, 1813.—On the 27th, the night before I marched from Torre de Moncorvo, we had some heavy rain, which cooled the air, laid the dust, and made our journey onwards much more agreeable.

On the 28th, the road to Lagoça was very rough and hilly, and the distance four long leagues. The country is fine; the distance very like parts of Somersetshire and Devonshire in its general features, but the valleys are less rich, and there are

some large pine-woods on the hills. About half way we passed Carvacies, a large village; and at the end of four leagues, Fornos, a poor place, where we had the option of stopping, but preferred Lagoça. A part of the staff corps were encamped near the pine wood, with several cars and materials for bridges. They are, I understand, about to lay down a bridge somewhere on the Douro, very near that part, as a safe retreat in case of accidents.

At Lagoça I got a tolerable quarter, and bed, at the padre's. House dirty only. I found books which he could not understand, and I believe never looked at, as there was the 'Recopilacion of the Spanish Laws,' a book of authority in Spain; he asked me if it was mine,—the authority I acted from; had I known how to carry it I would have bargained with him for it. There was also a Horace, Bourdalon's Sermons in Spanish, and a few other sermons. He gave me some wine, and was very civil; and honestly sent after me something that I left behind.

Within a mile of Lagoça, but out of the road sideways, you look down into the Douro, which runs down in a deep rocky chasm, very fine and wild, and a very picturesque convent which was once Mas Bonito, situated half way down on the Spanish side of the river, with the Spanish town of

Miesa above. The French had long been at these places, and had much injured the convent; but had never got over, as there is only one little bark; and the brave Portuguese had a sort of battery. The scene was very fine.

To-day (the 29th) I started again after breakfast (but before six o'clock, being always called at four) for this place. The road in general good, though rather hilly and in parts boggy. We passed to the left of Brosa; to the right of Majadouro, and near two or three other villages. The country is finer, still more approaching Somersetshire. I have here, at Villa Dalla, got a decent quarter in a great farm-house, where there are five or six beds about my room, which has, however, only a door, no window or ceiling. In winter I should have been starved; it is now well enough, and I get a table and chairs, and have bought one small fowl for a dollar, and two little chickens, nearly as big as pigeons, all bone, for half a dollar. We get eggs, and sometimes milk; and though this country has never seen the French, the houses do not seem quite in a state of English repair. The whole road is covered with marks of our encampments of troops, &c. The back of the village Lagoça was just like a drawing of an Otaheite village, and not much better, with bad thatch instead of tile, the gene-

ral roof. The villages, however, are numerous, and much more populous than in the other parts of Portugal I have seen, and rather cleaner as being nearer Spain. There was bread from Zamora in the market at Lagoça regularly for sale.

Miranda de Douro, May 30th.—I came on here to-day a very long journey, meaning to have two days' rest, but found Lord Wellington's head-quarters had passed through here this morning—that his lordship left Salamanca yesterday, and was to be six leagues off in advance, near the Esla, to-day the 30th. The French absolutely ran away; near Salamanca, a small party were taken. Spanish head-quarters here to-day, and all in confusion.

Head-Quarters, Toro, June 3rd, 1813.—A day's halt will enable me to give you a few lines to let you know how we go on. The day I sent my last from Miranda de Douro (May 30th), I learnt that head-quarters were to be that day and the next at Carbajales near the Esla, to superintend one great object of the movement, the passage of the Esla, a formidable river in a military view. Fearing to be left behind, though without orders, I determined to march again the next morning (31st), at four, six long leagues to Carbajales; I tried to find the nearest road, the longest being round by Constantina, and,

though the best, I did not wish to go above a league out of my way; my directions were to pass Val d'Aguia, Aldea Nova, Fonfrio, and Vermilho. I got right to near Fonfrio, and then, through a wrong direction from a little miss who directed me by mistake for Carvajosa, I found myself two leagues out of my way at Pino, and had to cross straight over the country for Vermilho; the consequence was I arrived late and tired at Carbajales, where head-quarters still remained, and at last got a very bad quarter there, but a good stable, which General Graham had just left.

In the evening of the 30th I went down part of the way to see the ferry over the Douro at Miranda. The scenery was very fine, and very like that at Lagoça; the river very deep and narrow, running violently through a chasm of rocks not unlike Chedder cliffs in Somersetshire; and the little ferry boat almost invisible from above: the road down and up above three miles, though the real distance across seems not above a quarter of a mile. Lord Wellington and a part of the staff only came over there. Heavy baggage, printing press, &c., were left with the light division near Salamanca.

In my way to Carbajales, the road I kept near the Douro towards Aldea Nova was very pretty, but

bad. For the rest of the way the road became better, but the country was ugly like Bagshot Heath, only with several villages—and the mountains in Gallicia still tipped with snow on our left or nearly behind us. The morning of the day I got to Carbajales (the 31st), the pontoon bridge was placed, and made passable, on the Esla, in less than three hours. The Hussars passed a bad ford of above four feet water and bad bottom early in the day to protect this job, and two divisions of the army passed before night and encamped. Lord Aylmer, who had forded in the morning to go over and look about him, found the bridge ready and the troops passing as he returned; these were the pontoons which had travelled up from Lisbon and been the cause of so much anxiety. About nine of them were used, and the river about the width of the Thames at Windsor. This being the state of things, the orders were to have all head-quarters' baggage down at the water-side by six, and to get them over before the other troops should arrive and the guns. As I had got into a quarter with Spaniards, and they were lazy, I had some trouble to get mine off, but succeeded at last, and afterwards rode with Lord Aylmer, who gave me some breakfast, which I could not get at home.

We soon fell into the train of head-quarters'

baggage, the whole of the eighteen-pounders with their ammunition, &c., and one hundred and sixty oxen and their spare horses, &c.; and also the whole of the fourth division of the army—a train of three miles length in the whole. The winding down the hill to the bridge, and the order with which everything was managed, and the winding up the opposite bank, were very interesting. We passed about eight o'clock, baggage and all, and the guns and two more divisions of the army were over safe before five o'clock in the evening with baggage, &c. We then had about three more leagues of a Bagshot Heath road, sand and pines, until we suddenly came in sight of Zamora and the Douro. The latter is here about as wide as the Thames at Kew Bridge, rather wider—more perhaps as it is at Fulham—and winds along a large plain on the South side under the ridge of higher ground to the North, on which stands, boldly and well placed, Zamora with its Moorish church, &c. &c.

The town pleased me much. It is nearly the size of Salamanca, and at present, having been much less destroyed, is, I think, quite as good a town; the convents alone have suffered and been gutted. Some of the French had not left the place until that very morning; the greater part, however, the night before. The castle was rather strong, and

would if defended have delayed us two or three days, but the garrison would have been sacrificed. It was in the inside fitted up very regularly by the French for troops, places appropriated for everything, and the names inscribed. There was also a large foundling hospital, and a general hospital for the poor. In the former there were only about ten or twelve babies, and about sixteen children, as they had now scarcely any funds. Nearly opposite was the general hospital, with much space and good wards, but not above six or eight sick, partly from the same reasons, and partly because the French had only left the people the use of one small ward and the room of the intendant, and occupied the rest with their sick and wounded. They had also now in this last retreat carried off all the linen, &c., and only left bedsteads and bedding. They had not, however, done any wanton mischief in Zamora when they left it this time.

The bridge is handsome, but in our retreat last year we blew up the centre arch of about a dozen; it had been repaired since with wood. This the French had burnt on the 30th, but by to-day it is repaired and passable. The people received us very cordially, scattered roses over our heads, cried *viva*, &c. &c., and hung all their counterpanes and the hangings of their rooms out of the windows.

The lady at my quarters embraced me, and was very kind, but—she was old. There was another like a plump Englishwoman, to whom I passed on the compliment.

The people entertained Lord Wellington and the staff with a concert, lemonade and ices, &c. The former did not admire this time lost in singing psalms to him, as he said. I met him in the evening riding down to the bridge to direct, in his Spanish uniform. In the morning he was on one side of the pontoon bridge, and Marshal Beresford on the other. I almost knocked myself up running about to see Zamora, as we were to march again next morning. I could not attend a little dance given by Lord Wellington in the evening, and except for the iced lemonade I believe I should have been in a fever. A thunderstorm in the evening cooled the air, and a good bed made me ready again to march for this place (Toro), five long leagues, the next morning, June 2nd. I was sorry for this, but, the French having left Toro on the 1st of June, it became an object to take possession, and open a communication with the light division, and the second from Salamanca, &c.

The road was admirable; a flat sandy level, by the river nearly all the way, until we came to the ascent on which this town (Toro) is placed, standing

still more boldly over the river than Zamora. The only village we passed was Fresno, and that a poor one; but we saw several on our left, and across the river in the flat on our right.

Toro is very old, surrounded by ruined mud walls, and though it covers much ground, has not many good houses, and is not to be compared to Zamora; there is, however, a market with a little mutton and beef, and vegetables, pork, eggs, &c. The Moorish church here is much smaller than that at Zamora, though that is not very large; there are a few tolerable pictures in both. The castle here is stronger than the one at Zamora, and appears almost new; it stands on the hill above the bridge, and is rather formidable. The two centre arches of this bridge had been blown up by us, repaired by the French with wood, burnt again by them now, and is now repairing again by us.

The seventh division and the sixth we passed two miles from hence, taking their encamping ground on a fine meadow by the river side, near a small wood. This was a very pretty scene, the men were marching with music, and as regular, without any disorder or loiterers, as if going to a review; the whole is as yet in high order. Yesterday evening the light division arrived from a place

within three leagues of Salamanca, a march of near eight leagues, and encamped in a meadow near the water side, near the bridge and ford opposite this town; they only left six men behind in their march. This morning they have all come over—the horse, the baggage, and the artillery—passing by the ford, though it is both wide and deep, I believe without accident, except wet baggage. The infantry crossed by ladders, across the breach in the bridge—that is, down one side, then up the other—one by one. They encamp at Morales to-day. This was also a very pretty scene from the hill, as it is a humble imitation of Richmond Hill in point of beauty, and was very animated.

The Hussars have commenced famously; they brought into Zamora an officer of the 16th (French), and about thirty prisoners, whom they dashed at, and knocked over in a fine style with little loss. The officer came in here prisoner on horseback, which offended the Spaniards, and the latter were disposed to insult the prisoners, whom they dared not fight, and who had been with them now near four years or more.

Yesterday the Hussars again came up with the 16th French cavalry and some others; the latter had only a small bridge to pass which would

only carry four abreast; two squadrons of the 10th formed and charged; the French stood at first well, but were broken, then formed again; the 10th formed, charged again, and again broke the French; the latter then still made another effort, and at last ran for the bridge. The 10th killed a few, brought about a hundred and ninety prisoners in here; no horses were taken. Twelve or fifteen men badly wounded were left about two miles off, where it happened. Several of those who came in here were much cut and wounded, covered with blood, wounds neither washed nor dressed; but they were fine-looking men; their horses thin, and smaller than ours. Another officer was taken, whom I spoke to. He said he had advised not remaining on this side the bridge, but his superior officer ordered otherwise, and afterwards ran away when attacked. We lost a Captain, taken prisoner, and a Lieutenant killed, both of the 10th; and about five or six men killed and wounded. The Captain passed some way over the bridge, where the French had artillery and infantry in force, and they came down and cut him off.

The French had yesterday, I hear, nearly ten thousand men about five miles off, and nearly thirty-eight thousand or more in the vicinity of Valladolid. This made us halt to-day. The second

division are still between this and Salamanca, but are expected. The whole are now within eight leagues of this, I believe; most of the divisions very close. The Spaniards are near Benevente; Don Julian's cavalry, between this and Salamanca, have sent in about thirty prisoners and two officers here to-day, marauding, I suppose. The French told the people here they were only moving to make room for other troops.

The Portuguese troops are generally in very high order, as well as ours, quite as well clothed, &c., and as yet well in health, though they bivouac when ours encamp, their government not furnishing them with tents. Yesterday was a pleasant cool day for a long march. I met Lord Wellington again last night, walking about in his grey great coat solus. We have a hundred pieces of field artillery with us, besides the eighteen-pounders.

A French commissariat party, I hear, were caught in a wine-house on the 1st of June; one was brought in prisoner, nine were killed in the house, as they would not surrender.

Lord Wellington reviewed the sixth and seventh divisions near Morales to-day; they did not perform well, and the poor aides-de-camp were galloped all over the country in consequence: the Portuguese were stupid.

Head-Quarters, Castro Monte, June 5th, 1813. —The morning after I left my last for the post at Toro, namely the 3rd, we started for La Mota, three long leagues of good road. I was late, as my careless fellows had let one of the mule-saddles be stolen in the night, and we were a long time getting off in consequence, and endeavouring in vain to replace the loss; but upon the whole, when I hear of all the sore backs, lost animals, &c., around me, I am lucky. I looked at the two hundred French cavalry horses which were sold, with a view to purchase one, but they were all half starved, and the service having seized the best hundred and fifty for government, the remainder, which were sold by auction, were most miserable.

Our road from Toro was all alive; it was one train of baggage and soldiers the whole way, three leagues, as we are now in the midst of the division. La Mota is a very good, large farming village, in a productive corn country, and the quarters were very good in consequence, as the inhabitants were comfortable; the French, however, who had left it the day before, had carried off all the bread and fowls, &c. My landlord, Don Fernando Granado, was very gracious. Lord Wellington was in a large, and I think elegant palace of the Duke of Berwick and Alva, and, to keep the King's birthday, had the band playing, &c.

At five this morning we marched for this place, three long leagues again only, but a miserable hole; only eighty houses of all sorts, and we require a hundred billets. Several are doubled up, several are encamped, which, as we have now a thunder-storm and rain, is not very agreeable. I have an humble quarter, with mules and all close; and have my letter to write on a box.

We had a hot ride to-day, but cheerful, as we were in the midst of the march. I first passed the Household brigade; the Blues look very well, the Life Guards fair enough; then the third division, then the fourth, the seventh, and saw the light division; five are within a league of this. The second crossed the Douro yesterday, and are to-day about a league on our right, under General Hill. I saw Picton with his, looking tolerably well. The French left Madrid the 20th or 28th May, finally, and have, by forced marches, joined their army near here. The latter are again off yesterday from Valladolid and Tordesillas, and were to be to-day at Duenas; it is thought they may stand at Palencia, or near there; I suspect not, though we all wish they would, and fight whilst our men are in health and spirits. I have just heard that their right is at Placencia.

To-morrow we move for Amputia, a good town, I

am told, five leagues off. On our road to-day, about half way, we passed one of the finest ruined convents in Spain—La Espina; situation good, domain considerable; a large building, handsome, as far as it remains, merely the walls being standing. For to-day adieu, I shall finish and send this off to-morrow.

Amputia, 2 *o'clock*, 6*th June*.—I arrived here at ten, having left Castro Monte at half-past five, and seen my baggage off, after breakfast; of course up soon after three. Our road was by a bye-way over the common here, but tolerably good, and covered with troops and baggage the whole way, as the third, fourth, and light divisions of infantry, with their baggage and artillery, headquarters, the Household brigade, and the Hussars were all on our route, and passed in their way; they are now near here.

We passed Villa Alba de Alcor, three leagues on, an old ruined village rather, with a castle and walls all around, but nothing particular, and then Villa Real, a little village, and then here. This is a large old-fashioned village town, with the houses in the streets projecting, and standing on wooden pillars, so as to form covered footways, a largish church, and a castle tolerably perfect, where our police corps are quartered and the cavalry. The people

have been apparently more cordial and zealous. I have been up over the church, spire and all, and castle, and taken two sketches, as the rain has made it rather cool and pleasant to-day. The country round this town onwards, towards Sahagun, Placencia, &c., is a dead flat level, covered with villages and towns, but no trees. Another large castle on a hill, half a league off, and on the whole striking.

The French left Palencia the day before yesterday, and are off again in advance, with a good start. Report says they have also left Burgos town, not the castle; they are seventy thousand strong, but think us, as we hear, too much for them; and are retiring to strong positions. By very long marches we might perhaps press them, and take some prisoners, and part of the cattle and provisions they are carrying off, but this might put our army out of the high order and condition it is now in, and Lord Wellington does not seem to think this worth while for such an object. So the Hussars and Household are both kept quiet near here, and not sent on in pursuit; indeed they could do little without strong support.

Head-Quarters, Amusca, June 9th, 1813.—Another halt to-day enables me to proceed with my journal to you. The night I sent my last from

Ampudia, our orders were to have all our baggage ready to start, at the end of the town, by five o'clock on the following morning; and that I should fall in, and proceed on the road towards Palencia, in the rear of the column of the third division, but at the head of the baggage of all the light, third, and fourth divisions. This was because the French had shown twelve squadrons of cavalry at Palencia; and Colonel Waters, who went on there that day, could not enter, so that it was not certain that it would be safe to give out in orders, "head-quarters, Palencia." The cavalry were on early; and as they entered one end of the latter town, the last of the French, at about six in the morning, were off at the other.

I passed the third and fourth divisions, went through Paradilla, and entered Palencia with the light division; getting my billet, I went to wander about, and see all that was to be seen before my baggage came. The city is old and curious, in size much about the same as Zamora. Lord Wellington passed us on the road soon after six, and went on through Palencia, some way, to reconnoitre.

We passed through a good open corn country until about a league beyond Paradilla, and then descended a long hill, with a deep clay soil, into

the green and rich valley in which Palencia stands. It appears to great advantage surrounded with meadows, and some trees, but mostly young ones. The Carrion is a respectable river, and we passed the canal near it, about half a mile from the city, where a very considerable paper manufactory was building, but unfinished; and the French having taken down windows, mill-wheels, &c., for firing and shelter in their huts for their bivouacs there the day before, the work will, I take it, be for some time interrupted.

The bridges into Palencia were handsome and entire. The streets are rather narrow, and the main one, the "Calle Mayor," about a good half-mile long, contains about three hundred houses, all old-fashioned, and standing upon stone tall pillars over the footway, on each side, with the shops under, like Covent Garden. Houses in the old style, like Exeter, or Chester, and Geneva; the streets badly paved, with a most offensive gutter in the middle; the whole dirty. The bishop's palace is a large, plain, neat stone building, quite modern, of 1799, round a square, complete only on one side and a half, however, the rest being bare walls.

The cathedral is Gothic and very handsome, the arches lofty and rich; but the custom all over

Spain of having the choir in the centre, with very high double screens, deprives you altogether of the fine main aisle, which is so magnificent in our churches. This breaks the building quite, and spoils the effect, though the screens and sides of the choir in the centre were most richly wrought, and Gothic masonry, like some of our Henry VIIth's monuments. The side-aisles above are left open, and as there is a range of chapels the whole way down each side, and at the end filled with gildings, saints, and pictures, the whole was striking. There were a few good pictures.

I went up to the top of the spire, to survey the town, villages, and roads around. Having got some lemonade and biscuits, which with coffee was nearly all that could be procured in the eatable way, excepting indeed vegetables, pork, and (a great treat) fresh butter, which I had not tasted for six months, I went home to my baggage, drew rations, and by seven o'clock got my tough beef-steaks, some cabbage, and bacon. I got a good bed and quarter, and was sorry to find orders to march again for this place, Amusea, next morning.

The town was all hung with counterpanes on our arrival, which made it look gay, and the people cheered much. The general cry, however, is every-

where, "*Viva Espana,*" though there is scarcely a Spaniard to be seen on our line of march. Now and then, however, we hear, "*Vivan los Ingleses,*" and "*Los Portugueses,*" or "*Las tres naciones aliadas.*" The Portuguese are in the highest order, their men really look at least equal to ours, better than some; the officers are well dressed and gay, and have the advantage of language; the infantry and the Caçadores in particular. The whole army marches very fresh hitherto, but the Portuguese in particular, and arrive (the last mile even) singing along the road. The cavalry are not nearly so good, and, I suppose, are not much to be trusted. From what passed last year near this, when they turned short round and ran away, they are called the Vamuses, for they ran off with a general cry of "Vamus." Their infantry are termed Valorosas, from their having hugged and cheered each other early in the war, when they had for the first time behaved well and beat off the French, each patting the other on the heart, and saying, "*Mucha valorosa*"—"*Mucha valorosa.*"

I hope the latter will support their name; and indeed they are disposed to do so, as we have put so much beef into both men and officers, that they are quite different animals, and will not submit at all to what they used, even from the English.

Our horses finished the half-eaten meal of the French, and I believe that has been all they have left behind for us as yet; not a store of any kind, sick man, or anything else, has been discovered at Valladolid or anywhere; they must have been well prepared for this plan.

The young avenues round the town suffered a little by the French bivouac; and our fellows laid waste many a field of wheat in their march and for forage. The former is particularly wrong, as quite unnecessary, and merely to save perhaps a few hundred yards, or get before others a little. I was glad to see General Picton stop a party, and about to punish them on the spot. The taking the wheat for forage is also very bad, as the commissaries regularly buy a field at each place, and let us take each our proportion, cutting the whole fairly and properly; whereas the fellows who go and steal, cut patches all about, and tread down more than they cut.

King Joseph left Torquemados, three leagues on the right, the day before yesterday, I believe, and it is said, peeped in again afterwards. The last French left it yesterday at five in the morning, and I believe General Hill's head-quarters were there afterwards from Duenas. Castaños and his Spaniards are on our left all the way; they came by

Benevente across the Esla and so towards Carrion. Their head-quarters were yesterday, I believe, at Villoldo, on our left. The Life-Guards and Blues looked well on their entrance into Palencia, and on their march yesterday: the former, however, seem dull and out of spirits, and have some sore backs among their horses. The Blues seem much more up to the thing, but they are neither of them very fit for general service here. Lord Wellington saves them up for some grand coup, houses them when he can, and takes care of them. To be sure, if many of the French cavalry are like some of the specimens we have seen, particularly two deserters yesterday, who were on ponies I could almost jump over, one of our Householders must upset them like an elephant, if they come fairly in contact.

A French officer, a deserter (the third officer), came in two days since, with a pretty woman, daughter of a General, with him, as he says, his wife. Another starved scullion came here yesterday, and says he is an officer, and has some papers, but I think he stole them. He is a little dirty beast, in rags, and without uniform. The cavalry taken and deserters are quite new-clothed, and the men very fine; the last come in is a Fleming, and had they not persuaded him to enter our corps of

guides, I should have taken him as a groom, and bought his pony.

Tamarra, a village a league from this, was deserted by the inhabitants, with their provisions; the French, in consequence, made an example of it, and it is as bad as the Portuguese villages now, almost a heap of ruins. Indeed, all the houses and villages on the high road to Torquemada have suffered terribly, and all the villages are now getting worse, more dirty, and *à la Portuguese*. I hear this is now the case all round Burgos, and till we get across the Ebro, if this we are destined to do. We are eleven leagues now from Burgos. Our weather has been cool and excellent for the march this last week, and rain often in the night; it has now rained the last sixteen hours, and I hope will be fine again for the march to-morrow. I dined with Lord Wellington yesterday, for the first time on the march. I gave him your Roman Catholic book, with the lists of their schools and establishments in England; he put it into his pocket. He looks well, but anxious, as you may suppose just now, as a false step may be fatal. All prospers hitherto. Our eighteen-pounders are near, the twenty-fours still at Corunna, and if wanted will, I suppose, go round by sea to Saint Andero. For the present, adieu.

June 11*th*, *Head-Quarters*, *Castrogores*.—The church at Amusea was large and handsome: a room 150 feet by 50, and 70 feet high, without a pillar, and the whole end one mass of gilding. Yesterday morning, after the violent rains of our halting day, we started at five on a fine day, but the roads in a terrible state, for Mergan de Fernamental, head-quarters, on the 10th, five long leagues. Our way was near the noble canal, and through Pino (one league), a large village; from thence another league through Fromista, a larger place; then another league to Requena; then another to Lantidillo, where we crossed the Pisuerga over a large bridge, left entire; and then, after another long league, Mergan de Fernamental.

The country was flat, and rich in corn, meadows, &c., nearly all the way, but low and boggy, and a hard march for men and baggage, &c.; mine started at five, and did not arrive till about two. There were villages thickly set all around us, and all with large churches. The latter are, as compared with ours, very much superior considering the size of the places; all possess a considerable church of rather curious construction, and all somewhat different, though in the general appearance alike. The church at Mergan was particularly

handsome, and more like our Saxon at Gloucester and Tewkesbury. It had some decent pictures, so have several of the quarters, though perhaps not very valuable; many are to be bought very cheap, and I should have purchased some had I known how to carry them home.

At Mergan we were in the right road for Reynosa and St. Andero, and the first division were two leagues in advance the same way. I conjectured we were going to open a communication with St. Andero, and to cross the Ebro as soon as the French from Burgos, and thus turn them. There seems now, however, to be a change of plan, as to-day we are come three leagues here, nearly in the right road again for Burgos, which we had before left on our right. Here we have fallen in with General Hill's division, who are now within half a league of this. We are thus all now quite close together, and report says the French have joined their army of the north to the rest, and are now between this and Burgos eighty thousand strong, about four leagues distant.

They thus seem to make a stand here, and we are, I suppose, assembled in case they persist, but many think it is still only a plan to make us assemble and draw up, to see what we have, and also to give time to their baggage and plunder,

oxen, &c., to withdraw without loss: time will show. The sooner the battle comes for us the better, I think, and so I believe do most, but it will be more tremendous, probably, than any hitherto fought in Spain. The numbers now approach those of the great continental armies on both sides, and we are at least equal, if you reckon all that are well dressed and ought to fight on our side; as to the Spaniards, as yet we must put a query to this. Don Julian's cavalry have sent in about forty or fifty infantry stragglers of the French, and have killed a dozen or more,—about fifty or sixty in all; several with bad pike or lance wounds.

Mergan was a very dirty old town, but this town, Castrogores, though larger, and the quarters better, is in that respect much worse; the streets are so offensive, that you must hold your nose in passing through them, and everything about the place is filthy. We passed the German hussars in quarters half a league off in our way here, and crossed the line of march of the light and fourth division, meeting General Hill's army on our arrival here.

The scene is now a very moving one, busy, and stirring. This place is above a mile long, round the bottom of an insulated hill, with a castle at the top of it, and looking over a rich country for

some way to a ridge of hills which bound the whole, about a league off; trees, however, except just round a few quintas or villas, and about the several ruins of the old monasteries, are very scarce; corn most luxuriant, but not much forwarder than with us in England. Weather, as yet, scarcely at all too hot, and that only for a few hours; at times very cold. Lord Wellington is gone through again on in front.

Castrogores, June 12.—As we halt here to-day, instead of marching to Eglesia, as was intended, I determined to finish this, and seal up to-day for Lisbon. Colonel A——, of the German hussars, told me he saw about two or three thousand French cavalry the day before yesterday, but they filed off as we came in sight. Colonel Waters went on yesterday to within a league of Burgos. He only saw about fifteen thousand French in a valley near there—near Quinta della Duennas; they were about to march, and the reports are that they are off again, and the whole of the second division of General Hill's army have advanced from hence this morning. They began at daylight, and at about eight o'clock the Spaniards began to file by, just below my house: it was General Murillo's corps; I went down to look at them.

There were about ten regiments, I think, but

most of them small ones. The men looked very well, though a great many were quite boys. They were singing, joking, and in good spirits; the artillery with them in good order, the draft mules quite fat. The clothing and equipments of some very good, though unequal to ours, or to the Portuguese; others moderate only. They wore a sort of flannel jacket and trousers not at all alike, and some were ragged, only here and there a man barefoot,—very few; all with good caps, in the French style, and the officers more respectable than usual, and mostly mounted; some very fierce-looking pioneers, fine grenadiers, and all with good English town muskets in good order, brighter than our own, I think, as being, I conclude, nearly new; in short, the whole was respectable. If they will but fight as well as they look, it will do. Doyle's regiment was one of the best, but the best, I think, the Regimento del Unione.

General Alava, the Spanish great man at head-quarters, is in high spirits, thinks all going on well, and is beginning to ask one or two to dine with him at his mansion near Vittoria, where his estates lie. He only begs that he may have a guard to preserve his green forage from our soldiers. The Spaniards are astonished at our baggage. The French carry very little, as they make the people at the quarters

furnish everything they want, which is not as much as we require. We carry all with us, of every description. An English captain, therefore, has (plunder excepted) almost as much baggage as a French colonel. Barley is already scarce, and not to be bought, though we pay in guineas. Bread is also scarce, and also beef. I hope soon to hear through St. Andero, but the French have Castro and Santona. We still have reports that the works at Burgos are being destroyed; it may be so, if the French resolve to go to the Ebro, as the garrison will otherwise be sacrificed. We have only our six eighteen-pounders, about the same as last year; the twenty-fours are at Corunna. This will not do for the siege well, and I hope it will not be a necessary work. For the last thirty miles and more the style of the houses has changed. They are mostly now mud or cob walls, like those in Devonshire, whitewashed, but not in the best repair, or else they are mostly unburnt brick, or dried mud bricks with mud plaster.

Miserable Head-Quarters at Massa, June 14, 1813.—The regular English post-day was yesterday, but I had not time to write then, and as it is ten to one but that this will be in time for the same packet, though you will have, I hope, a long letter by the same mail, yet, wishing to give you the

latest news from hence, and to let you know the events which have occurred, I write again.

At four o'clock on the 12th, as I told you, Lord Wellington was not returned from the front, when my last letter was sent off. He came back at seven o'clock. He and his horse and his comrades well tired. The enemy were found about fifteen thousand strong, two leagues south-west, nearly of Burgos, with cavalry and artillery. We had up the hussars (heavy), and General Fane's brigades of cavalry. Manœuvring went on a considerable time with skill. Our infantry could not get up in force in time, or much would have been done. We had a gun, however, close to a French column, and killed a few. We also took an officer and about ninety men prisoners, some desperately wounded, and one gun. A charge of cavalry was ordered, but the French moved off.

There seems to be a considerable confusion at times in the intermixture of the French and English. The light divisions were at hand; the second near with the Spaniards, but not up. The Prince of Orange galloped about well, with orders; he knocked up his horse, and was in some danger. Lord March met a French dragoon, took him till close for an English one, turned short round, was struck at by the Frenchman, and his horse slightly

hit below the ear: in short, there was very near being something material done; but not quite.

The next day (the 13th) we had orders to march to Villa Diego, where head-quarters were yesterday; a dirty place, but quarters tolerable. The country between is rich and good, and covered with villages. We passed, among others, Ormillos, Villa Sandine at a distance, and Sasamon, a most perfect ruin; the whole place, church and all, both of considerable extent and size, having been burnt by Romana and his army for some real or supposed treason. The job was certainly well performed; the punishment severe, and very impartially inflicted. The next place we came to, which had been a very nice village, was nearly in the same state, from the same cause. Villa Diego was nearly six or seven leagues from Burgos. Lord Wellington, &c., went round that way, to see how things went on. They could not find any French, and at last ascertained that the works, castle, &c., of Burgos, had been all blown up and destroyed by five o'clock yesterday morning. This news caused no little joy to every one, and most particularly to those who expected to have to knock their heads against the place. Many good lives have thus been saved. This news met us at about four o'clock yesterday, and in con-

sequence to-day we had a long march to this place, Massa, in our way to the Ebro.

We shall probably nearly all get across about the same time; I think French and all. Some of the Spanish army of Gallicia pass to-day up towards Reynosa. The first division do the same to-day or to-morrow. One cavalry brigade we met on their road to cross at St. Martine to-day. General Murray told me we should probably cross to-morrow; but I find we are here five leagues from a bridge or ford. The first two leagues here to-day were through a productive country like Wiltshire; round smooth chalk hills, water meadow, and rich pasture valleys, with abundance of grass: draining and better farming, with cleanliness, were all requisite. We then entered a rough, wild country, with rocks, &c. All lost our way nearly, including General Murray, the Quarter-Master-general, with whom I was riding, Lord Wellington himself, and nearly all the baggage! We were nigh to a place called Brulla, should have passed Cuirculo, and near Urbel de Castro, whereas we got through a rugged pass in the rock, and came down to a pretty picturesque village, called La Piedra (from the rocks around it I conclude); there we fell in with the fifth division. We at

last, after passing another little space called Fresnoy, and leaving Urbel de Castro, down in a valley on our right, with a curious small castle on a pointed hill close to it (from whence the name), we arrived at this wretched place; the houses here would not in any way hold half of us. The Spaniards are sent back to Fresnoy, the artillery, commissaries, paymasters, and doctors to Vilalda, or some such place, a league off.

I was forgotten, but have, from there being one spare quarter, got a wretched dirty hole here. It is the worst of dirty cottages. My baggage is all in the entrance. I have no place but a dirty passage to put up my bed in; I have a table and chair, but am surrounded by baskets, hampers, tubs, boxes, sheepskins, dirt, &c. &c. Cobwebs and dirt are dropping upon me continually. Most have encamped. Lord Wellington and the Marshal Beresford are walking up and down the street, and the Military Secretary is writing under a wall, upon his knees, whilst his servants are pitching his tent. In a little field where General Alava is about to encamp, there were just now the Military Secretary, Colonel Scovell, the Commander of the Police Corps, Fitzclarence, General Alava, the Spanish Aide-de-camp, Colonel Waters, the Prince of Orange, and your humble servant, all lying upon

the ground together, round a cold ham and bread, some brandy, and a bottle of champagne. And no bad fare either you will say. The Prince and Lord Fitzroy, like two boys, were playing together all the time.

The people in this part of the country are as bad as, or worse than, in Portugal. There is nothing but filth and laziness. They are not good-looking either. They live in dirty mud houses, and fleas are so abundant that I cannot sleep from their annoyance. I suppose we shall cross near Puente Arences, or Rampalaise, to-morrow, or next day at the latest. The French have left about ninety sick or wounded at Burgos, and the bedding of the hospitals, about eight hundred beds. No cannon, &c. We are already short of forage or corn for the horses; bread scarce, as well as spirits, and the country we enter produces little or nothing,

CHAPTER VIII.

MARCH CONTINUED—QUINTANA—ANECDOTE OF WELLINGTON —MORILLAS — VITTORIA — THE BATTLE — ITS RESULTS — PLUNDER—KINDNESS TO THE ENEMY—MADAME DE GAZAN —THE HOSPITAL—SUFFERINGS OF THE WOUNDED—ESTIMATED LOSS.

Head-Quarters, Berberena,
June 18, 1813.

MY DEAR M——,

IN my last, you left me at Massa on the other side of the Douro, in a miserable quarter; the next morning (the 15th) we marched for Quintana, on the same side. For about four leagues we proceeded through a rough hilly country, barren, but at times picturesque. We passed troops all the way, and at last came to a tremendous long hill which led us down to Quintana, near the banks of the Ebro; troops were descending the hill, the infantry, cavalry, and artillery, from about eight or nine o'clock until past four, and at last the baggage, which was kept waiting on the banks around the

road-side; the scene was very striking. The artillery was much shaken; some guns were lowered by hand, with the wheels locked, without horses, and all very gently; four wheels gave way, and the 18-pounders had to go round by St. Martine.

The valley in which Quintana and six or seven other small villages were placed, and through which the Ebro passed, was very rich and beautiful, surrounded with rocky heights and covered with corn, beans, fruit, vines, trees, &c., and the villages externally very picturesque. Internally, however, they were most wretched, and my quarter was misery itself, nothing but fleas and filth. The people had not seen the French in the valley for two years, until about ten days before we were there, when they had been through to collect contributions, and to seize part of a magazine formed there by Longa. The head-quarters house was however a good one, and near it was a large but unfinished and unoccupied college, for young persons of both sexes, founded about twenty years ago, by the owner of the head-quarters house, by the desire of his deceased wife, for the education of children of the valley. The great man of the valley, however, was the owner of the Adjutant-general's quarter, and only a Procureur there—a poor abode. I

think this owner was called the Marquis de Villa Alta. There was a small castle, and the whole scenery, particularly along the banks of the river, was very delightful. I longed for a tent, as I could not live in my house in the day-time from the smoke, and could not sleep in the night from the fleas. The light division and the fourth were encamped in the meadows across the river, and added, by their fires, tents, &c., much to the scene; the cavalry and artillery passed through or up the valley. The river runs in this part about as large as the Severn above Shrewsbury—less than the Thames at Maidenhead.

The next day (the 16th) we crossed the river and proceeded with the troops between the lofty rocky banks of the river, above the valley, on a road cut close to the water, and winding along with the river for about a league and more, most beautifully! like the Wye in some respects, the cliffs almost like Chedder, and wooded to the water. The constant line of cavalry and infantry, whenever the eye caught the winding road, was very striking. In two places were the remains of walls across the road made by Longa or the French—I do not know which.

The road afterwards turned from the river, and through a fine country brought us to Medina de

Pomar, leaving Villa Cayo on our left. Medina de Pomar, our next head-quarters, was a straggling dirty town, and the accommodation very moderate indeed. I got a tolerable clean room for myself at the apothecary's, but my stable was down the cellar (dark stairs), and I could scarcely get my animals in or out. The alcalde was not civil, nor the people, as we thought, glad to see us. The town was very full, as the Spanish Generals Mendizabel and Longa (the *ci-devant* Guerilla chief) were quartered there on our arrival, and did not seem disposed to move for us.

I saw Longa in the street, a stoutish man, well dressed in a sort of hussar uniform, and looking civilized enough. I was in hopes of meeting him at Lord Wellington's, where I dined that day, but he did not stay. The party of cavalry attending him were all regularly dressed, and seemed to me to be more regular than most of the Spanish regulars: they wore scarlet jackets, and were not unlike some of our volunteer yeomanry cavalry, but they had quite an air of consequence which was amazing. Longa has left thirty of them and two officers at head-quarters, as part of the corps of guides, to assist in keeping up the communications of the army, in which way I have no doubt they will be very useful.

Lord Wellington was at Medina in a large nunnery where there were twenty-five ladies, who came and played at bo-peep with us in the chapel, which was a handsome building. The altar was very rich, and in the centre was a piece of clock-work of small moveable figures describing the Crucifixion. At dinner on that day, arrived General Jeron, the General of the Gallician Spanish army acting with us, who dined there. Castaños, the former General, is now a sort of General of two armies, and amuses himself by parading through all the towns and places in the rear of the army, Burgos last; I suppose he is employed somehow in this way. Jeron is a man about thirty-six I should think, and looks very much like a gentleman and a man of talent; he is very well spoken of, and considered as one of the best of the Spanish leaders. Through Corunna we have had news to the 6th of June. Talking during dinner of the late accounts from Bonaparte, and of the sentimental story about Duroc which Lord Wellington was laughing at, General Jeron said, "If there was such a place as hell, he thought Bonaparte quite right, and that he and Duroc would most certainly meet again there."

Yesterday, the 17th, we started again (having had no halts) for Quincoces, five long leagues almost, towards Vittoria, but to the left; there our

head-quarters were yesterday, in that and the neighbouring villages. The troops I think were pushed on in this way, from an account received from Longa and others, that the French rear was still at Pencorbo, and part even at Briviesca, on the other side of the Ebro. Longa gave great hopes of doing something. We have however our difficulties from this. Corn, we get none for the horses, and bread is very scarce; stores gone for the present, as we outrun our supplies, and there is very little to be bought; we have some bought and baked to supply us as we go, but some divisions have been for one or two days entirely without, and others on short allowance. We hope now to get into a better country soon, towards Vittoria, but Longa and the French have cleared everything about this country.

Longa when we came to Quincoces was ordered on to Orduna, having had all he could from this place; on taking leave he collected all their oxen for the plough, &c., ninety in number, all they had left, and drove them off. The people received us with tears and lamentations, and with no small fear, not knowing what we should require next. My patron seemed quite stupified and melancholy. We told this to General Alava, and he galloped off with two dragoons after Longa's people and the

oxen, overtook them, and restored them to the owners, to their no small satisfaction. We found at last eight hundred pounds of bread, that is flour; half a day's rations for head-quarters only. We bought it, paid for it with guineas, and baked it, and *voilà la différence!* But this cannot last or be general, the divisions cannot do this.

We last night heard the French were over the river Ebro, and as near Vittoria as we were. However, we advanced in hopes of something arising, and head-quarters were ordered to be at this place, Berberena, and the neighbouring villages. It was intended that Marshal Beresford should have been at a village half a league in front of this place, but when we arrived near here, at about nine o'clock, we found two divisions of the 1st and 5th halted here until further orders; we heard a cannonading in the front, at this village, and found the French were making some stand in a narrow pass near it, and in the village. Beresford was put into a village to the rear of us, and an order soon came out for all baggage to proceed to that village for security. Mine was unloaded; but as I saw the French just before us, about a mile off or a little more only, I made my people all load again and stand ready to be off, whilst I went with my glass to the end of the village, to a rising ground, to see

the skirmishing, and to be ready to know what was going on.

There was a brisk cannonade, a few shells thrown, and a light infantry attack. The French I saw very plainly in the churchyard and village on the hill beyond, and advanced under a ridge in the ground and some bushes, where they stood above an hour and more, when I saw our fellows and the Portuguese advance gradually and drive them back. The cannon advanced also, and the French by degrees went out of sight round the hill, our guns and soldiers after them. Very few I believe were killed on either side, but our light division I find went round by Espeja, and falling in with another division early in the day, routed them so well, that two battalions dispersed, and the light division got a quantity of mules and baggage with a good deal of money; some privates got two or three hundred pounds. About three hundred prisoners were taken, and some of the runaways are still coming in; one French battalion fled towards Frias, and some Spaniards are sent off after them.

Morillas, Head-Quarters, June 20th. — Our orders yesterday morning (the 19th) were to set out at eight o'clock through Osma, where a little affair was the day before, and so on to Escorta, following the 4th division. We did this, and I

was riding with the doctors just before that division on towards Escorta, when we were told the French were only two miles on, and nothing between us. Upon this we turned out of the road into a field of vetches for the horses and let the 4th division go by, and have the honour of preceding us, as we did not quite think the French would run away at the sight of us civilians. When this division came well up we went on, passed through Escorta to another village half a league beyond, and then, by the advice of an officer who told us they were going to attack the French, who were strong at this place, Morillas, and that the passage of the river was to be forced, we ascended a high hill on our right, which commanded the whole scene of action, and there with our glasses we could distinctly see everything.

As soon as the light division had got almost round the hill on our right from the direction nearly of the Frias road in order to be ready to advance and turn the French position, our fourth division advanced to the village here, and the skirmishing began from the houses and a chapel on the river. In about half an hour our fellows entered the village, and we got about three field-pieces into play close to it. We then saw the French, who were in considerable force on the other

side, and formed into a crescent on a hill near, begin to move off, at first gently, but soon in quick time, and a part of our division was very soon formed beyond the village over the river. The skirmishing thus went on all the way up the road and hill beyond to another village half a league further on the hill, where the French were drawn up in greater force; when our men got up, however, the enemy went off pretty quickly, and were last night in great force, some say fifty thousand, in a plain about a league and a half from this, and about half way to Vittoria.

The pass here was very defensible and not easily turned; but the resistance was very slight, and few fell on either side. I suppose the French were afraid of bringing on a general action by further resistance. They had not any artillery with them near here, I conclude, from the fear of losing their guns, as just through and near the village the road is so bad and narrow, that our baggage without any resistance did not pass through to the two divisions beyond until dark at eight o'clock, our head-quarter baggage having all followed on here.

Lord Wellington walked into a house and made it head-quarters. I have a sort of barn here, where I am writing in a part swept up to admit me, sitting on a box surrounded by straw, farming im-

plements and rubbish. Fleas are not, however, so abundant, as it is not a living room. There are four openings besides those on the tiles, and as we have had wet and cold weather for these three days, I can scarcely keep myself warm to write, though with my cap on, and double waistcoats. This, I am told, is extraordinary here for the 20th of June, though the climate is always much colder and more subject to wet than in the more southern parts of Spain.

I hear there is a large plain near Vittoria, and then all beyond is hilly to France. An officer of the 95th was killed on the 18th, and about seventy men wounded, I hear. Yesterday an officer of the Fusileers was wounded badly in this village, and lies in a house here; in another house a very spirited Portuguese (Caçadores) serjeant is also lying wounded.

3 *o'clock.*—The French remain in the valley, but it is thought will be off to-night.

Vittoria, June 23rd, 1813.—My last was of the 20th from Morillas, and on the 21st I arrived here after a scene never to be forgotten. Our baggage was that morning ordered to remain ready to load until further orders. The French were very strongly posted at about a league and a half distance, directly across the road to Vittoria, about

sixty or seventy thousand strong, and extending about a league; their centre supported by a wood and a small river, their left by strong wooded hills, and their right on another hill not so strong. The attack was ordered in the manner you have seen before this in the "*Gazette.*" General Graham was to turn the French right flank; General Hill their left. I mounted my horse about nine to see the result, leaving Henry and everything behind, with directions to do exactly the same as Lord Wellington's servants. I got, with Dr. M'Gregor and a few others, on a hill about a mile from the French, which commanded nearly the whole scene. At about half-past ten the firing began very briskly on the hills on the French left. The different ridges were well contested, but our people constantly, though gradually, gained ground, and advanced along the top ridge to turn the French. The cavalry were nearly all close under us to be ready, some in the rear, and one division of infantry also. General Pakenham's division was not up at all, it was four leagues in the rear.

By the ground gained on the French left, and soon after from General Picton having got up quite on the ridge of the hills there with his division, a steep and difficult ascent, the centre were enabled to advance a little also, and much skirmishing

began there near a little village before us which was some time contested. At length, some guns being brought to bear there, and one also half way up the hill, the village was passed by our people, and we saw them lying sheltered under a hill beyond, nearly opposite the wood at the French centre. A smart contest then ensued. The cannon and a few men from the hill and village fired into the wood, and a constant firing was kept up from the wood on our men; the main contest being still, however, on the hills on the French left. By this time, about one, we on our hill all advanced to another nearer, to see more distinctly with our glasses. Soon after this, General Graham's attack began on the French right, and a very brisk cannonade was then kept up right and left. The French line on the hill on the right and left (for we saw the whole of their line) began to give way a little, and to put itself in motion, and the plot then thickened. Still we gained ground, and some of our men also got close to the wood, and lying down kept up a smart fire; the cannonading lasted two or three hours, the English, &c., constantly gaining ground. Our party moved a second time to a third hill within the original French pickets, and in front of our cavalry. At last we saw our line forming gradually under shelter of the rising

ground, within half a mile of the French line and guns. They then advanced, and the cavalry began to move up—some say rather late, as Lord Wellington was not there to give the orders.

We then left our hill and advanced with the Household brigade constantly as they moved. We now began to see the effects of the guns. Dead and wounded men and horses, some in the most horrible condition, were scattered all along the way we passed. These were principally cannon-shot wounds, and were on that account the more horrible. It was almost incredible that some could live in the state we saw them. From my black feather I was taken by some for a doctor, and appealed to in the most miserable voice and affecting manner, so that I immediately took out my feather, not to be supposed so unfeeling as to pass on without taking any notice of these poor creatures. Our hospital spring-waggons were following on, and men with frames to lift up and carry off those near the roads; some in the fields about crawled by degrees into the villages; but hundreds have lain without food or having their wounds dressed until now, two days afterwards. The parties are sent all over the contested ground to find them, though the peasants are continually bringing in the wounded.

On the hill in the centre of the French position, at a village where we first came in full sight of Vittoria, and about two miles distance, the contest was very sharp, and the three first guns were taken, with several tumbrils, and there the first cavalry charge took place. The sufferers there were principally Portuguese of the 11th and 21st regiments, and we had all along seen more of our people wounded than the French. We now found swords, muskets, knapsacks, &c., in all directions. The stragglers and followers were stripping and plundering, and a scramble ensued for the corn, &c. which was in the tumbrils with the ammunition. The Hussars in their charges suffered much. The Life Guards I kept close to all the way to Vittoria, and up to that time they were not engaged.

We could hear the whistle of the cannon-shot, and saw the ground torn up where they struck. Tumbrils and guns were now found upset or deserted every half-mile; and when we got near Vittoria the road was absolutely choked up with them, so that our artillery was some time stopped. Some of the Life Guards were placed at the gates and in the streets here, to keep soldiers, &c., out, and to preserve order as far as possible; and we rode into Vittoria amidst the cries, hurras, and *vivas* of the mob, which consisted chiefly of women.

We looked into the stores and found little left, and then passed through the town, at the further side of which we stopped at a very curious scene. The French so little expected the result, that all their carriages were caught, and stopped at this place—three of king Joseph's, those of the Generals, &c.; the Paymaster and his chest, the *Casa real*, hundreds of tumbrils, the wives of the Generals, all flying in confusion; several carriages upset, the horses and mules removed from them, the women still in their carriages, and the Spaniards (a few soldiers, but principally the common people) beginning to break open and plunder everything, assisted by a few of our soldiers. Upon the whole, our people, I fear, got but little of the plunder, except by seizing and selling a few mules. The seats of the carriages were broken with great stones and ransacked, and in several gold, silver, and plate were found in abundance. I took a case of maps, part of Lopez' provincial set, and a horse-cloth, which I bought of a Portuguese soldier as a memorial, but would not meddle with the rest, as not being correct. Maps, books, &c., were thrown aside; brandy, &c., drank.

In the midst of this, a lady in great distress, well dressed and elegant, with her carriage in the ditch, and she herself standing by, appealed to me,

and, asking me if I could speak French, said she was the Countess de Gazan, wife of the French General, and that she wished to get back to the town, and, if possible, save her horses, mules, and carriage, and those of king Joseph, which were by. With the assistance of two hussars, I at last, after above an hour, accomplished this in a great measure; that is, I got the lady, her woman, the carriage, and four out of six of the animals, to the house of a friend whom she pointed out to me, and also a few loose things out of the carriage. The other two animals and the three trunks of clothes had been plundered before I arrived. I also put king Joseph's carriage and horses in their way to the square of the town; I then went and tried to find out amongst the prisoners a little boy of two years old, a son of the General, whom some French gensd'armes had taken from the carriage to carry off, and who had not since been seen, and whom the mother thought was taken prisoner. I could not find him anywhere; but I met Lord Wellington returning to the Palace at ten at night to his quarters there; and as Madame de Gazan was most anxious that he should know she was taken, I told him, and also about her boy. He desired me to say he could not then see her, but that she might rely on his doing what he could to find the

child, and that she should be immediately at liberty to join her husband. This I went and told her, and also found an English aide-de-camp of General Hill's, who had been released only the day before, having been prisoner, and to whom she had been very kind when with the French, and who had, on taking leave, promised, if the fate of war should make a change in their relative situations, to return her attentions.

My return and message made her more easy. I fear, from what I have since heard, her boy was killed between two carriages: but still hope he has escaped. I had got a piece of bread and cold meat from a friend during the action; that was all I had the whole day; and I had to wait until one in the morning, watching by a blazing fire of old tubs all the confusion of troops and baggage passing by to find my own, and show them my quarter. This I succeeded in at last. The confusion lasted all night, and indeed until now. The event was also so little expected on our part, that for a long time there were no guards for the prisoners, and many escaped in consequence, and several are still wandering about the country.

The next day (22nd) the head-quarters followed the French to Salvatierra; but I was advised by Colonel Campbell and others to stay quietly here,

and proceed afterwards. I did this, but already repent, as no place is so certain of news, and so secure, and well off for provisions, &c., as head-quarters, though the accommodation is often most wretched. I have been over the hospital, and the scene is most terrible; seventeen or eighteen hundred men, without legs or arms, &c., or with dreadful wounds, and having had nothing to eat for two or three days, the misery extreme, and not nearly hands sufficient to dress or take care of the men, English, Portuguese, Spaniards, and French all together, though the Spaniards and Portuguese had at first no provision at all for their people. Half the wounded have been scattered round all the villages in the neighbourhood; and there are still many to come in, who arrive hourly, and are lying in all the passages and spare places around the hospital. A Commissary is just established; and I hope to-day provisions will to a certain extent be procurable.

Six hospital waggons are just now setting out for another load of these poor wounded fellows!

I do not know what now to do as to proceeding to join head-quarters; for, to our great surprise, last night Lord March was sent over here to tell the Commandant, who was just appointed, that it was found from ten to twelve thousand French,

supposed to come from Bilboa, were in our rear, and might be in here soon; that there was a division of men (I believe General Pakenham's) left for our protection, but that every man here capable of bearing arms must be kept in readiness, and every one ready to leave this at an hour's notice. I now, therefore, do not know what to do exactly, and wish myself at head-quarters. The pay-chest, with about a hundred or a hundred and twenty thousand dollars of French prize money in addition, is still here, and several of the doctors.

In the blue coach was a box of gold in different shapes, which a servant of king Joseph—Nap's stayed behind to give up to Lord Wellington, and which report says he has given to his own personal staff. But everything was in confusion; even the ammunition waggons were left unguarded, and were broken open to be ransacked, and we have had accidental or intentional explosions every hour almost since. One tumbril with twenty shells was set fire to by the foolish Spaniards yesterday, and several persons were hurt in consequence. Every one is taking and wasting the musket cartridges, notwithstanding Lord Wellington is really in want of some; however, every one is now busy in trying to remedy this confusion.

I hear that nearly one hundred and forty pieces

of artillery have been now taken in different states and places between Morillas and Salvatierra. The French, however, have comparatively lost fewer men than we did; the Portuguese more than their proportion; the Spaniards, several. Some corps behaved well, though General Picton said some liked best to fire away and make a noise at a distance.

I fear that few prisoners are taken, as far as I can learn about a thousand; and I suppose they had a thousand killed and wounded, having done much mischief with their tremendous artillery firing. Their line would not stand at all when Graham advanced to turn them, but they were off so quick that our men opposed could not get up to them. Had they waited a fair attack, the prisoners would probably have been numerous. As it is, the French still have numbers, and, though the equipments of the army are gone, they may, if they can fall back on supplies, be again formidable. Report also says Suchet is moving fast to join them. Last night, when our head quarters were at Salvatierra, the rear of the French was three leagues in advance; they are off so quick, the weather is so bad and wet, I fear we shall have many sick in the pursuit. The result of the whole is, however, the most glorious possible, whatever may be the consequence, as never was there for

the time an army of sixty or seventy thousand men, as we say, more completely routed and put to flight. Several French Generals are killed, wounded, or prisoners; in officers of rank the French have suffered much.

It is so very difficult to be at all certain as to our own loss, unless one is in the secret, that I shall say nothing but that General Colville, who had a slight knock in the arm, is the only officer wounded of whom I have heard. The 18th Hussars suffered much. I must now see the Commandant, and settle whether to move or not. The reports when not at head-quarters puzzle one very much. A dragoon (Spanish) rode into the town yesterday, and came up to me in the square to ask for the mayor of the town, to tell him that six thousand French were only two leagues off. I took him to General Pakenham, whose division was just arrived. He carried the man off to see what he knew, &c., and said if true he would have a dash at them. I suppose this was in part true, from what passed afterwards about the French in our rear; the division of men is still, however, close to us.

Suchet was endeavouring to join the other French army, and was, as the prisoners say, in the neighbourhood of Logrono for that purpose, so

that he will soon be with the others. Tarragona we hear is taken, and I conclude Murray is after Suchet. I have had much conversation with the Commissary-general of the army of Portugal, a talkative perfect Frenchman. He has lost everything, and has neither money nor a change of linen, but he seems tolerably happy. He says he had orders to pay out of the Treasury when the fire had commenced, which was madness, and he described the confusion of the fight most eloquently and most truly I am sure. Joseph had sent off a caravan of valuable pictures only the day before, and various kinds of baggage, and a heavy train of artillery. Some of this will, I think, be caught in the confusion, but the pictures probably destroyed.

Head-quarters are to-day at Echarva Aramaz, and I mean to get as near that to-morrow as I can, or even there, if I can get my baggage over the nine leagues in the bad state of the roads, as it has rained constantly for these ten hours. Lord Wellington has not given the box of treasure to his private staff. It has not yet been opened, but is here. Colonel Campbell, who is just come into the town on business, says the French have committed great ravages on their route from this, destroying property, committing rapes, and every excess. A girl at Lord Wellington's quarters at Salvatierra

accuses even king Joseph of an attempt at violence; but I do not believe it. Some very strange things were found in the baggage. I was sorry to find that, except stragglers and more baggage, we have got little more by our pursuit. There are tumbrils I am told to the amount of five hundred, and carriages and carts as many. King Joseph had neither a knife and fork nor a clean shirt with him last night. The loss to the French must be very considerable, though our gain is not near so great, from the destruction of many, and the quantity of things taken, to us of little use.

CHAPTER IX.

PAMPLONA — PURSUIT OF CLAUSEL — WELLINGTON ON THE MARCH — PROSPECTS OF MORE FIGHTING — EFFECTS OF THE WAR — THE FRENCH POSITION TURNED — ANECDOTE OF WELLINGTON — ERNANI — ST. SEBASTIAN — WELLINGTON'S MOVEMENTS.

Head-Quarters, Half a league from Pamplona.

MY DEAR M——,

I HAVE long repented staying my two days at Vittoria. The consequence has been that I fell in with all the fagged division of the army, and found every hole full of troops, and nothing to eat or drink. The roads were poached up knee-deep with clay, and I have almost knocked up both myself and my animals. Yesterday I had no dinner, and to-day no breakfast, and the first day I was twelve hours on the road going six leagues to a place two leagues beyond Salvatierra; from thence I got in thirteen hours more to Orunzun, eight leagues. There my baggage did not arrive

in time, and I went to bed in misery, without anything, except the comforts of a Spanish cottage, and no dinner.'

I set out this morning for head-quarters. Now we start fair again; to-morrow we march. Pamplona is invested, but I fear we have little means of a very regular siege; and the accounts are that Clausel is, with fifteen thousand men, on his road from Logrono, to escape towards Suchet. It is hoped to intercept him, or at least his guns; and so we march, though the army is terribly fagged, and the animals also. General Graham is at Tolosa, Mina at Tudela to assist against Clausel. From Vittoria here we have constantly passed at first stripped and unburied dead, then baggage and animals without number, but the French have got off to France, and march away like monkeys, scrambling over everything, consequently there are few prisoners. Lord Wellington is in the highest spirits. The king Joseph was within two hundred yards of our dragoons, and had a narrow escape. A few more cannon have been taken.

It is one pass, or valley, all the way from Vittoria here; the road infamous, villages every mile, but much damaged by the French, and the people, from affluence, reduced to misery and distress. Oh war! war! little do you know of it in

England. At Orunzun the French had spent much in a blockhouse and fort; they withdrew the garrison for the battle, and the peasants destroyed it immediately.

One league from Sanguessa, Head-Quarters, Casseda, June 29th, 1813.—Thus far we have arrived in pursuit of Clausel and his division, who were at Lcgrono, in their way to join king Joseph. Had the battle been delayed two days, we should have had these fifteen thousand men, in addition, to contend with; as they would by that time have been joined to the king's army. As it was, they were in some degree cut off and separated from their friends, and might have been in some danger; for had it not been for the information of some treacherous alcalde (I believe), these men would have proceeded towards Pamplona, and would then have fallen right into our net. As it is, having heard of our approach, and having the start, there is no chance of doing anything with them, I think; they have full opportunity of joining Suchet, and nothing material in their way, though Mina may harass them much. Our army, by this pursuit, already is terribly harassed and out of sorts.

In marching, our men have no chance at all with the French. The latter beat them hollow, and, I believe, principally owing to their being a

more intelligent set of beings, seeing consequences more, and feeling them. This makes them sober and orderly whenever it becomes material, and on a pinch their exertions and individual activity are astonishing. Our men get sulky and desperate, drink excessively, and become daily more weak and unable to proceed, principally from their own conduct. They eat voraciously when opportunity offers, after having had short fare. This brings on fluxes, &c. In every respect, except courage, they are very inferior soldiers to the French and Germans. When the two divisions, the 4th and light, passed through Taffalla the day before yesterday, the more soldierlike appearance and conduct of the foreigners, though in person naturally inferior, was very mortifying. Lord Wellington feels it much, and is much hurt.

The 23rd and 11th Portuguese regiments, who behaved in the field on the 23rd as well as any British did, or could do, are on the march, though smaller animals, most superior. They were cheerful, orderly, and steady. The English troops were fagged, half tipsy, weak, disorderly, and unsoldierlike; and yet the Portuguese suffer greater real hardships, as they have no tents, and only bivouac, and have a worse commissariat.

I think we shall to-morrow retrace our steps to

Pamplona, and give this pursuit over. Lord Wellington sees it will not do, I think. We had a very long march the day before yesterday to Taffalla. The road was, however, very good on the Canuria Real from Pamplona to Tudela, &c. Thinking the French were making for Tudela, we proceeded that way by this forced march. The country was very fine. About two leagues from Pamplona was a handsome, plain, elegant aqueduct, of one hundred arches, light and simple. We passed several villages, and, near Taffalla, a quantity of well-managed orchards and garden-ground; the consequence was, fruit and vegetables cheap and good, plenty of cherries about 1*d.* a-pound, pears and plums, &c.; onions, beans, peas, lettuce, pork, cheap; in short, a most plentiful Spanish market.

Taffalla was a good town, and the people civil and hospitable. They had never seen us before, and gave us a welcome. I should have liked another day there, as both my animals and men were knocked up and wanted it. The next day, however, we proceeded by a mountain road over a little sierra to this place (Casseda), changing our direction of march, though the object was the same. Last night, I believe, it was found the French had much the start, and had crossed the

Ebro, and, in short, I presume from this, and from the very harassed and bad state of the men to-day, we halted here; and I suspect to-morrow we shall return.

Lord Wellington himself seemed knocked up yesterday; he ate little or nothing, looked anxious, and slept nearly all the time of sitting after dinner. I think he was not quite well, and anxious, no doubt. Lord March was sent off to General Graham, at Tolosa; he returned yesterday, and reports that General Graham had entered Tolosa, which might have been well defended. He blew open the gates with a nine-pounder, and got in. General Foy, however, had taken a position beyond, with eighteen thousand men, in such a strong country, that Graham dare not attack him, and Lord March thought the loss would be great if we did, unless we could turn it by a circuitous march. He said the country was there full of positions; in short, there is much yet to do.

Tarragona is, I believe, not taken at last. General Murray re-embarked when Suchet's army came that way; this, as a plan to free Valencia, has, I believe, answered, and Elio, &c., have advanced. Longa's people have behaved well in another affair since the battle. I expect the day after to-morrow to be either in sight of Pamplona

again, or to be on the way towards the Tolosa road; but time will show.

We have from this place, which is a large village on a hill, a full view of a long range of the Pyrenees, which I have been spying at with a good glass: they are fine, but much less so than the Alps, I think; not so fantastic. I see much snow, but no glaciers. The shapes more picturesque, but less astonishing and sublime. We are, however, far off, and perhaps I do not do justice to these hoary gentlemen. There is no snow summit as far as I can see, only great lodgments of snow.

Huarte, July 2nd, in front of Pamplona.—As I supposed, we yesterday set out on our way back here, a short cut over the sierra, to Monreal,—the day before yesterday sending the guns, &c., round by Taffalla, and from Monreal here yesterday. This was a wild road, and yet not very picturesque. About here we have a rich abundant plain, in which Pamplona stands. The town is invested, but I believe that is all, and no steps yet taken for the siege; the place is strong, and we have as yet no guns for the purpose. We yesterday found the suburbs burning,—French work,—and more women sent away from the town. The town looks handsome, but somehow has disappointed me. A French party also still holds out at Pancorvo; the worst

of all, however, is our bad news from General Murray. It is said he went off in such a hurry when he heard of Suchet's approach, that, without waiting to know his exact danger, or where Suchet was, he embarked, leaving all his battering artillery, or as some say twenty pieces, with all the ammunition, &c., belonging to them, in an entire and perfect state for the use of the French, and this when, in fact, he had four days to remove it in, and when the Admiral offered to undertake to bring it off. I am glad, however, to hear that Lord William Bentinck was arrived to take the command. The odds are, however, that the Spaniards get a beating under Elio before our men join them again; it is now said Suchet left five thousand men at Valencia also. In short, in this game of chess we are playing, there is always almost some bad move to counteract Lord Wellington's good ones.

It is now said we are not to wait here for the siege, but to move towards Bayonne, and the King's army, which is said to have taken up a position on the frontiers. I expect to move towards Roncesvales to-morrow; but this is not settled. I should have been for doing this immediately, without going after Clausel; but I have no doubt Lord Wellington knew the best what to do. We have to-day cold rainy weather again, and bad for men in camp.

This place, Huarte, is rather a good large village, with tolerable market. Villa Alba, half a mile off, where some troops are, seems better still. We are about two miles from Pamplona, across a little stream, now from the rains a respectable river. The great distress at present is for horse-shoes, and to-morrow I expect a mountain march.

I now hear that we took fourteen hundred prisoners in the whole in this late business, not wounded, eleven hundred wounded, and about seven hundred and fifty found dead; the prisoners reckon their own loss at eleven thousand. However, as they say thousands ran away over the mountain, and left the army altogether, this must be exaggeration. If the armistice produces a Russian and Prussian peace, &c., and we are left here to Bonaparte's sole attention and undivided care, I fear we may again see the neighbourhood of Portugal before six months are passed, notwithstanding the late most glorious victory.

Head-Quarters, Ostiz, July 3rd, (Civil Department at Boutain.)—Here we are now within five leagues and less of France, and on our way, at least, towards Bayonne. General Hill is, I believe, to be to-day at Estevan, and we have some men in France, at St. Jean Pied de Port. General Foy's (French) eighteen thousand have left their

position beyond Tolosa, having given the great convoy three days more time to be off. This convoy had the pictures, immense service of plate of the King's, three hundred pieces of heavy artillery, &c.: I think we might have caught it had we known how things were. They have now retreated to France, and I believe Graham after them. All cars and wheel carriages remain at Orcayen, near Pamplona; I guess, therefore, we shall soon be back again, and perhaps proceed against Suchet, if he joins Clausel at Saragossa, as his orders were, from intercepted letters, supposed to be. Your proverb, however, *vedremo co'l tempo*, applies here as well as everywhere. Dr. M'Gregor is very much engaged, and if this wet weather continues will, I think, be more so. I am so cold now that I am writing with my coat buttoned up, and my hat on, and we have constant showers. For about three hours the day before yesterday it was excessively hot. So we go on! As yet we have seen nothing very beautiful on this road, but it may mend. I am hungry, tired, and worried, and must send this off to Ostiz: so adieu.

Lord Aylmer has now a brigade, and has joined it as Major-general. General Pakenham is the Adjutant-general, and is here acting as such. Three thousand wounded at Vittoria of ours!

Head-Quarters, Lans, July 5th, 1813 (*Civil Departments, the Spaniards and Artillery at Arriez.*)—I sent a letter the day before yesterday from Boutain, but having the means, I begin again almost immediately. We were yesterday ordered to proceed to Lans, but not very early, as the French were in the neighbourhood. It rained all the way, and was very cold and uncomfortable, and what added much to the unpleasantness of the journey, was the horrible road and the loss of my horses' shoes. The first league of this *camina real* was a narrow lane of large loose stones, nearly the size of my head, with all the interstices filled with good Brentford slop, half a foot deep; baggage constantly stopped the way. About half way, however, I bribed a Spanish farrier to put me on three Spanish shoes, with the heads of the nails half an inch square, upon six of which heads in each shoe the horses walk, as the shoe never touches a stone; these skaits are, however, much better than nothing. Having stopped an hour in the rain for this, I proceeded, and at Lans found an order to go on half a league on the left. We have here (or close by) almost all, except the Adjutant-general's and Quarter-Master-general's departments, except Marshal Beresford. The latter was to have been in my house, but did not like it, and found a place

at Lans. The quarter being vacant, I popped into a large rambling black place, with long tables and benches, like your servants' hall, great stables, &c., all under one roof.

The villages are nearly all alike in general shape and accommodation,—scarcely any cottages but farming houses, and I suppose the great tables and benches they all contain have been in better times for the workmen to dine, &c. This has been the character of all the villages for the last ten or twelve miles, and they lie very thick, four in sight here, and I suppose ten within a league. The hills around are all covered with wood; the valley almost knee deep, with grass for hay, and abounding in corn; the walks further on towards the mountains very pretty; fine oaks and rocks, &c.; the climate very cold for England in July, and apparently wet; the verdure like Ireland; plenty of sheep on the mountains, but little to be had here except milk. At Lans there was pork at a penny a pound, and French brandy.

To-day we halt here, as the French are disposed to stand a little further. Our cavalry moved last night to Almandos, two leagues on,—the 14th, and some Germans, and General Hill's head-quarters, to Berueta, from whence the French retired. The reports now are that General Hill sent word last

night that the French were strongly posted a little farther on, and that the peasants said they were eight thousand; but though he could not see so many, he did not much like the position. Lord Wellington sent him word he would be there by ten this morning, and he is gone with most of the military staff. We have heard firing very plain, but know not where it is. This is famous ground for sharp-shooting, as you cannot see in general a hundred yards before you. General Byng, with some British and Spanish, is gone to Roncesvalles road, toward St. Jean Pied de Port, and Graham proceeds by the great road. Some stores, &c., are ordered round to land at Deva; I conclude we shall only secure the passes, and that we shall not enter France. Ground is broken up before Pamplona, but I think only for form sake; very few men at work. Only the six eighteen-pounders are at hand. An artillery serjeant I hear deserted from Pamplona two days since, and is supposed to have given important information,—of course I do not know what. General Wimpfen tells me the French have some works at Elisondo, which is, I suppose, the place General Hill is stopped by, and that they seem disposed to make a little stand. I wish Suchet, &c., would either come up by Saragossa and fight near Pamplona, and thus save us that long

trip, or that he would be off at once, like the rest; the latter is, however, I fear, more to be wished than expected. With Clausel, he will have, I suppose, with garrisons, about forty thousand men. If after all a peace is made, leaving out England and the Peninsula, I think we must even now still be off, and I only hope it will be settled before the autumn bad weather; another rainy retreat from here will never do. At least I think we may stand towards the Astrinos and Gallicia, and not go back to Frenada, as Bonaparte can with all his energy and activity scarcely be ready to follow us in force this autumn.

My old witch of a patrona came in just now, into the place where I am, and moving the heavy bed, disappeared down a trap-door under it to get up a little clean linen from her hiding-place, where she conceals things from the French. She also produced a guerilla soldier's shirt, which he had left to be washed, and called for to-day. She was very much frightened at us yesterday, as all here are, but is more sociable to-day.

We have turned about three hundred mules and horses into the meadows here, and have cut down two or three fields for the feeding at night, instead of the green oats or barley, as that is scarce here. How would you like all this in England? The

peas and beans also are pretty well pillaged by our soldiers, and often the cattle get in besides. I do not pity the Spaniards for this; but as they are obstinate, they will not pick and sell to us officers who ask them, consequently the soldiers and our muleteers pick for themselves gratis. I think here the crops are scarcely as forward as in England; we are, therefore, luckily for the horses, just in the grass season. If we go back to the barren, brown, southern plains, it will be rather a change, immediately to dry straw entirely; we shall then, however, probably, get corn for the horses, which now is very scarce. For the present adieu. If the French do not move, I think we may halt here to-morrow again; but I doubt we shall proceed. Twelve Portuguese field-pieces were following us up this horrible road. The French got two guns by the same road to Pamplona last year. For the last fortnight we have found these Navarre people very stupid, and their language unintelligible. They do not understand good Castilian, but have a lingo of their own, very barbarous; the little Spanish I have picked up is here, therefore, of no use, and I am nearly reduced to the state of the deaf and dumb, to have recourse to signs and acting.

Head-Quarters, Irurita, July 7th.—From Lans and Arriez we proceeded on the 6th to Berueta,

through Almandos, across a part of the Pyrenees. The first league was through a fine oak wood, and very hilly; the next there was more hill, and, if possible, worse roads, and in particular a very long descent. The hills were, however, green and wooded to the summits, rounded, and not wild or savage, in short it was hilly scenery and not mountain—this is the Lower Pyrenees. From one part on the Lans road the sea, I am told, was visible; I was not at that point, and of course cannot say if this was so. Some Portuguese artillery followed us all the way, and have arrived safe.

We then arrived at Almandos, which contained a few very large houses for head-quarters; there the artillery, engineers, and Spaniards of head-quarters remained, and we descended a zigzag hill, and then ascended to Berueta. I there got a very bad quarter, but staid there, in order to be at the head-quarter village, to inquire into some complaints of public money taken by a Commissary at Vittoria. On the night of the 5th I was sent for at nine at night from Arriez to Lans by Lord Wellington about this business. A most horrible road even in the day time, and in my way back solus, I lost myself on a boggy common, and did not arrive until near one o'clock, having for nearly an hour and a half splattered about in a bed of wet clay,

up to the horse's knees at times, and having some notion of wolves, &c.; this made me anxious to be at the head-quarters village, where I dined with Lord Wellington, and examined the Commissary in General Pakenham's presence.

Berueta was a small French post against the Guerillas, and the ground was strong; the church and about four houses, and a wall near were cut with loop-holes for musketry, and a little round bastion built in front with a double row of loop-holes commanding the roads, and a little tiled roof for one sentry at the top; the house had a rough eagle in black drawn upon it, and the inscription "Place Napoleon," the little street or alley within the enclosure was called Rue Impériale; in spite of this the French the day before, about three thousand strong, had been driven from this ground and position by about five hundred of the second division, and had left us in possession, letting General Hill go on to this place, Irurita, a good league further, where we have now the head-quarters, and General Hill has proceeded this morning to try and drive the French from a position about two leagues and a half further on near the French frontier at Maya, where they have made a semblance at least, with about eight thousand men, to defend the pass there.

The road from Berueta here (Irurita) was over one long hill of a league, but good enough, and then brought us down to this place at one extremity of the valley of Bastan. This valley is a very rich tract, surrounded by cultivated hills, well built and peopled, and terminated on the other extremity by the pass of Maya.

General Hill has moved on his head quarters from hence to Elisondo, about a good half league further, near the centre of the valley; and if the French give way, is to proceed further. Lord Wellington and all his suite, &c., are gone on forwards to see the event. This place contains a number of large houses, but in general dirty and bad in the interior. Lord Wellington's house, and Marshal Beresford's and a few others about here, are in the French style, with glass windows in folding doors, and French blinds, &c., and they are clean and comfortable; at Elisondo there is more of this, I hear. This valley has a sort of nobility of its own, and most of the numerous good houses belong to an inferior nobility. They almost all sport arms, and most the chequers. I understand this valley is also famous for the number of men of talent who have at different times issued from it. There is also trade in the valley, and commercial connections even with Cadiz. These second rate

nobles have had the sense not quite to despise that mode of getting money, and thereby all other comforts. The effects of the war and of the times are, however, equally manifest here, but on a higher scale than in the ruined cottage, or the farmer stripped of his cattle and corn. Lord Wellington's patron, whose house is now opposite and very handsome, was a native of this place, and went as a merchant to South America: he was engaged there in trade twenty-six years, and then returned to enjoy himself, like our Scotch Indians, in his native place. He, however, foolishly bought no land, and continues engaged in trade by means of an agent at Cadiz, and another at Vera Cruz, living here on the profits. One rich vessel we took from him before the declaration of war; this shook him a little: since that his Vera Cruz agent turned gambler and failed. We have taken another vessel of his since, and he thus was reduced nearly to his moveables. To supply French contributions, and to find the *à quoi vivre* for himself and two sons, he has sold all his plate, &c., and jewels. He has now only some tolerable bedding in twelve bed-rooms, which there are in his house, and straw chairs and deal tables. The little man, however, told all this to General O'Lalor in my presence with much good humour, and did not seem very unhappy.

He was very anxious to please Lord Wellington in his quarter.

Here we see the miseries of the contest in another shape. The old mad Marquis d'Almeyda left this to-day to go on with General Hill, very anxious to *rompé* the French in their own territory, and give them back their own again. He has attached himself to General Hill's corps all along.

I believe I mentioned king Joseph's gallantry in trying to seduce a young girl at Salvatierra, the night of the action of Vittoria. In this valley he performed a most noble feat: after the dinner given him by his patron and the neighbours, he let, or ordered, his servants to sweep off and carry away all the utensils, table-cloths, spoons, &c. The Padré at Arriez, our last place, told General Wimpfen he had there carried off the sheets. This is a noble exit; and all his suite were without a change of linen of their own.

The papers taken at Vittoria make it appear that nearly a million of property was taken after the battle—250,000*l.* in gold. Only about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars have been paid into the chest; much was certainly plundered by the natives and soldiers: the latter were offering nine dollars for a guinea, for the sake of carriage. Lord Wellington, however, has his suspicions of pillage

by the civil departments; has heard various stories, also, of money taken on the road back from Vittoria. I do not know what may come of this; I have made out but little satisfactory as yet, I think, however, one gentleman I examined yesterday intended to keep two thousand dollars. At the same time, the understanding that this was all fair seems pretty general.

Captain Brown was knocked off his horse by a sabre cut on the head and taken prisoner, but as he had his sword left, he cut down his guard, who was pricking him with his sword, and ran into our dragoons and escaped, changing his own horse for a French one in the confusion.

Lieutenant-colonel May had a musket-ball in his belly. It passed through his double sash, his waistcoat, and pantaloons, and then, by striking the button of his drawers, was so deadened as only to give him a swelling the size of an egg, and he has been long with us again. I dined with him at Arriez the day before yesterday.

In the skirmish on the 5th, at Barueta, we had about twenty wounded. The Spanish peasantry are a fine, stout, tall, well-made race of mountaineers, and behaved that day with spirit. Several would act with their fire-arms with our light troops, and brought in two prisoners; and one set would

go on with a picket of six of our cavalry, and when told by Major Brotherton that they were acting foolishly, as he could not protect or support them if the French cavalry turned on him, they said they could run as fast as those French horses, and would not be caught so. The rulers here have also been forward in offering supplies, a good part of which, I believe, they were ordered to have collected by the French, and by which collection we have profited.

* * * *

More Portuguese troops and artillery are now passing this way; I believe no English artillery has come this road. The Portuguese guns are not so wide in the wheels, having been made for their own roads, and are therefore more adapted to this.

Irurita, Head-Quarters, July 9th.—Still here. The day before yesterday, the 7th, the French showed fifteen thousand men in the Maya pass, two leagues and a-half in front, a line of near two miles. It took much time to climb the hills to turn this position. About four, we got possession of a hill which had that effect; the French saw their error, tried three times to recover it, drove back our men a little, but it would not do; they just now will not stand against us. A battalion of Caçadores behaved well, and drove them back

once. A close column of theirs was opposed on the hill by two columns of ours, the 39th; our fellows, when near, shouted and came down to the charge, and the French were off quickly. It was dark, however, before the pass was abandoned, and past eleven before Lord Wellington and his staff got home to dinner, as he lost his way for some time in the fog, despising guides, &c. Yesterday the French, in part, came back to a little village near the pass, and stood some time against our light infantry; but the third shot of our two guns which were brought to bear, sent them scampering off. They little think that we have some eighteen field-pieces in this valley.

Yesterday Lord Wellington came in early, and left the French in another pass in the last Spanish village. They were, I hear, to be driven out to-day unless they retired. They were yesterday, however, nearly surprising some of our men. They appeared in rear of our advanced troops, through a pass on our right, which communicates with the Roncesvalles pass to St. Jean Pied de Port, drove in a small picket, and came, about fifty of them, down very near a village in which we had much baggage. The peasants said they had five hundred men there; they however went back again, and one of our serjeants, by himself, caught one of the

stragglers when the others were gone. Just then there was only a small body of cavalry between their party and our baggage, and even between them and our head-quarters here. This was soon looked to, and a Caçadore regiment ordered into the neighbouring village. The peasants here continue to behave with great spirit and activity, and want to enter France to take some revenge; they had been told by the French that we were ten times worse in plundering, &c., than themselves, and so the French are told now. The French respect their own people, and do not treat them like the Spaniards. In Spain a French encampment was covered with all the doors, window-shutters, beams, trees, &c., of the Spanish villages near; in France, though in rain, they are now seen without any such shelter on the bare ground.

The French peasants in these parts, I hear, are as fine men as the Spaniards here, and formidable. If we enter France we must not wander and ride about as we do here, nor let our baggage cover leagues in extent. I am told they disposed of four of our soldiers, Portuguese I believe, whom they caught stealing cherries. I do not think head-quarters will enter France, here at least, but enter down towards the sea: this is, however, only my speculation. General Byng sent an invitation yes-

terday to dine with him in France. The Spanish troops are in France in part also.

The day before yesterday Lord Wellington ordered young FitzClarence to go and bring up two Portuguese companies to attack. He went. It was close by; but he was highly pleased with the order. When he had given his instructions, he saw a cherry-tree, and went up to break a bough off, and eat the cherries. When Lord Wellington lost his way the other night in the fog (returning to head-quarters), FitzClarence told Lord Wellington he was sure the road was so-and-so, as they had passed the place where he found the two Portuguese companies. "How do you know that?" quoth Lord Wellington. "By that cherry-tree, which I was up in just afterwards," was the answer. It amused Lord Wellington much; and yesterday he called to him, with a very grave face, and desired him to go and get some of the cherries, as if it were an important order. I believe we only lost about seventy men killed and wounded, Portuguese and all included, on the 7th.

I think I told you wrong sometime since about General Jeron, the Commander of the Gallician army; I understand he was not named at the suggestion of Wellington, as I supposed, and had been told, and there are two opinions about him.

We have had stories against several of the civil departments as to the plundered money. One or two, I think, I have saved from suspicion by an immediate inquiry and explanation, which I stated to Lord Wellington directly. I always think it best to know the whole openly at once, as ten suffer in reputation from reports for one really guilty. One Commissary, I believe, will have leave to resign This is all our present inquiries will end in. There is, however, still one suspicious story to be explained.

* * * *

Yesterday the chimney of the house of Lord Wellington's patron, the man whose history I gave above, was on fire from the dressing of Lord Wellington's dinner. I was much afraid it would spread and complete the poor man's ruin, by destroying nearly all he had left. It was with difficulty at last put out, when the fire-bell had collected all the town buckets full of water, and a wet blanket had been pushed down the chimney, which, being half wood, made the event very uncertain. I was really glad when I saw it out. Lord Wellington was out in the rain with his hat off, and a silk handkerchief over his head, giving directions, as well as your humble servant.

P.S.—*Head-Quarters, Zobieta, July* 10*th.*—We

arrived here this morning, the direction I expected, about four leagues from Irurita, on the road to St: Sebastian, a very pretty wooded valley all the way, the road good, and by the river side, with villages every two miles all the way. We passed St. Estevan, the largest place, and perhaps the only one you will find in any map, except Lopez' provincial ones. Some of the other villages were large, containing some thirty or forty good large farming houses, and some mansions. The light division was dispersed on the road, and in one village I found George Belson and his artillery. I do not, however, expect to hear any more of him for some time, as I think he cannot follow us any farther, from what I am told of the road.

To-morrow head-quarters move eight or nine leagues of mountain track road through Gaygueta to Ernani, in parts it is said scarcely passable for a mule; so at least Colonel Ponsonby reports, who came last night from Ernani. In consequence of this account, civil departments and baggage are, if they choose to stop at Gaygueta, half way. At Ernani we are on the high road to Bayonne from Vittoria, &c. Something is now, I believe, going on at St. Sebastian. I understand a convent near was to be attempted to-day or to-morrow, in preparation for the grand attempt. The heavy guns

are, I believe, landed, and I hear are at Deba for this job. The garrison is two thousand strong, about sixteen hundred of their own, and four hundred from another fort near, now blown up. Santona is left with a strong garrison, and well supplied, and would be a more difficult business from what I learn. Pancorvo was taken by O'Donnell and the Spaniards. They took an outwork by storm, and the men surrendered.

Pamplona is more closely invested by means of some redoubts, and I believe nothing more will be done there. These redoubts will be of use, if this undertaking is left to the Spaniards. Though we have thus to-day gone away from France, I conclude we, or rather some of the army, are to be within France soon, as Lord Wellington has published some long and good general orders on the subject of well treating the people, &c., and not copying the French in Portugal and Spain, as we are at war with Bonaparte, and not with the inhabitants, &c., and that *recevos* are to be given for supplies, &c. Still I think we shall only keep just on the frontiers. Clausel, I hear from the Spanish authorities, has, since we left him, made off for France by the great Tacca pass in Arragon, instead of joining Suchet, as I supposed, and Suchet, I hear, is at Tortosa when last heard of. Zobieta is but a

miserable place, and the people quite unintelligible. We shall soon be in Biscay again. My old patrona has made me half sick by a piece of fried Indian corn bread and cream cheese, but I was obliged to take some to satisfy her.

Head-Quarters, Ernani, July 16th, 1813.—My last was from Zobieta, a little village in the lower Pyrenees, a long letter sent, I think, on the 13th. Our next day was a tremendous journey to this place. I started at six o'clock in the morning, and we immediately began to ascend near the bed of the stream, which ran by Zobieta towards its source, in order to cross the mountain at the back of the town, which divides that valley from the one in which the river is situated, which runs down by this place to St. Sebastian.

In less than half a-mile the road became choaked with baggage. There was only one path winding zig-zag along up the hill, and every mule whose load got more on one side, or out of order, discomposed and stopped the string. I had one mule lightly loaded, and my man, foolishly eager to get forwards, led it up straight from one path to the cross one above, instead of following the track. He got safe, but this tempted three of Colonel Dundas's mules to do the same. Just as I passed below, the hinder one fell backwards, with a heavy load, and

the whole three being tied together, he pulled both the others down upon him, and they all lay in a heap at my feet kicking in the path. With some difficulty I got an ass out of the way in time, and scrambled up on foot, leading my horse to get away, that I might not be pushed down the side of the hill; by this means I also gained ground, and by continuing on foot for about two miles of the steepest ascent, I got up tolerably quick. Two of General Murray's mules rolled into the river below.

We then continued to the highest point of the mountain, from whence we were told Bayonne, &c., were all visible. When we arrived the fog was so thick we could not see a yard, and we went on two leagues more in this mist through the clouds, along the top and side of the hill, until we got over Gaygueta. Then we had a very bad descent of about two miles to that place. Near the town we passed General Longa and his suite going to meet Lord Wellington, and we found the town full of his troops all drawn up to receive the English General. They looked very well, fine men, well enough dressed and equipped; about five thousand in the whole. One grenadier company looked very fierce and military.

I here found every quarter occupied, and could hear of none; after waiting an hour I determined to proceed. After an ascent of about half a league

again, very steep, we went along the top of a hill for another half league to Eranos; here I found another thousand of Longa's troops, and all the houses occupied. I therefore went to a shop where they sold bread and wine, and we got a large loaf and some wine, which, with the help of the horses, for whose sake I principally stopped to procure this feed, we soon finished, and then proceeded refreshed.

Whilst I was thus employed Lord Wellington and his staff passed. I was sorry to hear Longa had missed him, and that he was much mortified at this, especially as his men scarcely knew Lord Wellington and his party, and he had almost passed before they irregularly presented arms to him. The one thousand men at Eranos were more fortunate, as at a hazard I told them, when they inquired, he would pass in about twenty minutes, and he actually passed within the half hour. I followed in Lord Wellington's train to this place, Ernani, over a road still worse than the last, a mere water channel, with irregular broken steps and slippery clay; most of our horses got more or less on their haunches. The road ran up and down on the side of a thick wooded hill on the banks of the river, near which we saw two or three works for iron, in which this country abounds.

We arrived safe, about four o'clock; very little baggage got in that night. All mine came in by seven o'clock, except one mule load and man, who stuck, knocked up at a house two miles back. I bought some eggs and bacon and went to bed. About eight, next day, my stragglers arrived, the mules strained in the shoulder and scarce able to move. Dr. M'Gregor had two mules killed down the mountain, and many have suffered as well as myself.

The next morning after my arrival at Ernani, I walked off to see what was going on at St. Sebastian. Not knowing how long we might be here, my horses being tired, and having no shoes, I made this survey on foot. The road is a wide *camina real*, a rough sort of pavement, but a good road. About half a league distant I saw the fort or citadel of St. Sebastian, and the smoke of the guns, which I had heard the noise of before. I proceeded on by our heavy guns, which were near on the road side, passed about four thousand Spanish troops of the Gallician army drawn up to receive Lord Wellington, and then our reserve park of artillery, with some small works around. Here I began to hear the distant whistle of the balls, which occasionally got near the road. At about a league from Ernani, just at the brow of

the descent to St. Sebastian, and about half a-mile from the latter, a barrier of tubs of earth was placed across the road and sentries placed, our advanced sentry being at a turn of the road a hundred yards forwards. I went to the left to take a sketch, and soon heard a musket-ball whistle by me, which I took at first for a rocket behind me. I thought this an accident, but soon came a second, and a third. I then concluded I was the object, and leaving my sketch rather in a hasty unfinished state, I returned behind the barrels as the last shot came into a bush close to me.

Our trenches were open about fifty yards to the right, against a convent on the side of the hill, which was full of French, and from which all the musket-shots almost proceeded. I determined just to peep into them before I went off, and having been cautioned how to proceed, I looked in; but having had one more shot whistle close to me, and passed a bloody hole where a shell had just fallen, that had carried away a man's arm, I walked home, to dine at Lord Wellington's at three o'clock. At dinner I met Castanos, Jeron, Alava, Mendizabel, and a number of inferior officers, amongst them the Major who had been left as a Captain to defend Villa Alba de Tormes, when we retreated last year, and who held out the time he was ordered

to remain, and brought off two hundred out of three hundred of his men to Frenada. For this he was made a Major, I believe, at Lord Wellington's request. General Alava also introduced an officer who came to present to Lord Wellington king Joseph's sword—his dress sword set in steel and diamonds, and very handsome. Where taken from, or whence obtained, I did not learn. Lord Wellington just looked at it as he took his seat at dinner, and telling his man to put it by safe somewhere, fell to at the soup and said no more.

On the following day the alarm was spread that we were all to go back to the mountains the next day by the same road. At last, however, orders came out that Lord Wellington was going, and that only his immediate staff, and those who could be very useful, were to attend him. Even General Murray, the Quarter-Master-general, the life and soul of the army next to Lord Wellington, staid here, not being quite well. He appears to me decidedly the second man; and it is thought that without him, and perhaps Kennedy, the Commissary-in-Chief, we could never have done what we have; even Lord Wellington would be, in some degree, fettered and disabled by a bad Quarter-Master-general and a bad Commissary-general.

Not to lose a day, Lord Wellington, the first

day he was here, rode all about St. Sebastian to see it in all directions, examine, &c., and was provoked at the Spaniards parading for him, when his object was to be incog. The second day he went to Irun, on the frontiers, on the Bidassoa, to see how things were going on there. The day before yesterday, having waited till eight o'clock (morning), just to receive the "*Gazette*," with his battle despatches and his appointment of Field Marshal, away he went, nine leagues over the mountains, for St. Estevan. He is going to see more of the mountain passes that way, and says he shall be back the fourth day, if possible, though many think it impossible.

We have heard of him eating some trout at Gaysueta at twelve, and arriving at St. Estevan at five, the day he left this. All baggage nearly is left here. The day he went I was occupied all day, by his desire, in examining some gentlemen on a report which had got about concerning some of the captured money, which report Lord Wellington had been caught by, and had suspicions. I hope I have sent a very satisfactory explanation. To me it is so, at least. I sent it off by express the same night to General Pakenham, who is with Lord Wellington on his tour. One idle day, since I have been here, I went to see Passages, about

five miles distant, but an infamous road. There are two towns of that name, the Spanish and French, as they are called; one on each side of a narrow deep stream, or inlet from the sea, which forms rather a picturesque basin within. I should have thought more of it, had I not seen Exmouth, Dartmouth, and some other western English scenery of the same kind first, and, I think, superior. The towns were built with the same kind of narrow alleys, only fit for a horse to pass through; these standing up the side of the hills. They were, however, a better description of houses, and four stories high, with balconies. The scene was more enlivened than usual by our transports, by the landing of biscuit, rum, shot, ammunition, the twenty-four pounders from Sir George Collier's ship, and other great guns, with their apparatus, for the siege; two Portuguese regiments at work, and about three hundred mules, besides the oxen, &c., for the guns: gabions and fascines were making in every direction by the Portuguese. The road was so narrow and slippery in one place, that my horse, as I led him, nearly slipped into the sea.

Yesterday, having a few hours again to spare, I went round to look at St. Sébastian by the right, where I witnessed a sharp conflict, and saw more than I had done before, with much less risk. I

was out of the way of the musketry, and only had one cannon-shot, which went over the intended mark from the town, and, whistling along, dashed into the water just under me. It was near spent, as I heard it, I think, long enough to have got out of the way had it come up higher. If it clears to-day, I mean to go up to the lighthouse, on the left of the town, or the cliff, where I hear the view is very fine, and where, with a glass, you see much and in safety.

There was almost as much firing yesterday as in a battle, cannon-shot and musketry, particularly on the French part, and many shells; and we made a feint to obtain the convent with only a few men, yet I hear only four were killed on our side and about ten wounded.

The convent is almost in ruins, but we have in vain tried to burn it with hot shot, and the French continue to pepper from it. A shell of ours fell amongst their men in a redoubt in rear of the convent, and they ran. I believe this led to our attempt, but it was soon found they were strong just behind, and several men still in the convent; and three new parties were pushed along the causeway from the town—about two hundred and fifty men—to strengthen the convent party. Ours, therefore, were off very quick, not being supported.

One shell of ours fell just into one of the three new parties, and killed one man and dispersed the rest a little. Several wounded French were seen carried back over the causeway and bridge. The number of cannon in the town is very considerable; and though our works proceed fast, the town is considered formidable.

I have heard more stories of king Joseph from the Paymaster of his head-quarters, Mr. Frayre, who was taken. He said the King was in the town until our dragoons were close. He then rode quietly along, through the trains of carriages and baggage, with Jourdan and his guard, in a walk not to give any alarm, until he was out of the bustle; he then changed his coat for a nankeen jacket, and away they all went, galloping off for Salvatierra, on the road to Pamplona. In the first village, a mile or two from Vittoria, there are two turnings, and he was heard to call out, "*Par où faut-il aller?*" "*Tout droit, tout droit,*" says Jourdan, and away they went again as hard as they could go. Of the twenty-seven Generals who met in the house at Salvatierra, a great proportion were slightly wounded, and their greetings at seeing each other alive were very loud and sincere. Joseph's servant had a sort of saddle-bag with him for the King, and that was all their baggage.

I hear that there are two millions of dollars on the road. Just now we are without anything in our military chest to pay for our daily food and expenses, which are very great. Corn for our horses, we get none. Bread is not dear here, or scarce, as yet. Bullocks, I hear, we have bought enough for near forty days for the army, in this part of the country, mostly from the mountains. Nine hundred head have been bought within these ten days.

Head-Quarters, Lezaca, July 18th, 1813.—On the 16th I went up to the light-house in the evening, as I intended. I met Baron Constans coming down. The French did him the honour of a cannon-shot, a proof they were touchy. I proceeded within half musket-shot, but at a trot, and they left me quiet. I stayed an hour on the hill; view beautiful, evening clear, scene very interesting. I saw all the French sentries, troops, inhabitants, &c., in the town, and on the island near, in the convent, redoubt, &c. I could see our advanced sentinels and pickets, and those of the French near the convent, within sixty yards of each other in some places, behind ruins, &c. I could also see a long extent of French coast, and many other objects. The ruined convent and the French sticking to it in several parts and firing was, however, the most curious and novel.

I came down at seven and rode home quietly by nine in the dark; when, lo! I found an order for head-quarters, baggage, &c., to join Lord Wellington at this place on the mountains, on the frontiers, six leagues of bad road distant.

I was off, however, by eight yesterday morning, baggage and all. The first two leagues were by the high French road, the *camina real*, through Astigarraja and Oyarjun. At the end of the last town we turned from the great road, which is a broad well-laid road, and has been very good, though now broken up a little, and very rough. We then went along a paved mountain road, up a valley for half a league, and then began climbing a mountain path over two long hills until we got into this valley, and to this place. There is a great sameness in the scenery—round hills, wooded in part below and a stream—nothing very fine. About a league from hence we saw the camp of the 95th regiment, on a hill above Vera, which is lower down in this valley, and near the immediate frontier division. We also saw the seventh division camp near and the French cantonment bivouack on the opposite hill; for a short time they kept half Bera or Vera; now we have the whole.

We halt here at Lezaca to-day; the Commissariat baggage is ordered a league and a half in

the rear in case of an attack. I believe when reinforcements arrive we shall make one. I was sorry to leave St. Sebastian, as an attack was to be made that morning. We heard and saw a violent firing throughout all our route, and I last night heard that the convent had been taken by our men, and some ruins below, &c., and that the new battery had been opened. The French stood firm when the Portuguese advanced, who behaved very well, but when the English regiment ordered up to assist was seen advancing, the sight of the red coats made the French soldiers run, and the French officers were seen in vain beating and pelting them to make them stand. The causeway (as I had seen) below was cut by the French in two places. This stopped our men for a time, and the French attempted to return, but did not succeed; thus matters stood last night. Some of the first division returned from Oyarjun yesterday to help, and we met them on the road. The French surprised about one hundred of the Spaniards in this place a few days since. The noble inhabitants of Saragossa have contrived to open one of their gates, when the French were in the town, and to let in Mina and his men. The Spaniards now have the town. I believe the French still stick to a fortified part, and have destroyed the bridge; this comes from the English Captain

who is with Mina, and out procuring intelligence. A flag of truce was sent in to the French, carried by Colonel Gordon, this morning—"*Pourquoi?*" "*Je n'en scais rien.*" This (Lezaca) is rather a good village, and has a running stream in it, which might be more used. It was plundered by the French, and now contains nothing, no bread even, only some straw; and we have now been seven days without corn for the poor horses; grass even is here very scarce, we want the course of the Bidassoa to keep up our communications with Irun, &c. The French now interrupt this—the river runs in part through France.

Soult, the great Soult, the Marshal, is said to have arrived, and taken the command against the allies: so say the country people, &c. To-day it is very hot. A report that the French have attacked us! I must go to dinner at any rate. So adieu for the present.

July 19th, Lezaca.—No fresh news. I am going to ride up a hill, a league off, to the seventh division camp, from whence Bayonne and much of France is visible.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.


00020317

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 06 February, 2016